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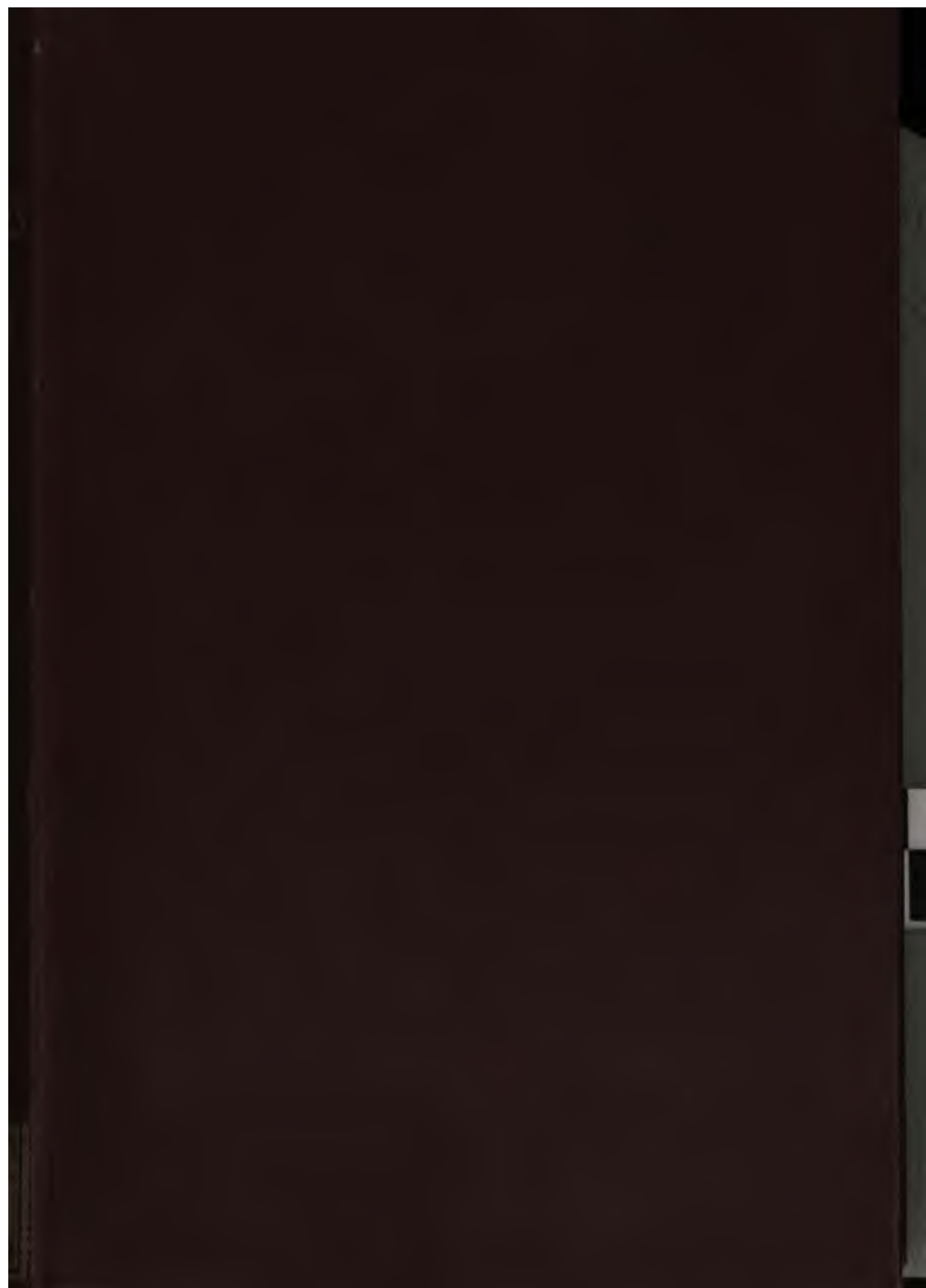
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# LIVES OF THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

BY  
BARBARA CLAY FINCH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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VOL. III.

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# LIVES OF THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

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## AUGUSTA OF SAXE-GOTHA.

(Continued.)

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THE reconciliation between the King and the Prince, never a very sincere one, did not seem likely to be of an enduring nature. When the King returned from that campaign on the Continent in which he had won renown by his victory at Dettingen, Frederick, with his two sisters, stood to receive him on the stairs of St. James's

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Palace; but the father passed without vouchsafing by word or sign that he was aware of his son's presence, although the accouchement of the Princess of Wales had only taken place the day before, and Prince George was then lying ill with small-pox. Not long after, the Prince formally declared a new opposition, and "began it pretty handsomely," says Horace Walpole, "with 143 to 184, which has frightened the Ministry like a bomb." The children learned from their father to set themselves against the King. Baron von Steinberg was sent once by the royal grandfather to examine the progress in learning made by his grandchildren. The second boy, Prince Edward, was well up in Latin, but the Baron told him he would please the King more if he gained greater proficiency in German. "German!" said Edward, contemptuously; "any dull boy can learn that." Notwithstanding the breach that was again reopened between the father and son, the Order of the Garter was conferred on Prince George in 1749. Frederick carried the boy to the door of the King's closet, where the Duke of Dorset received him and led him to his grandfather. Prince George commenced a speech which had been taught him by his tutor Ayscough; but at the first words his father stopped him with a peremptory "No, no!" Perplexed by the interruption, the Prince hesitated, paused, and began a second time, only to be again silenced, and this time effectually.

The estrangement between the King and Prince lasted till the latter's death. This event took place, somewhat unexpectedly, on the 20th of March, 1751. He had for years suffered from a permanent weakness of one lung, brought on by the neglect of an injury caused by the blow of a

tennis ball at his country seat of Cliefden. In the winter he had had an attack of pleurisy, from which he had now partially recovered ; and in his impatience of precaution, behaved so recklessly that Sir Robert Walpole's remark to George II. during the latter's illness would have been equally suitable if addressed to the son ; " Sir, do you know what your father died of ? Of thinking he could not die." He attended at the House of Lords early in March, came home heated, and lay down three hours in a cold room with an open window in Carlton House. Removing at night to Leicester House, he awoke the next morning in danger of his life. He rallied for a time, saw his friends, and calling his eldest son, embraced him tenderly, and said " Come, George, let us be good friends while we are permitted to do so." Three physicians and two surgeons, Wilmot and Hawkins, attended him, and, strangely enough, pronounced him out of danger the day before his death. On the evening, " some members of his family were at cards in the adjacent room, and Desnoyers, the celebrated dancing-master, who, like St. Leon, was as good a violinist as he was a dancer, was playing the violin at the Prince's bedside, when the latter was seized with a violent fit of coughing. When this had ceased, Wilmot expressed a hope that his royal patient would be better, and would pass a quiet night. Hawkins detected symptoms which he thought of great gravity. The cough returned with increased violence, and Frederick, placing his hand upon his stomach, murmured feebly, ' Je sens la mort ! ' Desnoyers held him up, and feeling him shiver, exclaimed, ' The Prince is going ! ' At that moment the Princess of Wales was at the foot of the bed ; she caught up a candle, rushed to the head of the bed, and, bend-

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ing down over her husband's face, she saw that he was dead."\*

The newly-made widow, left so suddenly desolate, acted with touching and dignified grief in her bereavement. She had altered much since those days of her inexperienced girlhood, when her favourite occupation was to dandle her doll at the palace windows. So discreetly and judiciously had she behaved that Horace Walpole, writing shortly before her husband's death, observes, "I firmly believe, by all her quiet sense, she will turn out a Caroline." The same writer speaks again in another passage of her "quiet inoffensive good sense;" declares that she "had never said a foolish thing, or done a disobliging one since her arrival, though in very difficult situations, young, uninstructed, and besieged by the Queen, Princess Emily, and Lady Archibald's creatures, and very jarring interests;" and adds that she was always likely to have preserved an ascendancy over her husband. "She had," says Dr. Doran, "throughout her married life exhibited much mental superiority, with great kindness of disposition, and that under circumstances of great difficulty, and sometimes of a character to inflict vexation on the calmest nature." For four hours after the Prince's death she refused to quit his side, disbelieving the assurances of the physicians that all was over, and hoping against hope that he might revive. "She was then the mother of eight children, expecting shortly to be the mother of a ninth, and she was brought reluctantly to acknowledge that their father was no more. It was six in the morning before her attendants could persuade her to retire to bed; but she rose again at eight, and then, with less thought for her grief

\* Dr. Doran.

than anxiety for the honour of him whose death was the cause of it, she proceeded to the Prince's room, and burned the whole of his private papers. By this the world lost some rare supplementary chapters to a *Chronique Scandaleuse*!"\*

The King was not very much agitated by the news. It was brought him at Kensington, as he stood by a card-table, watching the players, Princess Amelia, the Duchess of Dorset, the Duke of Grafton, and Madame Walmoden, now ennobled as Countess of Yarmouth. Turning to the messenger he remarked, "Dead, is he? Why, they told me he was better;" and then, crossing over to Lady Yarmouth, he said, calmly, "Countess, Fred is gone;" and dismissed the subject from his thoughts. He did however rouse himself to send a very kind message to his widowed daughter-in-law, which he repeated in writing the next morning, and sent by Lord Lincoln. The Princess "received him alone, sitting with her eyes fixed; thanked the King much, and said she would write as soon as she was able; in the meantime recommended her miserable self and children to him."† His Majesty, however, troubled himself not at all about the ceremonial of the funeral, which was, consequently, mean and unhonoured in the extreme. The Prince's own household, and the lords who held the pall, two sons of dukes, two privy councillors, an Irish peer (Lord Lincoln), and a baron's son, attended; but not a single bishop or English lord—a fact due, not to intentional disrespect, but to the circumstance that no official notice of the funeral arrangements had been issued. The body was carried from the House of Lords to the Abbey without a canopy, no anthem was sung, and the organ was silent

\* Dr. Doran.

† Horace Walpole.



during the performance of the service. The spirit of partizanship was carried to extremes of utter meanness. "The gentlemen of the Prince's bed-chamber were ordered to be in attendance near the body, from ten in the morning to the conclusion of the funeral. The government, however, would order them no refreshment, and the Board of Green Cloth would provide them with none, without such order. Even though princes die, il faut que tout le monde vive; and accordingly these poor gentlemen sent to a neighbouring tavern, and gave orders for a cold dinner to be furnished them. The authorities were too tardily ashamed of thus insulting faithful servants of rank and distinction, and commanded the necessary refreshments to be provided. They were accepted, but the tavern dinner was paid for and given to the poor."\*

The Jacobites expressed their views of the defunct Prince in their well-known epitaph on him, which, though often quoted, is here subjoined:—

Here lies Fred,  
Who was alive and is dead!  
Had it been his father,  
I had much rather.  
Had it been his mother,  
Still better than another.  
Had it been his sister,  
No one would have missed her.  
Had it been the whole generation,  
Still better for the nation.  
But since 'tis only Fred,  
Who was alive and is dead,  
There is no more to be said.

A London clergyman was not much more eulogistic concerning the dead heir-apparent. "He had no great parts, but he had great virtues—

\* Dr. Doran.

indeed, they degenerated into vices. He was very generous; but I hear his generosity has ruined a great many people; and then, his condescension was such that he kept very bad company." Indeed the Prince's character was what could only be characterized as singularly unsatisfactory. He had many good points, and was a man of, to a certain extent, cultivated tastes; and was yet capable of the most unbridled profligacy and sensuality. Sincerity was to him almost an unknown virtue; and he did not appear to understand the meaning of consistency. He would write both French and English ballads in ecstatic praise of his *chère Sylvie*, as he called the Princess; and would then hurry to the blandishments of other less legitimate objects of adoration. A specimen of one of these laudatory efforts will serve to show the style of his verses. The Princess, amongst much that was harassing and annoying, must have been pleased to receive the evidently sincere, though not very poetical, tribute:—

## THE CHARMS OF SYLVIA.

'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes,  
That swim with pleasure and delight,  
Nor those heavenly arches which arise  
O'er each of them to shade their light.

'Tis not that hair which plays with every wind,  
And loves to wanton round thy face;  
Now straying round the forehead, now behind,  
Retiring with insidious grace.

'Tis not that lovely range of teeth so white  
As new-shorn sheep, equal and fair;  
Nor e'en that gentle smile, the heart's delight,  
With which no smile could e'er compare.

'Tis not the living colour over each  
By Nature's finest pencil wrought,  
To shame the full-blown rose, and blooming peach,  
And mock the happy painter's thought.

No—'tis that gentleness of mind, that love  
So kindly answering my desire ;  
That grace with which you look, and speak, and move,  
That thus has set my soul on fire.

“He loved,” says Dr. Doran, “to have his children with him, always appeared most happy when in the bosom of his family, left them with regret, and met them again with smiles, kisses, and tears. He walked the streets unattended, to the great delight of the people; was the presiding Apollo at great festivals, conferred the prizes at rowings and racings, and talked familiarly with Thames fishermen on the mysteries of their craft. He would enter the cottages of the poor, listen with patience to their twice-told tales, and partake with relish of the humble fare presented to him. So did the old soldier find in him a ready listener to the story of his campaigns and the subject of his petitions; and never did the illustriously maimed appeal to him in vain. He was a man to be loved in spite of all his vices. He would have been adored had his virtues been more, or more real. But his virtue was too often—like his love for popular and Parliamentary liberty—rather affected than real; and at all events, not to be relied upon.” This love of freedom he was always anxious to impress upon the minds of his audience. A deputation of Quakers, who prayed him to give his support to a Bill in their favour, were answered, “As I am a friend to liberty in general, and to toleration in particular, I wish you may meet with all proper favour; but, for myself, I never gave my vote in Parliament; and to influence my friends, or direct my servants in theirs, does not become my station. To leave them entirely to their own consciences and understandings is a rule I have hitherto pre-

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scribed to myself, and purpose through life to observe." This announcement—which so charmed the honest Quakers that their spokesman, Andrew Pitt, made reply, "May it please the Prince of Wales, I am greatly affected with thy excellent notions of liberty, and am more pleased with the answer thou hast given us than if thou hadst granted our request"—was by no means a sincere one. The Prince *did* expect his *entourage* to take their opinions from him, and was very irate when they did not. "Does he think," said he of Lord Doneraile, who had ventured on having convictions of his own, "that I will support him unless he will do as I should have him? Does he not consider that whoever may be my ministers, I must be King?"

The best side of Frederick's character was his graceful and generous patronage of literary men. He was charmed with the stately sententiousness of the "Rambler," and never rested until he had sought and proffered his services to the writer. He visited Pope at Twickenham, gave to Tindal a gold medal with forty guineas, and sent to Glover, the author of "Leonidas," a five hundred pound note when he heard the poet was in distressed circumstances. He gave Thomson, of "Seasons'" celebrity, a pension of £100 a-year, and commanded him to write the "Masque of Alfred," which was acted before him at Cliefden in 1740, the poet acknowledging his kindness by dedicating his poem on "Liberty," and his tragedy of "Agamemnon," to him, and his play of "Edward and Eleanora" to his wife. He received authors at his Court, greeted them cordially, and often gave them precedence of those whose rank was greater than their brains. Indeed, he endeavoured to join their ranks, and made various

attempts at poetry. Most of his verses were in praise of his wife. "The matter," says Dr. Doran, "was good, but the manner was execrable. The lady deserved all that was said, but her virtues merited a more gracefully skilled eulogist. The reasoning was perfect, but the rhymes halted abominably." On the whole, though neither so obstinate, so coarsely unfaithful, or so ill-tempered as his father, and though he had a winning presence, and was not devoid of attractive qualities, he was a man whose character it is impossible to esteem, and who would have little benefited his country, had he been called to reign over it; and most people will agree with the dry remark of Walpole, that he resembled the Black Prince in nothing but in dying before his father.

The young Prince George, now, by his father's death, Prince of Wales, is said by Walpole to have behaved "excessively well" at this juncture. He was a good, amiable boy, with no great keenness of imagination or feeling. When told of the death, he turned pale, and put his hand on his chest. "I am afraid, sir," said his tutor, Dr. Ayscough, rather foolishly, "you are not well." "I feel," said George, "something here, just as I did when I saw the two workmen fall from the scaffold at Kew." Frederick merited, perhaps, a somewhat warmer expression of regret from his eldest son; for in spite of his numerous faults, he had always been a kind and indulgent parent to his children.

Shortly after the funeral, George II. came to pay a visit of condolence to the widowed Princess. Though his son's death had not been any very severe affliction to him, he retained all his old sentimentality; and the sight of the young widow, surrounded by her children, and so soon expecting

the birth of another infant, was sufficiently touching and interesting to arouse his compassion and sympathy. A chair of state had been placed for him, but he refused it, took a seat on the couch beside the Princess, embraced her, and wept with her. The Lady Augusta would have kissed his hand, but he would not permit it; and giving it to her brothers, bade them "be good, brave boys, obedient to their mother, and deserve the fortune to which they were born."

"The King and Princess," says Walpole, "both took their parts at once; she, of flinging herself entirely into his hands, and studying nothing but his pleasure, but with winding what interest she got with him to the advantage of her own, and the Prince's friends; the King of acting the tender grandfather; which he, who had never acted the tender father, grew so pleased with representing, that he soon became it in earnest."

Four months after the death of Frederick, the Princess of Wales gave birth to a daughter, afterwards to be well known in history as the ill-fated Caroline Matilda. In the same year she was named by the King and Parliament as Regent of the kingdom, should the King die before the young Prince of Wales had attained his majority—an appointment which gave great offence to William, Duke of Cumberland, of Culloden memory, who looked upon the office as his special right. She continued her residence in Leicester House, living in dignified seclusion among her children. Bubb Dodington gives a pleasant picture of an evening there in an entry in his "Diary," dated 17th November, 1753:—

"The Princess sent for me to attend her between eight and nine o'clock. I went to Leicester House, expecting a small company and a little musick,

but found nobody but her Royal Highness. She made me draw a stool and sit by the fireside. Soon after came in the Prince of Wales and Prince Edward, and then the Lady Augusta, all in an undress, and took their stools and sat round the fire with us. We continued talking of familiar occurrences till between ten and eleven, with the same ease and unreservedness and unconstraint as if one had dropped into a sister's house that had a family to pass the evening. It is much to be wished that the Princess conversed familiarly with more people of a certain knowledge of the world."

This life of retirement, chosen by Augusta and Lord Bute, who shared with her the guardianship of the heir-apparent, was one of the greatest mistakes into which she fell. "In her earnest desire," says Mrs Russell Grey, "to preserve him from the faults and follies of those around him, she did not act with perfect judgment; for she went so far as to keep him from all intercourse with the young nobility of his own age, and confined his knowledge of the world to books, and the small circle of Leicester House. Consequently he had no opportunity of forming his own opinions on different subjects, and became timid and reserved; so that the Princess at last herself said that she wished the Prince was a little more forward, and would enter more freely into conversation with people." Thrown back on their own resources, the two brothers, George and Edward, had curious conversations between themselves. One day, when their mother was sitting, melancholy and abstracted, in a room at Leicester House, with the two boys playing near her, "Brother," said the younger one, "when we are men, you shall marry, and I will keep a mistress."

"Be quiet, Eddy," rebuked George, "we shall have anger presently for your nonsense. There must be no mistresses at all." Thereupon the Princess sharply bade them learn their nouns and pronouns. "Can you tell me," she said to Prince Edward, "what a pronoun is?" "Of course I can," replied her son, "a pronoun is to a noun what a mistress is to a wife—a substitute and a representative."

It may have been the responsibility thrown upon her that altered so materially the character of Augusta. Never, perhaps, did anyone change more completely than did the Princess Dowager of Wales. Submissive, blindly obedient, childish, and colourless, when she first came to England as a bride, she had, as we have already noticed—impelled perhaps by her husband's weakness and untrustworthiness—developed much sound sense and good judgment; and now that she was left with the weighty charge of the training and education of her many children, the eldest of whom was the heir to the throne, the onerous nature of her duties seems to have hardened and harrowed her, till she grew stern and unsympathizing, even while upright and conscientious. Thackeray speaks of her as shrewd, hard, and domineering, and says she must have been a clever, cruel woman; but this is probably exaggerated language. Still, the change is so great that we are inclined to ask wonderingly whether it is possible that the shy girl, mentioned in her youth almost contemptuously as the "mere tool" of her husband, can possibly be the same as the severe, prim, uncompromising mother who influenced so deeply the honest and not very active mind of George III. She was strict with her children, and Thackeray tells how William, Duke of



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Gloucester, sitting one day silent and melancholy, was sharply asked by his mother the reason of his unhappiness. "I was thinking," he answered. "Thinking, sir! and of what?" "I was thinking if ever I have a son I will not make him so unhappy as you make me." She had a prejudice against the Duke of Cumberland, which her eldest son shared. One day he entered his uncle's room, and the latter reached down a splendid sabre from the wall to exhibit to him. The boy started and turned pale, as if fearing that harm was meditated; and the Duke complained bitterly to the Princess Dowager that shameful prejudices had been influencing the young heir. In spite of the tenacity of her opinions and the outward sternness of her manner, Augusta was a careful and anxious mother, and brought up her little ones to the best of her ability. Though she generally lived so secluded a life, she occasionally appeared in public, when, says Walpole, "the King gave her the same honours and place as the Queen used to have." She was never neglected or forgotten by society. "Young and old rendered her full respect. One of the most singular processions crossed the Fields in January, 1756. The object was to pay the homage of a first visit to the Court of the Dowager Princess of Wales at Leicester House—the visitors being a newly-married young couple, the Hon. Mr Spencer and the ex-Miss Poyntz (later Earl and Countess of Spencer). The whole party were contained in two carriages and a 'Sedan chair.' Inside the first were Earl Cowper and the bridegroom. Hanging on from behind were three footmen in State liveries. In the second carriage were the mother and sister of the bride, with similar human adornments on the outside as with the first carriage.

Last, and alone, of course, as became her state, in a new Sedan, came the bride, in white and silver, as fine as brocade and trimming could make it. The chair itself was lined with white satin, was preceded by a black page, and was followed by three gorgeous lackeys. Nothing ever was more brilliant than the hundred thousand pounds' worth of diamonds worn by the bride except her own tears in her beautiful eyes when she first saw them and the begging letter of the lover which accompanied them. As he handed her from the chair, the bridegroom seemed scarcely less be-diamonded than the bride. His shoe-buckles alone had those precious stones in them to the value of thirty thousand pounds."\*

In this year (1756), George II. sent a message to the young Prince of Wales, his grandson, offering him apartments at St. James's and Kensington, and an allowance of £40,000 a year. The allowance the Prince accepted, but declined the offer of apartments, giving as his reason that it would be painful to his mother should he separate from her—an excuse that must have been more of a pretext for escaping from an unpalatable proposal than anything else, if it be true, as Bubb Dodington asserts, that George did not live with the Princess either in town or country. Prince Edward—described a year or two previously by Walpole as "a very plain boy, with strange loose eyes, a sayer of things, and much the favourite"—was given an income of £5,000 a year. He was much attracted by the grace and vivacity of Lady Essex, Sir Charles Williams' daughter. "The Prince," writes Walpole, "has got his liberty, and seems extremely disposed to use it, and has great life and good humour. She has already made a ball

\* "Leicester Fields." *Vide* "Temple Bar," June, 1874.

for him. Sir Richard Lyttleton was so wise as to make her a visit, and advise her not to meddle with politics; that the Princess Dowager would conclude that it was a plan laid for bringing together Prince Edward and Mr. Fox. As Mr. Fox was not just the person my Lady Essex was thinking of bringing together with Prince Edward, she replied, very cleverly, 'And, my dear Sir Richard, let me advise you not to meddle with politics neither.'"

In the following year the Princess of Wales "bestowed," says Walpole, "an annuity of one hundred pounds on a young Scotch clergyman (John Home), who having been persecuted by the kirk for writing a tragedy called Douglas, threw himself and his piece on the protection of the Earl of Bute."

The Princess Elizabeth, the second daughter of Augusta—she whose delicacy and whose desire to act with her brothers and sisters has already been noticed—died at Kew after only two days' illness on the 4th of September, 1759, at the age of eighteen. She was privately interred in the vault at Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster on the 14th, being the first child whose loss the Princess of Wales was called upon to mourn. The following year a death occurred which attracted infinitely more of the public interest than that of the delicate girl. The old King, now considerably over seventy, had, with the exception of a sharp attack of gout a year or two previously, enjoyed fairly good health for some time; but the old lion in the royal menagerie at the Tower had lately died, and there was a curious superstition that this portended the decease of the sovereign—a superstition shared, says Lord Chesterfield, "by many above *people*," that is to say, by those whose rank and

standing ought to have ensured a greater amount of sense. On the morning of the 26th of October, 1760, the King rose as usual at six in the morning, drank his cup of chocolate, and said he would take a stroll in the garden. As he passed through an ante-room on his way thither, the page in waiting heard the sound of a fall, and hastily following him, found the King on the ground, with his face cut by falling against a bureau. "Send for Amelia," he gasped, and ere the words were fairly uttered, died. The Princess, summoned in haste, came to find her father lying dead. She despatched messengers to the physicians, and wrote to her nephew, George. He had, however, received earlier intelligence of the event which made him master of the empire. A German valet at Kensington had sent him a note, bearing a private mark previously agreed upon. The missive reached him while he was out riding. "Without surprise or emotion," says Walpole, "without dropping a word that indicated what had happened, he said his horse was lame, and turned back to Kew. At dismounting he said to his groom: 'I have said this horse was lame; I forbid you to say to the contrary.'" The young Prince had never been much attached to his grandfather; sooth to say, few people were, save that inscrutable woman whom he had the good fortune to make his wife.

The funeral of George II. is described by Walpole, who attended it for the sake of the spectacle, and who seems to have derived a degree of genuine enjoyment from it, not often experienced by the attendants at such ceremonies. "The Prince's chamber," he says, "hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver,

on high stands, had a very good effect. The procession, through a line of footguards, every seventh man bearing a torch—the horseguards lining the outsides—their officers, with drawn sabres and crape sashes, on horseback—the drums muffled—the fifes—bells tolling—and minute guns—all this was very solemn.” This, however, was not the most striking part of the pageant. “The *charm*,” says Horace, “was the entrance to the Abbey, where we were received by the Dean and Chapter in rich robes, the choir and almoners bearing torches; the whole Abbey so illuminated that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiaro oscuro*. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being Catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry VII. all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would, the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the bishops read sadly, and blundered in the prayers. The fine chapter, *Man that is born of a woman*, was chanted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, with a cloak of black cloth, and a train of five yards.

Attending the funeral of a father *could not be pleasant*; his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and disturbed with his first paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes; and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself soon descend; think how unpleasant a situation. He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back into a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass, to spy who was or who was not there, spying with one hand and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatrical to look down into the vault, where the coffin lay attended by mourners with lights. Clavering, the groom of the chamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the King's order."

The young King, called to the throne at the early age of twenty-two, had already gained popularity by his sterling worth and unaffected simplicity and kindliness. The seclusion in which he had grown up had made him reserved and somewhat timid in large assemblies; and the tutors who had superintended his education had not succeeded in instilling a large amount of knowledge. Neither Dr. Ayscough or Dr. Thomas were the most competent men for a post of such

responsibility, and the result of their labours was insignificant. His mother said the masters were indifferent, and the boy was slow ; but under more able tuition he would probably have become a more cultivated and intelligent man than the kindly "Farmer George" of later days. The public discrimination, however, dazzled by the divinity ever hedging the new monarch, and looking forward with relief to an era of greater purity and morality than had prevailed under the sway of George II., saw no flaw in the young sovereign, who rivetted all hearts by his happy declaration that it was his greatest pride to be Briton-born. People rushed into verse on so promising a subject without delay ; and the subjoined specimen, from the pen of Lady Irwin, will give a fair sample of the style, and prove that the abundant use of italics is an idiosyncrasy not entirely monopolised by Miss Rhoda Broughton and her numerous followers :—

If ardent wishes—*can prevail,*  
 If highest merit—*can avail,*  
     George no distress will know !  
 If graceful form and blooming youth,  
 If *candour, innocence, and truth,*  
     *Can happiness bestow.*

But *perfect bliss* is never given  
 On earth—'tis only found in *heaven ;*  
     *Late may he that obtain,*  
 Long may he bless his native land,  
 Cause war to cease at his command—  
     No wishes else remain !

Most gracious Prince, the world expects  
 To see you *void of all defects,*  
     Your heart with truth replete ;  
 Your task is arduous I own,  
 But you're *unaltered by a throne,*  
     *And are as good as great.*

*Proceed to act as you've begun,  
Your influence like the enlivening sun  
Will virtue's cause support.  
Vices like snow will melt away,  
When Phœbus darts his powerful ray,  
And fly from such a Court.*

This, for the benefit of the uninitiated it may be explained, was in those days counted as poetry.

One of George's greatest gifts was his dignified and graceful manner of reading his speeches and addresses—a quality in which his descendant, our gracious Queen, closely resembles him. When, for the first time after his accession, he opened Parliament, and addressed his lieges, the old actor Quin, remembering the lessons he had in bygone days given to the young heir, cried out in triumph, "Ay! 'twas I taught that boy to speak."

Naturally, one of the first things thought of at the commencement of the new reign was the possible and as yet problematical Queen. Young as he was, there had been already much talk on the subject of the King's marriage, even before his accession. His mother and her adviser, Lord Bute, wished him to marry a Princess of Saxe-Gotha; but besides there being "a constitutional infirmity in that family which rendered an alliance with it in no way desirable,"\* George II., who was then living, politely remarked that he had had enough of that family already. He had been anxious his grandson should marry a Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, whom he had seen in Hanover; but the Prince, at his mother's instigation, declined the alliance in terms so decisive as to rouse the indignation of the gallant monarch. "Oh," he cried to Lord Waldegrave, "oh, that I

\* Dr. Doran.



were but a score of years younger, this young lady should not then have been exposed to the indignity of being refused by the Prince of Wales, for I would then myself have made her Queen of England ! ” Failing this project, the old King would have liked to unite his heir to a Princess of Prussia—a scheme to which the Princess Dowager was strongly opposed, and which was never realized. But while all these designs were in agitation concerning him, the young Prince seemed in a fair way of taking the matter into his own hands, and choosing for himself. The object of his youthful fancy was Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, young, lovely, and prepossessing. “ She had,” says Henry Fox, “ a peculiarity of countenance that made her at the same time different from, and prettier than, any other girl I ever saw.” George had first seen her making hay before the windows of Holland House, and had been fascinated by her fresh young beauty. All the world began to gossip of the royal heir and the high-born damsel, and Mr. Fox, subsequently Lord Holland, was credited with doing his best to promote the possible union. When the Prince of Wales became George III., the fascinations of Lady Sarah were not forgotten; and it really seemed as if the crown matrimonial of England were hovering over the brow of one of England’s fairest daughters. “ There will be no coronation,” said the King at a Court ball to Lady Susan Strangeways, one of the beauty’s most intimate friends, “ until there is a Queen, and I think your friend is the fittest person for it; tell her so from me.” The royal words were duly reported, and the next time the principal actors in the little drama met, George asked Lady Sarah if she had been told what he had said. She an-

swered "Yes," and was asked what she thought of it; to which, being perhaps rather thrown off her balance by such a conversation, she answered "Nothing, sir!" But others did not take so negative a view of the position, and rumour spread far and wide the possibility of an English-born Queen on the English throne. "Let me go in before you," said the lovely Lady Barrington, whose strong point was the beauty of her shoulders, as they entered the presence-chamber, "for you will never have another opportunity of seeing my beautiful back."

But the little romance was not to end in so dazzling a manner as society anticipated. Whether the young King himself began to consider that an alliance with a subject was beneath his dignity, or whether his advisers thought so for him, and flung obstacles in the way of his wishes, cannot be told; but on the 8th of July, 1761, George announced to his council that "having nothing so much at heart as the welfare and happiness of his people, and that to render the same stable and permanent to posterity being the first object of his reign, he had ever since his accession to the throne turned his thoughts to the choice of a Princess with whom he might find the solace of matrimony and the comforts of domestic life; he had to announce to them, therefore, with great satisfaction that, after the most mature reflection and fullest information, he had come to a resolution to demand in marriage the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, a Princess distinguished by every amiable virtue and elegant endowment, whose illustrious line had continually shown the firmest zeal for the Protestant religion, and a particular attachment to his Majesty's family."

This resolution is said to have been taken by

the young sovereign after reading a letter addressed by the above-named Princess to the King of Prussia, on the invasion of Mecklenburg-Strelitz by the Prussian army. How George came to see it is uncertain; either the Prussian monarch forwarded it to him, or his mother laid it before him; but the effect was striking, and, considering his recent very marked attentions to Lady Sarah, not a little surprising. "This is the lady," he exclaimed to Lord Hertford, after reading the letter, "whom I shall select for my consort—here are lasting beauties—the man who has any mind may feast and not be satisfied. If the disposition of the Princess but equals her refined sense, I shall be the happiest man, as I hope, with my people's concurrence, to be the greatest monarch in Europe." Lord Hardwicke was sent to ask the hand of the much-eulogised lady; and Lady Sarah was left in the position of the forlorn maiden whose knight "loved and rode away."

"Does not your choler rise," she wrote to Lady Susan Strangeways, *apropos* of the coming marriage, "at hearing this? I shall take care to show that I am not mortified to anybody; but if it is true that one can vex anybody with a cold, reserved manner, he shall have it, I promise him." She goes on to say that "the disappointment affected her only for an hour or two," and adds, "if he were to change his mind again (which can't be, tho'), and not give a *very*, *very* good reason for his conduct, I would not have him. We are to act a play and have a little ball," continues the high-spirited young lady, "to show that we are not so melancholy quite!" This play was witnessed by Horace Walpole, who has left a graphic account of the enchantress whose beauty

so nearly won her a crown :—"There was a play at Holland House, acted by children ; not all children, for Lady Sarah Lennox and Lady Susan Strangeways played the women. It was 'Jane Shore.' Charles Fox was Hastings. The two girls were delighted, and acted with so much nature that they appeared the very things they represented. Lady Sarah was more beautiful than you can conceive ; and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the sham of the part, and the antiquity of the time, kept up by her dress, which was taken out of Montfaucon. Lady Susan was dressed from Jane Seymour. I was more struck with the last scene between the two women than ever I was when I have seen it on the stage. When Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears, and on the ground, no Magdalen of Correggio was half so lovely and expressive."

Meanwhile the future Queen was on her way to throne and bridegroom. She had a long and stormy voyage, lasting from the 22nd of August to the 6th of September, when the royal yacht anchored off Harwich. In those days of slow communication, there was great uncertainty in London as to the whereabouts of the bride. "Last night, at ten o'clock," says Walpole, writing on Tuesday, the 8th, "it was neither certain when she landed nor when she would be in town. I forgive history for knowing nothing, when so public an event as the arrival of a new Queen is a mystery even at this very moment in St. James's Street. This messenger who brought the letter yesterday morning said she *arrived* at half an hour after four, at Harwich. This was immediately translated into landing, and notified in those words to the Ministers. Six hours after-

wards it proved no such thing, and that she was only in Harwich Roads; and they recollected that half an hour after four happens twice in twenty-four hours, and the letter did not specify which of the twices it was. Well, the bridesmaids whipped on their virginity; the New Road and the parks were thronged; the guns were choking with impatience to go off; and Sir James Lowther, who was to pledge his Majesty, was actually married to Lady Mary Stuart. Five, six, seven, eight o'clock came, and no Queen."

It was not till the afternoon of Tuesday that the royal carriages, the last of which contained the bride, were seen entering London. Charlotte was dressed, the chroniclers of the day inform us, "entirely in the English taste," which taste consisted in "a fly-cap with rich lace lappets, a stomacher ornamented with diamonds, and a gold brocade suit of clothes with a white ground." "She was much amused," writes Mrs. Stuart, daughter-in-law of Lord Bute, "at the crowds of people assembled to see her, and bowed as she passed. She was hideously dressed in a blue satin quilted *jesuit*, her hair twisted up into knots called a *tête de mouton*, and the strangest little blue coif at the top. She had a great jewel like a *Seigné*, and earrings like those now worn, with many drops, a present from the Empress of Russia, who knew of her marriage before she did herself." Passing through Mile End and Whitechapel, the royal train continued its course along Oxford Street towards Hyde Park. As they came to Constitution Hill, one of the ladies of the suite, looking at her watch, remarked, "We shall hardly have time to dress for the wedding." "Wedding!" cried the bride. "Yes, madam, it is to be at twelve." Charlotte, whose fortitude

was only prepared for the sight of the bridegroom and his family, and who had not realized that the ceremony was to be solemnized at once, fainted; and it must be confessed that the ordeal was a sufficiently trying one for a girl of seventeen. For the first time her cheerfulness and courage seemed to fail her. The Duchess of Hamilton—the younger of the beautiful Gunnings, who now for the second time bore ducal rank—smiled at her alarm; and Charlotte, perceiving it, said, “My dear Duchess, you may laugh—you have been married twice; but its no joke to me.”

At length the carriage drew up before the garden gate of St. James’s, where twenty-five years previously Augusta herself, at the same age, had alighted, as her daughter-in-law elect did now, a stranger bride, with the ordeal of the introductions to her future relatives before her. Very pale, but tolerably self-possessed, Charlotte stepped out, and came into the presence of her future lord. “A crimson cushion was laid for her to kneel upon, and (Mrs. Stuart tells us) mistaking the hideous old Duke of Grafton for the King, as the cushion inclined that way, she was very near prostrating herself before the Duke; but the King caught her in his arms first, and all but carried her upstairs, forbidding anyone to enter.”\*

She was then introduced to the Princess Dowager, the Lady Augusta, and the other members of the royal family, with whom she dined. After dinner the bridesmaids and the Court were presented to her, and their number and magnificence impressed her greatly. “*Mon Dieu!*” she cried, “*il y en a tant, il y en a tant!*” She gladly kissed the Princesses, the King’s

\* Dr. Doran

sisters, but was so gracefully shy when she should have given her own hand to be kissed that the Lady Augusta was obliged to take it and present it to those who were to salute her, "which," says Walpole, "was prettily humble and good-natured." At seven the chapel began to fill rapidly with spectators of the coming ceremony, and at nine the King, the bride, the Princess Dowager of Wales, and her children entered. The Duke of York, says Lady Anne Hamilton, "used every endeavour to support his royal brother through the trying ordeal, not only by first meeting the Princess on her entrance into the garden, but also at the altar." Charlotte was dressed in white and silver, which was surmounted by "an endless mantle of violet coloured velvet, lined with crimson, which," says Walpole, "attempted to be fastened on her shoulder by a bunch of large pearls, dragged itself and almost all the rest of her clothes half-way down her waist." Among her bridesmaids was one who, but a few months ago, might not unreasonably have hoped to occupy the centre place in the assembly—Lady Sarah Lennox; and it was noticed that the King kept his eyes fixed upon her during nearly the whole time the marriage was proceeding. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Secker) officiated, and the Duke of Cumberland gave away this bride, as he had done the mother of the bridegroom. When the rite was concluded, the King and Queen seated themselves on two chairs of state, under a canopy, on the same side of the altar, the Princess Dowager occupying a similar seat on the opposite side, the rest of the royal family sitting on stools, and the foreign ministers on benches. At half-past ten the illustrious company left the chapel, and heard, as they re-entered the palace, the

booming of the guns of Park and Tower. "Can it be possible," asked Charlotte, "that I am worthy of such honours?"

She did not allow her shyness to render her either silent or awkward. While waiting for the splendid state supper she sat down, played, and sung, and talked in French and German to the King, and the Dukes of Cumberland and York. The banquet that followed was very splendid and wearily long. It was two o'clock in the morning before she finally retired, after a day of such fatigue as, says Mrs. Scott, "only a German constitution could have stood." The next day she held her first drawing-room, and in the evening a ball was given, opened by the Lady Augusta and her brother, Edward, Duke of York. On the 11th their Majesties went "in chairs" to Drury Lane, to see Garrick in the "Rehearsal," and the public curiosity to see the young Queen was so great that the house was crammed from floor to ceiling, "and we may venture to say," declares the *St. James's Chronicle*, "that there were people enough to have filled fifty such houses. There was a prodigious deal of mischief done at the doors of the house; several genteel women, who were imprudent enough to attempt to get in, had their clothes, caps, aprons, handkerchiefs, all torn off them." But the pageant to which everyone was looking forward with eagerness was the coronation. Thirty-four years had elapsed since there had been such a show, and most people agreed with the candid lady who naïvely remarked to George II. that "of all things she most wished to see a coronation." Extensive preparations were made, and the owners of Sedan chairs took the opportunity of extorting double and treble fares, under a threat of striking

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altogether if their proposals were not agreed to. The Dean and Chapter—with reverence be it spoken—were not very much better than the doughty Knights of the Chair; for they demanded five guineas a foot for all the space taken up in scaffolding. The procession of the King and Queen was as imposing as all the adjuncts of royal pomp could make it; but that of the Princess-mother, infinitely simpler, was perhaps quite as pleasing. Led by the hand of her son William, the young Duke of Gloucester, she passed from the House of Lords across Old Palace Yard, on a platform specially erected for her, to the south cross of the Abbey, where a box had been reserved for her. Augusta, and all who accompanied her, were picturesquely dressed in white and silver, and she “wore a short silk train, and was consequently relieved from the nuisance of being pulled back by train bearers. Her long hair flowed over her shoulders in hanging curls, and the only ornament upon her head was a simple wreath of diamonds. She was the best dressed and perhaps not the least happy of the persons present.”\* A peculiar addition to her procession was three Turkish Ambassadors, dressed in national costume, who for some unexplained reason did not accompany their *confrères* of other countries. The Princess of Wales was much commiserated by the people for her supposed loss of precedence; but, had she been Queen Dowager, her added dignity could not have given her greater influence over her son, or a firmer hold on his affections.

The King and Queen having arrived at the Abbey, and having been saluted by the Westminster boys with “Vivat Rex” and “Vivat

\* Dr. Doran.

Regina," engaged for a time in private devotion, were presented to the people, and heard a sermon, lasting exactly a quarter of an hour, preached by Archbishop Secker, who took for his text 1 Kings x, 9: "Because the Lord loved Israel for ever, therefore made he thee king, to do judgment and justice." Then the coronation of the young sovereigns was solemnly performed, and they were to receive the sacrament; but the King desired "that he might first put aside his crown, and appear humbly at the table of the Lord. There was no precedent for such a case, and all the prelates present were somewhat puzzled, lest they might commit themselves. Ultimately, and wisely, they expressed an opinion that, despite the lack of authorising precedent, the King's wishes might be complied with. A similar wish was expressed by Queen Charlotte; but this could not so readily be fulfilled. It was found that the little crown fixed on the Queen's head was so fastened, to keep it from falling, that there would be some trouble in getting it off without the assistance of the Queen's dressers. This was dispensed with, and the crown was worn by the Queen; but the King declared that in this case it was to be considered simply as part of her dress, and not as indicating any power or greatness residing in a person humbly kneeling in the presence of God."\*

The rest of the ceremonial occupied so long that it was dusk before the royal pair left the Abbey, and returned to the Hall, where the banquet was to be held, and where the champion of England, mounted on the gallant grey that had borne George II. at Dettingen awaited their advent to make his defiance. "The instant the Queen's canopy entered the Hall," says Grey, "fire was

\* Dr. Doran.

given to all the lustres at once by trains of prepared flax that reached from one to the other. To me it seemed an interval of not half a minute before the whole was in a blaze of splendour. . . . and the most magnificent spectacle ever beheld remained. The King, bowing to the lords as he passed, with his crown on his head and the sceptre and orb in his hands, took his place with great majesty and grace. So did the Queen, with her crown, sceptre, and rod. Their supper was served on gold plate. The Earl Talbot, Duke of Bedford, and Earl of Effingham, in their robes, all three on horseback, prancing and curvetting like the hobby horses in the 'Rehearsal,' ushered in the courses to the foot of the hautpas. Between the courses the champion performed his part with applause." A grand ball at Court succeeded the coronation, at which the royal bridesmaids wore the white bodied coats in which they had appeared at the wedding, but the young King and Queen, tired out, probably, with all the splendour, retired at eleven o'clock. A few days later Walpole wrote to George Montagu a long and graphic account of the coronation and all its attendant pomp. "All the wines of Bordeaux," he says, "and all the fumes of Irish brains cannot make a town so drunk as a royal wedding and a coronation. I am going to let London cool, and will not venture into it again this fortnight. Oh, the buzz, the prattle, the crowds, the noise, the hurry! Nay, people are so little come to their senses, that, though the coronation was but the day before yesterday, the Duke of Devonshire had forty messages yesterday, desiring admissions for a ball that they fancied was to be at Court last night. People had sat up a night and a day, and yet wanted to see a dance! If I was to entitle ages, I would call this '*the*

*century of crowds.* For the coronation, if a puppet-show could be worth a million, that is. The multitudes, balconies, guards, and processions made Palace Yard the liveliest spectacle in the world, the hall was most glorious. The blaze of lights, the richness and variety of habits, the ceremonial, the bunches of peers and peeresses, were as awful as a pageant can be ; and yet, for the King's sake and my own, I never wish to see another ; nor am impatient to have my Lord Effingham's promise fulfilled. The King complained that so few precedents were kept of their proceedings. Lord Effingham vowed the Earl-Marshal's office had been strangely neglected, but he had taken such care for the future that the *next coronation* would be regulated in the most exact manner imaginable. The number of peers and peeresses present was not very great ; some of the latter, with no excuse in the world, appeared in Lord Lincoln's gallery, and even walked about the Hall indecently in the intervals of the procession. My Lady Harrington, covered with all the diamonds she could borrow, hire, or seize, and with the air of Roxana, was the finest figure at a distance. She complained to George Selwyn that she was to walk with Lady Portsmouth, who would have a wig and a stick. 'Pho !' said he, 'you will only look as if you were taken up by the constable.' She told this everywhere, thinking that the reflection was on my Lady Portsmouth ! Lady Pembroke alone, at the head of the countesses, was the picture of majestic modesty. The Duchess of Richmond, as pretty as nature and dress, with no pains of her own, could make her Lady Spencer, Lady Sutherland, and Lady Northampton, very pretty figures. Lady Kildare, still beauty itself, if not a little too large.

The ancient peeresses were by no means the worst party. Lady Westmoreland still handsome, and with more dignity than all. The Duchess of Queensberry looked well, though her locks are milk-white. Lady Albemarle very genteel; nay, the middle age had some good representatives in Lady Holderness, Lady Rochford, and Lady Strafford, the perfectest little figure of all. My Lady Suffolk ordered her robes, and I dressed part of her head, as I made some of my Lord Hertford's dress, for you know no profession comes amiss to me, from a tribune of the people to a habit-maker. Do not imagine that there were not figures as excellent on the other side. Old Exeter, who told the King he was the handsomest man she ever saw; old Effingham, and Lady Say and Sele, with her hair powdered and her tresses black, were an excellent contrast to the handsome. Lord B— put on rouge upon his wife and the Duchess of Bedford in the Painted Chamber; the Duchess of Queensberry told me of the latter, that she looked like an orange peach, half red and half yellow. The coronets of the peers and their robes disguised them strangely. It required all the beauty of the Dukes of Richmond and Marlborough to make them noticed. One there was, though of another species, the noblest figure I ever saw, the High Constable of Scotland, Lord Errol; as one saw him in a space capable of maintaining him, one admired him. At the wedding, dressed in tissue, he looked like one of the giants at Guildhall, new gilt. It added to the energy of his person that one considered him as acting so considerable a part in that very hall where a few years ago one saw his father, Lord Kilmarnock, condemned to the block. The champion acted his part admirably, and dashed down his gauntlet with proud defiance.

His associates, Lord Effingham, Lord Talbot, and the Duke of Bedford, were woeful. Lord Talbot piqued himself on backing his horse down the Hall, and not turning his back towards the King; but he had taken such pains to dress it to that duty that it entered backwards; and at his retreat, the spectators clapped—a terrible indecorum, but suitable to such Bartholomew Fair doings. He had twenty *démêlés*, and came off none creditably. He had taken away the table of the Knights of the Bath, and was forced to admit two in their old place, and dine the other at the Court of Requests. Sir William Stanhope said, ‘We are ill-treated, for *some of us are gentlemen.*’ Beckford told the Earl it was hard to refuse a table to the City of London, whom it would cost ten thousand pounds to banquet the King, and that his lordship would repent it if they had not a table in the hall. To the Barons of the Cinque Ports, who made the same complaint, he said, ‘If you come to me as lord-steward, I tell you it is impossible; if as Lord Talbot, I am a match for any of you;’ and then he said to Lord Bute, ‘If I were a minister, thus would I talk to France, to Spain, to the Dutch; none of your half-measures.’”

The young Queen was introduced to the Londoners on Lord Mayor’s day, when the King brought her to the city, and took her to the house of Mr. Barclay, a Quaker, and a patent medicine vendor, from whence they could have a good view of the procession. The Princess of Wales, her sister-in-law, the Princess Amelia, her daughter, the Lady Augusta, and her younger sons, accompanied her; and that the whole royal party created a brilliantly favourable impression, may be gathered from the description of the day left by one of the honest Quaker’s daughters. “About

one o'clock, papa and mamma, with sister Western to attend them, took their stand at the street door, where my two brothers had long been, to receive the nobility, more than a hundred of whom were then waiting in the warehouse. As the Royal family came, they were conducted into one of the counting-houses, which was transformed into a very pretty parlour. At half-past two their Majesties came, which was two hours later than they intended. On the second pair of stairs was placed our own company, about forty in number, the chief of whom were of the Puritan order, and all in their orthodox habits. Next to the drawing-room doors were placed our own selves—I mean papa's children, none else, to the great mortification of visitors, being allowed to enter; for, as kissing the King's hand without kneeling was an unexampled honour, the King confined that privilege to our own family, as a return for the trouble we had been at. After the royal pair had shown themselves at the balcony, we were all introduced; and you may believe, at that juncture, we felt no small palpitations. The King met us at the door (a condescension I did not expect), at which place he saluted us with great politeness. Advancing to the upper end of the room, we kissed the Queen's hand, at the sight of whom we were all in raptures, not only from the brilliancy of her appearance, which was pleasing beyond description, but being throughout her whole person possessed of that inexpressible something that is beyond a set of features, and equally claims our attention. To be sure she has not a fine face, but a most agreeable countenance, and is vastly genteel, with an air, notwithstanding her being a little woman, truly majestic; and I really think, by her manner is expressed that complacency of

disposition which is truly amiable; and though I could never perceive that she deviated from that dignity which belongs to a crowned head, yet on the most trifling occasions she displayed all that easy behaviour that negligence can bestow. Her hair, which is of a light colour, hung in what is called coronation ringlets, encircled in a band of diamonds so beautiful in themselves, and so prettily disposed, as will admit of no description. Her clothes, which were as rich as gold, silver, and silk could make them, was a suit from which fell a train, supported by a little page in scarlet and silver. The lustre of her stomacher was inconceivable. The King I think a very personable man. All the Princes followed the King's example in complimenting each of us with a kiss. The Queen was upstairs three times, and my little darling, with Patty Barclay and Priscilla Bull, were introduced to her. I was present, and not a little anxious on account of my girl, who kissed the Queen's hand with so much grace that I thought the princess-dowager would have smothered her with kisses. Such a report was made of her to the King, that Miss was sent for, and afforded him great amusement by saying 'that she loved the King, though she must not love fine things, and her grandpapa would not allow her to make a curtsy.' Her sweet face made such an impression on the Duke of York, that I rejoiced she was only five instead of fifteen. When he first met her, he tried to persuade Miss to let him introduce her to the Queen; but she would by no means consent till I informed her he was a prince, upon which her little female heart relented, and she gave him her hand—a true copy of the sex. The King never sat down, nor did he taste anything during the whole time. Her Majesty drank



tea, which was brought her on a silver waiter by brother John, who delivered it to the lady-in-waiting, and she presented it kneeling. The leave they took of us was such as we might expect from our equals; full of apologies for our trouble for their entertainment—which they were so anxious to have explained, that the Queen came up to us, as we stood on one side of the door, and had every word interpreted. My brothers had the honour of assisting the Queen into her coach. Some of us sat up to see them return, and the King and Queen took especial notice of us as they passed. The King ordered twenty-four of his guard to be placed opposite our door all night, lest any of the canopy should be pulled down by the mob, in which there were one hundred yards of silk damask."

From the hospitable Quakers the royal party went to the Guildhall, where a banquet had been provided for them at a cost of £8,000, and both King and Queen observed "that for elegance of entertainment the City beat the Court end of the town." "It was a feast," said a foreign minister, "such as only one king could give to another," The Lord Mayor and Aldermen had evidently determined to give the royal bride a right hearty welcome to her new domains, and succeeded brilliantly.

## CHAPTER III.

Changes at the Court—A Royal Ball—Harsh Conduct of Augusta—Her Influence over the King—Public Hatred of Lord Bute—Unpopularity of the Princess—*Fête* given by Lady Northumberland—Illness of the King—Birth of the Prince of Wales—Marriage of the Lady Augusta—The Regency Bill—Marriage of the Princess Caroline Matilda—Her Letter to the Duke of York—Marriage of the Duke of Gloucester—His Children—Marriage of the Duke of Cumberland—The Royal Marriage Act—Death of the Duke of York—Letter of Caroline Matilda to her Mother—Death of the Princess Louisa—The Royal Children—Rash Conduct of the Queen of Denmark—Augusta's Visit to Germany and Denmark—Her illness—Arrest of Caroline Matilda—Grief of Augusta—Her death—Her character—Elegy upon her—Her Children.

THE Court, under the new *régime*, was strikingly different to what it had been. Virtue was imperative, and vice rigidly discountenanced—no small innovation on the more than easy morals of the last reign—and economy and prudence were practised to an excessive degree. The gaieties at the Palace were, contrary to general expectation, of the very mildest description. With a King of twenty-two, and a Queen of seventeen, people naturally looked for a fair amount of feasts and festivals, balls and banquets, and other species of merry-making; but George and Charlotte had ideas on the subject that their warmest admirers were forced to regard as limited. On November 26th the young sovereigns gave their first party, the invitations being confined to about half-a-dozen strangers, and the whole company being comprised in twelve or fourteen couples. The invited guests were Lady Caroline Russell, Lady Jane Stewart, Lord Suffolk, Lord Mandeville, Lord Northampton, and Lord Grey. The rest of the party consisted of the lords

and ladies of the Court—the Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton, who danced very little; Lady Effingham and Lady Egremont, who danced much; Lady Bolingbroke, who was unable to dance because she wore black gloves—a regulation the occult reason of which history explaineth not; six maids of honour, Lady Susan Stewart, in attendance on the Lady Augusta, the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Bute, and the lords in waiting—Lord March, Lord Eglington, Lord Cantilupe, and Lord Huntingdon. These, with the Royal personages themselves—the King and Queen, the Princess Dowager, Lady Augusta and her four brothers—made the whole of the assemblage; and it is recorded that none sat out save the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Bedford, and Lady Bute.

“At this select party, which commenced between half-past six and seven, the King danced the whole time with the Queen; and the Lady Augusta, future mother of the next Queen of England, with her four younger brothers. The dancing went on uninterruptedly till one in the morning; the hungry guests separated without supper; and so ended the young couple’s first and not very hilarious party.”\*

It will be remembered how the Princess of Wales, when herself a young bride, had attempted to exercise her own opinion, and had received the sacrament at a Lutheran chapel. She had argued and protested vehemently, and with tears, in support of her own predilections, but had been resolutely overruled. Such a reminiscence should have made her careful not to encroach in like manner on the feelings of her own young daughter-in-law, Queen Charlotte; but that the very reverse was the case, is proved by her conduct soon after her son’s

\* Dr. Doran.

marriage. He had given his bride many presents of magnificent jewels; "and," says Walpole, "as if diamonds were empire, she was never allowed to appear in public without them. The first time she received the sacrament she begged not to wear them; one pious command of her mother having been not to use jewels at her first communion. The King indulged her, but Lady Augusta carrying this tale to her mother, the Princess obliged the King to insist on the jewels, and the poor young Queen's tears and terrors could not dispense with her obedience."

The influence possessed by his mother over George III. was indeed one of the strongest guides of his life. With, as Green says, "a smaller mind than any English King before him save James II.," he had a dogged tenacity of purpose, and strove to follow out the counsels she gave, and he implicitly trusted in, to the utmost.

"George, be a King," she reiterated; "and," says Thackeray, "a King the simple, stubborn, affectionate, bigoted man tried to be."

In all her political advice to her son, she was coinciding with, if not ruled by, Lord Bute, a man whom fortune had placed in a position for which his abilities but little fitted him. He rose to be Prime Minister.

"Now, indeed, my son is King!" said Augusta; but the popular dislike grew to such a height that, in 1763, he was forced to resign; and his unpopularity affected the public estimate of the Princess. Malignant and utterly false reports, scandalous and unworthy of credence, were spread concerning her; and she and the Premier were alike included in the storm of detestation rained by the public.

"Bute," says Thackeray, "was hated with a rage of which there have been few examples in English

history. He was the butt for everybody's abuse; for Wilkes' devilish mischief, for Churchill's slashing satire for the hooting of the mob that roasted his boot, his emblem, in a thousand bonfires; that hated him because he was a favourite and a Scotchman, calling him 'Mortimer,' 'Lothario,' and I know not what names, and accusing his royal mistress of all kinds of crimes—the grave, lean, demure, elderly woman, who, I dare say, was quite as good as her neighbours. Chatham lent the aid of his great malice to influence the popular sentiment against her. He assailed, in the House of Lords, 'the secret influence, more mighty than the throne itself, which betrayed and dogged every administration.' The most furious pamphlets echoed the cry. 'Impeach the King's mother,' was scribbled over every wall at the Court end of the town, Walpole tells us."

In spite, however, of her unpopularity, the Princess continued to receive a fair share of homage.

"I was yesterday," writes Mrs. Harris to her son at Oxford (afterwards the first Lord Malmesbury) in June, 1763, "at Leicester House, where there were more people than I thought had been in town."

Augusta, however, now chiefly lived in Carlton House, "which," says Thackeray, "contemporary prints represent as a perfect paradise of a garden, with trim lawns, green arcades, and vistas of classic statues. She admired these in company with my Lord Bute, who had a fine classic taste, and sometimes council took, and sometimes tea, in the pleasant green arbours along with that polite nobleman."

During the first year of her married life, Queen Charlotte was visited by one of her brothers, in whose honour Lady Northumberland gave a

“pompous festive.” “Not only the whole house,” says Walpole, “but the garden was illuminated, and was quite a fairy scene. Arches and pyramids of lights alternately surrounded the enclosure; a diamond necklace of lamps edged the rails and descent, with a spiral obelisk of candles on each hand; and dispersed over the lawn with little bands of kettle-drums, clarinets, fifes, etc., and the lovely moon, who came without a card!”

A much more remarkable *fête*, however, was given not very long after, when the hopes of the young King and Queen had been crowned by the birth of an heir, by Miss Chudleigh, one of her Majesty’s maids of honour, and afterwards the noted Duchess of Kingston. Walpole, who went everywhere and noticed everything, wrote thus concerning it in his lively style of written gossip:—

“Oh! that you had been at the ball the other night! History could never describe it and keep its countenance. The Queen’s real birthday, you know, is not kept. This maid of honour kept it—nay, whilst the Court is in mourning, expected people to be out of mourning: the Queen’s family really was so, Lady Northumberland having desired leave for them. A scaffold was erected in Hyde Park for fireworks. To show the illuminations without to more advantage, the company were received in an apartment totally dark, where they remained for two hours. The fireworks were fine, and succeeded well. On each side of the Court were two large scaffolds for the virgin’s tradespeople. When the fireworks ceased a large scene was lighted in the Court, representing their Majesties on each side of which were six obelisks, painted with emblems, and illuminated; mottoes beneath, in Latin and English; first, for the Prince of Wales, a slip, *Mutorum spes*; second, for the

Princess Dowager, a bird of paradise and two little ones, *Meos ad sidera tollo*; third, Duke of York, a temple, *Virtuti et honori*; fourth, Princess Augusta, a bird of paradise, *Non habet parem*; fifth, the three younger Princes, an orange tree, *Promittit et dat*; sixth, the two younger Princesses, the flower crown-imperial—I forget the Latin, the translation was silly enough—‘Bashful in youth, graceful in age.’ The lady of the house made many apologies for the poorness of the performance, which she said was only oil-paper, painted by one of her servants; but it really was fine and pretty. Behind the house was a cenotaph for the Princess Elizabeth, a kind of illuminated cradle; the motto, “All the honours the world can receive.” This burying-ground was a strange codicil to a festival; and what was still more strange, about one in the morning this sarcophagus burst out into crackers and guns. The Margrave of Anspach began the ball with the virgin. The supper was most sumptuous.”

Before the birth of the Queen’s first child, George, Prince of Wales, the health of the King had given cause for much anxiety, and for many disquieting surmises respecting the state of affairs in case of his death. “The King,” writes Walpole, “had one of the last of those strong and universally epidemic colds, which, however, have seldom been fatal. He had a violent cough, and oppression on his breast, which he concealed, just as I had; but *my* life was of no consequence, and having no physician in ordinary I was cured in four nights by James’s powder, without bleeding. The King was blooded seven times, and had three blisters. Thank God he is safe, and we had escaped a confusion beyond what was even known on the accession of the Queen of Scots. Nay, we have

not even a successor born. Fazakerly, who has lived long enough to remember nothing but the nonsense of the law, maintained, according to its wise tenets, that, as the King never dies, the Duke of York must have been proclaimed King; and then be unproclaimed again on the Queen's delivery. We have not even any standing law for the Regency; but I need not paint you all the difficulties there would have been in our situation."

Fortunately, all such forebodings and speculations were put an end to by the birth of a son on the 12th of August, 1762. "Many rejoiced," says Mrs. Scott, "but none more so than those who have detained all this hot weather in town to be present at the ceremony. Among them, no one was more impatient than the Chancellor, who, not considering any part of the affair as a point of law, thought his presence very unnecessary." The baby Prince was christened in the grand council chamber by Secker, the Archbishop of Canterbury. "Our next monarch," writes Walpole, "was christened last night, George Augustus Frederick. The Princess Dowager of Wales, the Duke of Cumberland, and the Duke of Mecklenburgh, sponsors. The Queen's bed, magnificent, and, they say, in taste, was placed in the drawing-room; though she is not to see company in form, yet it looks as if they had intended people should have been there, as all who presented themselves were admitted, which were very few, for it had not been notified; I suppose to prevent too great a crowd. All I have heard named, besides those in waiting, were the Duchess of Queensberry, Lady Dalkeith, Mrs. Grenville, and about four other ladies."

The marriage of Augusta, the eldest daughter



of the Princess Dowager, now began to be talked of. The Hereditary Prince of Brunswick was mentioned as the future bridegroom ; but the Princess of Wales had a strong dislike to his house, and the match, though often discussed, was not decided upon. In time, however, according to Walpole, the views of the royal mother underwent a change. The reason he gives for the alteration is not complimentary to the Princess ; but his account is here quoted, as the most probable cause of the final arrangement of the marriage :—

“ Lady Augusta was lively, and much inclined to meddle in the private politics of the Court. As none of her [the Princess’s] children but the King, had, or had reason to have, much affection for their mother, she justly apprehended Lady Augusta’s instilling their disgusts into the Queen. She could not forbid her daughter’s frequent visits at Buckingham House, but to prevent ill consequence from them, often accompanied her thither. This, however, was an attendance and constraint the Princess of Wales could not support. Her exceeding indolence, her more excessive love of privacy, and the subjection of being frequently with the Queen, whose higher rank was a never-ceasing mortification, all concurred to make her resolve, at any rate, to deliver herself from her daughter. To obtain this end, a profusion of favours to the hated House of Brunswick was not thought too much. The Hereditary Prince was prevailed on to accept Lady Augusta’s hand, with four-score thousand pounds, an annuity of £5,000 a year on Ireland, and three thousand a year on Hanover.” The announcement of the impending marriage to Parliament followed ; and the bridegroom landed at Harwich on the 12th of January, 1764. Here he was enthusiastically received, and

one old Quaker was moved by the spirit to make him a speech. "Thou art a valiant Prince," he said, "and art to be married to a lovely Princess. Love her, make her a good husband, and the Lord bless you both ! "

On the next day the Prince arrived in London ; and on the 16th, at seven in the evening, the marriage was celebrated in the Great Council Chamber at St. James's, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. At nine the newly-married pair, the Princess's mother, the King and Queen, the bride's brothers, and the Duke of Cumberland, supped in state in Leicester House—the last time such a royal festival was to be held there. The Princess of Wales gave her daughter a magnificent diamond stomacher ; the King a diamond necklace, valued at £30,000 ; and the Queen a gold watch set with jewels. In spite of her gift, the latter was not much attached to her sister-in-law, and was exceedingly anxious there should not be much ceremony at the wedding. She could be meanly jealous on occasions, and the royal attendants were ordered to keep their new suits for her birthday. Still she had too much sense of propriety not to maintain an outward appearance of cordiality ; she was present when the congratulatory addresses from the Houses of Parliament were presented, gave a ball in honour of the bride, and, with the King, accompanied the Prince and Princess to Covent Garden and the Opera. On the 26th the royal pair left for Harwich, travelling in different coaches, and, on arriving there, embarked in different yachts for Helvoetsluys, which they reached after a stormy voyage ; and were received by their future subjects with guards, cannon, coach-and-six, military music, ringing of bells, and reading of addresses, according to custom. It

was not long before they paid a visit to England, where by their assiduous attention to the Princess Dowager, they entirely removed all lingering traces of her old dislike to the House of Brunswick.

More serious and anxious matters were now to occupy the attention of the Princess of Wales. About four years after his accession, the King was attacked with an illness which was believed to be serious, but of which none knew the precise details. It was the first approach of that malady which in after years was to completely overwhelm him. The affair was kept as quiet as possible, and few even in the palace knew that he had been mentally afflicted. What the public generally dreaded for him was consumption. As soon as he recovered he went to the House of Lords, and urged the appointment of a Regent in case of his death before the majority of the heir. The discussion that followed was loud and fierce, and the struggle violent. An attempt was made to exclude the name of the Princess Dowager, by some absurd wrangling as to who comprised the "royal family"—in other words, as Dr. Doran says, "trying to prove that she was not akin to her own son." It was feared that, should she be appointed Regent, Lord Bute would reign as "King!" After much opposition, however, the Bill was at length passed, with the name of the King's mother placed next after that of the Queen.

Augusta's youngest daughter, Caroline Matilda, had been two years previously betrothed to her cousin, Christian VII. of Denmark, the son of her father's sister, Louisa of England; but, owing to her extreme youth, the marriage had been deferred until the autumn of 1766. She was the most beautiful, and infinitely the most interesting, of

all the Princess's children. Thoroughly educated, and with great natural abilities, sweet-tempered, lovable, impulsive, and heedless, she was too good to be sacrificed to her little light-haired suitor, even though he were a King. Had her own feelings been consulted, the match would not have taken place—not that she had any actual dislike to her betrothed, or any other attachment, but from the natural girlish love of maidenly freedom, of country and home. Since her engagement had been definitely arranged, she had grown thin and pale, and had lost much of her vivacity; but royal brides were not expected to assert their own private wishes in contradiction to the resolutions of authorities, and there was no talk of any alteration in the programme mapped out for her. On the 1st of October, 1766, she was married by proxy in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Queen, who had intended to be present, was unavoidably prevented by the birth, only three days before, of her eldest daughter, Charlotte, the Princess Royal. The young bride was dressed in "bloom-colour," and wore white flowers. A very fair young Queen she made, in spite of her depression. Both English and Danish chroniclers speak with admiration of the oval face, large blue eyes, arched eyebrows, brilliant complexion, and abundant chestnut hair which she counted as her charms, and dwelt on the graciousness and winsomeness of her expression. It was not to be wondered at that the Princess of Wales, though not commonly regarded as a very loving mother, clung to this, the youngest and loveliest of her children. "The parting between the Queen of Denmark and her royal mother," says Keith, "was extremely tender; the young Queen, on getting into the coach, was observed to shed

tears, which greatly affected the populace assembled in Pall Mall to witness her departure." Edward, Duke of York, seems to have been the favourite brother and confidant of the young bride; and just before leaving England she sent him a pathetic little note of farewell, in which she says, "If patriotism consists in the love of our country, what I feel now at the sight of that element which, in a few hours, shall convey me far from this happy land, gives me just claim to that virtue." Not long after her arrival in Denmark she wrote him an account of her journey, and her impressions of her new country, which is subjoined as a specimen of the style and opinions of Augusta's youngest daughter, when writing frankly and unreservedly. It is amusing to note the girlish love of England which peeps out in every comparison between Germany or Denmark and her old home.

"Copenhagen, December 25th, 1766.

"SIR, AND DEAR BROTHER,

"As this epistle will exceed the bounds of a common letter, you may call it travels through part of Germany and Denmark, with some cursory remarks on the manners and genius of the people.

"Our navigation, though fortunate enough, seemed to me tedious and uncomfortable. I almost wished a contrary wind had driven us back to that coast from which I had sailed with so much regret. Were I a man, I think I should not envy you the mighty post of admiral, as I am a true coward on the main. Though I found the opposite shore very different from that of England, in regard to populousness, agriculture, roads, and conveniences of travelling, I was glad to be safely

landed, and vowed to Neptune never to invade his empire; only wishing that he would be graciously pleased to let me have another passage to the Queen of the Isles. What I have seen of Germany exhibits a contrast of barren land, and some few cultivated spots, here and there some emaciated cattle, inhospitable forests, castles with turrets and battlements, out of repair, half inhabited by Counts and Barons of the Holy Empire; wretched cottages, multitudes of soldiers, and a few husbandmen; pride and ceremonial on one side—slavery and abjection on the other.

“As for Principalities, every two or three hours I entered the dominions of a new sovereign; and indeed often I passed through the place of their highnesses’ residence without being able to guess that it was the seat of these little potentates. I only judged by the antiquity of their palaces falling to ruins, that these princes may justly boast of a race of illustrious progenitors, as it seemed they had lived there from time immemorial. As we judge of everything by comparison, I observed that there is more comfort, more elegance, more conveniency, in the villa of a citizen of London, than in these gloomy mansions, hung up with rotten tapestry, where a Serene Highness meurt d’ennui, in all the state of a monarch, amongst a few attendants, called Master of the House, Grand Ecuyer, Grand Chambellan, without appointments. There is no such thing here as a middle class of people living in affluence and independence.

“Both men and women of fashion affect to dress more rich than elegant. The female part of the burghers’ families at Hamburgh and Altona dress inconceivably fantastic. The most unhappy part of the Germans are the tenants of little needy

princes, who squeeze them to keep up their own grandeur. These petty sovereigns, ridiculously proud of ancestry, titles, and show, give no sort of encouragement to the useful arts, though industry, application, and perseverance, are the characteristics of the German nation, especially the mechanical part of it.

"The roads are almost impassable, the carriages of the nobility and gentry infinitely worse than the stage coaches in England, and the inns want all the accommodation they are intended for.

"You may easily imagine that the sight of a new Queen, from the frontiers of the kingdom to the capital, brought upon my passages great crowds of people from the adjacent towns and villages; yet I believe you may see more on a fair day from Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange than I have met on the road from Altona to Copenhagen. The gentlemen and ladies who were sent to compliment me, and increase my retinue, made no addition to my entertainment; besides the reservedness and gravity peculiar to their nation, they thought it was a mark of respect and submission never to presume to answer me but by monosyllables.

"What I have seen of the Duchy of Holstein and of the Duchy of Sleswick is well watered and produces plenty of corn. The inhabitants of these countries differ little or nothing from other Germans. Some parts of Jutland consist of barren mountains, but the valleys are in general well inhabited and fruitful. The face of the country presents a number of large forests, but I did not see a river navigable for a barge of the same burden as those that come up the river Thames to London. Spring and autumn are seasons scarcely known here; to the sultry heat

of August succeeds a severe winter, and the frost continues for eight months, with little alteration. It seems as if the soil was unfavourable to vegetable productions; for those that have been procured for my table, at a great expense, were unsavoury and of the worst kind. As game is here plentiful, and the coasts generally well supplied with fish, I could have lived very well upon these two articles, had they been better dressed; but their cookery, which is a mixture of Danish and German ingredients, cannot be agreeable to an English palate.

"I shall not attempt to learn the language of the country, which is a harsh dialect of the Teutonic. The little French and High Dutch I know will be of great service to me at Court, where they are generally spoken with a bad accent and vicious pronounciation. The peasants, as to property, are still in a state of vassalage, and the nobility, who are slaves at Court, tyrannize over their inferiors and tenants in their domains. These poor husbandmen, with such discouragements to industry, are obliged to maintain the cavalry in victual and lodging, likewise to furnish them with money. These disadvantages, added to their natural indolence, make this valuable class of people less useful and more needy than in free states, where they enjoy, in common with other subjects, that freedom which is a spur to industry. You must not expect any convenience and accommodation in their inns; all those I found upon the road had been provided by the Court.

"Copenhagen, though a small capital, makes no contemptible appearance at a distance. All the artillery of the castles and forts, with the warlike music of the Guards, and divers companies



of burghers in rich uniforms, announced my entry into this royal residence. I was conducted, amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants, to the Palace, where the King, the Queen Dowager [stepmother to the King], and Prince Frederick, her son, with the nobility of both sexes, who had on this occasion displayed all their finery, received me with extraordinary honours, according to the etiquette. The King's youth, good-nature, and levity, require no great penetration to be discerned in his taste, his amusements, and his favourites. He seems all submission to the Queen Dowager, who has got over him such an ascendancy as her arts and ambition seem likely to preserve. Her darling son, whom she wished not to be removed a step further from the throne, is already proud and aspiring, like herself.

"I have been more than once mortified with the superior knowledge and experience for which the Queen Dowager takes care to praise herself, and offended at the want of respect and attention in the Prince. As such unmerited slights cannot be resented without an open rupture, I rather bear with them than disunite the royal family, and appear the cause of Court cabals, by showing my displeasure. It seems the King teaches his subjects, by example, the doctrine of passive obedience. Few of the courtiers look like gentlemen, and their ladies appear in the circle inanimate, like the wax figures in Westminster Abbey.

"I have been lately at Fredericksburg. It is a magnificent house, built in the modern taste, but ill contrived, and situated in a moist, unhealthy soil, in the midst of a lake. The paintings and furniture are truly royal.

"To remind me that I am mortal, I have visited the Cathedral Church of Roschild, where the

Kings and Queens of Denmark were formerly buried. Several of their monuments still remain, which are, as well as this ancient structure, of a Gothic taste.

"As you flatter me with the pleasure of seeing you soon in Copenhagen, I postpone mentioning many other particulars till this agreeable interview, and remain, with British sincerity,

"Sir, and dear brother,

"Your most affectionate sister,

"CAROLINE MATILDA."

Another marriage, by no means pleasing to Augusta, took place in the same year as that of her youngest daughter. Perhaps to ordinary eyes it might have seemed distinctly the brighter of the two, for it was a love-match between an honourable, high-principled man and an honestly loving woman, while the poor young Queen of Denmark, a mere child in years, had been entrusted to the care of a bridegroom whom she had never seen, and had, apparently, no wish to see, and had been sent to a new home in a foreign land, where a jealous Queen-mother was in readiness to exaggerate every girlish failing and inexperienced mistake. William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, third son of the Princess, married privately Maria, Countess Dowager of Waldegrave—the first instance of a Prince of the Blood marrying a subject since the nuptials of James II., then Duke of York, with Anne Hyde, the buxom daughter of the Chancellor, whose dairymaid-like charms had enslaved the royal sailor. Lady Waldegrave was a niece of Horace Walpole, who wrote an account of her elevation which gives too graphic a description of the whole affair to be omitted:—

“Maria Walpole, second daughter of my brother, Sir Edward, and one of the most beautiful of women, had been married solely by my means to James, late Earl of Waldegrave, Governor to the King and Duke of York, an excellent man, but as old again as she was, and of no agreeable figure. Her passions were ambition and expense: she accepted his hand with pleasure; and, by an effort less common, proved a meritorious wife. When, after her year of widowhood, she appeared again in the full lustre of her beauty, she was courted by the Duke of Portland; but the young Duke of Gloucester, who had gazed on her with desire during her husband's life, now openly showed himself her admirer; she slighted the subject, and aspired to the brother of the Crown. Her obligations to me, and my fondness for her, authorized me to interpose my advice, which was kindly but unwillingly received. I did not desist: but pointed out the improbabilities of marriage, the little likelihood of the King's consent, and the chance of being sent to Hanover, separated from her children [her three daughters, Laura, Maria, and Horatia], on whom she doted. The last reason alone prevailed on the fond mother, and she yielded to copy a letter I wrote for her to the Duke of Gloucester, in which she renounced his acquaintance in the no new terms of not being of rank to be his wife, and too considerable to be his mistress. A short fortnight baffled all my prudence. The Prince renewed his visits with more assiduity after that little interval, and Lady Waldegrave received him without disguise. My part was soon taken. I had done my duty; a second attempt had been hopeless folly. Though often pressed to sup with her, when I knew the Duke was to be there, I steadily

refused, and never once mentioned his name to her afterwards, though, as their union grew more serious, she affectedly named him to me, called him *the Duke*, and related to me private anecdotes of the Royal family, which she could have received but from him. It was in vain I studiously avoided him. She brought him to my house, but I happened not to be at home. He came again alone; I left the house. He then desisted, for I never stayed for his Court, which followed the Princess Dowager's, but retired as soon as she had spoken to me. This, as may be supposed, cooled my niece's affection for me; but being determined not to have the air of being convenient to her from flattery, if she was not married, and having no authority to ask her the question on which she had refused to satisfy her father, I preferred my honour to her favour, and left her to her own conduct. Indeed, my own father's obligations to the Royal family forbade me to endeavour to place a natural daughter of our house so near the Throne. To my brother the Duke was profuse in civilities, which I pressed him to decline; and even advised him not to see his daughter unless she would own her marriage, which might oblige the Duke, in vindication of her character, to avow her for his wife. Married I had no doubt they were. Both the Duke and she were remarkably religious; and neither of them dissolute enough to live, as they did at last, with all the liberties of marriage. The King and Queen denied their legal union, yet the respect with which they treated her spoke the contrary; and the homage which all men and all women paid her, by a fortune singular to her, assured the opinion of her virtue, and made it believed that the King, privy to their secret, had exacted a

promise of their not divulging it. By degrees her situation became still less problematic; and both the Duke and she affectedly took all occasions of intimating it by a formal declaration. At first she had houses, or lodgings, in the palaces nearest to his residence; and the latter were furnished from the Royal Wardrobe without limitation. She changed her liveries to a compound of the Royal—was covered with jewels—the Duke's gentlemen and equerries handed her to her chair in public—his equipages were dispatched for her—his sister, the Queen of Denmark, sent her presents by him, and she quitted all assemblies at nine at night, saying, 'You know, I must go.' At St. Leonard's Hill, in Windsor Forest, near his own lodge at Cranbourn, he built her a palace, and lay there every night: his picture, and Lord Waldegrave's, she showed in her bedchamber. These were not the symptoms of a dissolute connexion. Once they both seemed, in 1766, to be impatient of ascertaining her rank. She had obtained lodgings in the most inner court of the Palace at Hampton, and demanded permission of Lord Hertford, Lord Chamberlain, for her coach to drive into it, an honour peculiar to the Royal family. He, feeling the delicacy of the proposal, which would have amounted to a declaration, unless a like permission had been indulged to other Countesses residing there, delayed mentioning it to the King, to whom he knew the request would be unwelcome. Lady Waldegrave sent to the Chamberlain's office to know if it was granted. Lord Hertford then was obliged to speak. The King peremptorily refused, saying he could not break through old orders. Afraid of shocking her, Lady Hertford begged I would acquaint Lady Waldegrave. I flatly refused to meddle in

the business. In the meantime the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland went to Hampton Court. The former asked Ely, of the Chamberlain's office, if the request was granted; and being told Lord Hertford was to ask it of his Majesty, the Duke, losing his usual temper, said passionately, 'Lord Hertford might have done it without speaking to the King' (which would have been rash, indeed!)—'but that not only Lady Waldegrave's coach should drive in, but that she herself should go up the Queen's staircase.' This being reported to Lord Hertford, he again pressed me to interpose; but I again refused; yet, lest the Duke should resent it, I advised him to write to my niece; but she threw up her lodgings when she could not carry the point she had aimed at. She obtained, however, about a year after, a sort of equivocal acknowledgment of what she was. The Duke of Gloucester gave a ball to the King and Queen, to which nobody without exception, but certain of their servants, and their husbands, and wives, and children, were admitted, yet Lady Waldegrave and her eldest daughter appeared there. She could have no pretension to be present, being attached by no post to either King or Queen; and it spoke for itself, that the Duke could not have proposed to introduce his mistress to an entertainment dedicated to the Queen. The Princess Dowager (and she was then believed to be the principal object to the publicity of the marriage) alone treated Lady Waldegrave with coldness, another presumption of their being married. His declining health often carried the Duke abroad. The Great Duke, with whom he contracted a friendship, told Lady Hamilton, wife of our minister at Naples, that the Duke had

owned his marriage to him. It was this union that was censured in the *North Briton*, as threatening a revival of the feuds of the two Roses, by a Prince of the Blood marrying a subject."

Three children were born of this union—William Frederick, who succeeded his father in the dukedom, Sophia Matilda, and Caroline Augusta, who died in her infancy. The first-named little Princess had for her sponsors the Princess Amelia and the Duke of Cumberland, her father's brother, and it may therefore be concluded that the Royal Family had forgiven the *mésalliance* that had at first so startled their nerves and their dignity. The Duke was popular with all; even with the Pope, who might have been supposed to possess little esteem for the son of a Protestant house. Once, during his residence in Rome, the carriage of the English Prince encountered that of the Holy Father; and the latter, refusing to take precedence, drew to one side, and waited for the Duke to pass. Very much less popular, and deservedly so, was his next brother, Henry, created Duke of Cumberland after the death of his uncle, the hero of Culloden. The blood of Eléonore d'Olbreuse seemed to exercise a curious influence over her descendants; for he also contracted a marriage with a subject—a Mrs. Horton, a dame of mature and widowed charms, much older than himself, and daughter of Lord Carhampton, whom he wedded in 1771. This second *mésalliance* created considerable disturbance. The Duke was permanently banished from Court, Queen Charlotte, whose German pride of birth was horrified, never consenting to a reconciliation; and the Royal Marriage Act was passed to prevent all such

unions in future. This Act debarred any Prince or Princess of the Blood Royal from marrying without the consent of the Sovereign until they had reached the age of twenty-five. That Rubicon passed, the Royal assent must still be asked; but if withheld, application might be made to the Privy Council, and if no objection to the projected match were raised by Parliament within the year, the marriage might legally be celebrated. The Bill was not passed without considerable discussion, and one *jeu d'esprit* on the subject still survives:—

Quoth Dick to Tom—"This Act appears  
Absurd, as I'm alive.  
To take the crown at eighteen years,  
The wife at twenty-five.

"The mystery how shall we explain?  
For sure, as well 'twas said,  
Thus early if they're fit to *reign*,  
They must be fit to *wed*."

Quoth Tom to Dick—"Thou art a fool,  
And little know'st of life;  
Alas! 'tis easier far to rule  
A kingdom than a wife!"

But annoyance at the matrimonial errors of her sons was not the worst trial the Princess of Wales had to endure. A far heavier sorrow came on her in the deaths of her children. We have already seen how her second daughter, Elizabeth, died in early girlhood; and in 1765 she had lost the youngest of her five sons, Prince Frederick, aged only fifteen. In 1767 her second son, Edward, Duke of York—he who had always been the favourite of his grandfather, and for many years the heir-presumptive to the Throne—died at Monaco, aged twenty-eight. A rumour was prevalent at the time of his death that he had



been privately married there; but this report—possibly owing its origin to the gossip then afloat anent the Duke of Gloucester and his wife—was without foundation. “A sayer of things,” as Walpole calls him, few speeches of the Prince have come down to our time, save his retort when someone uttered a sneer at the “methodistical discourse” preached by Dr. Dodd, afterwards of Tyburn notoriety, at the Magdalen, in 1760. “You are fastidious, indeed,” said Edward to the unlucky critic. “I thought it excellent, and suitable to season and place; and in so thinking, I have the honour of being of the same opinion as Lady Huntingdon here, and I rather fancy she is better versed in theology than any of us.” This opinion was enforced by a fifty-pound note at the collection. In esteeming Lady Huntingdon, the Prince followed the example of his father, who, faulty himself, could appreciate the sterling excellence that lay beneath what the world called fanaticism. “I daresay,” cried a Court lady to him lightly, “she is praying with her beggars.” “Lady Charlotte,” said Frederick, “when I am dying I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon’s mantle to lift me up to Heaven.”

The young Queen of Denmark, whose favourite brother the Duke had been, wrote to condole with her mother on his death; but the formality of the time, and perhaps the awe which Augusta had infused into her children, makes the letter sound strangely stiff and distant to modern ears:—

“MADAM AND REVERED MOTHER,

“Give me leave to condole with your Royal Highness on the loss of your dutiful son, and my beloved brother, the Duke of York. I feel, with my own grief, your sorrow. I beg you will convey

the same sentiments to his Majesty the King, my brother. When I reflect on the circumstances of the untimely death of the amiable Prince, in a foreign land, and perhaps deprived of the comfort and assistance he should have found in his native country, I still more lament his fate. I am extremely concerned for your Royal Highness's indisposition, but I hope this melancholy event, which maternal tenderness cannot but severely feel, as it was ordered by the unfathomable decrees of Providence, will be so far reconciled to your superior understanding and piety as to adore and to submit.

“I am, with great deference,

“Madam and revered Mother,

“Your Royal Highness's respectful Daughter,

“CAROLINE,”

Less than a year after the death of Edward, the Princess lost another child—her third daughter, Louisa Anne, who died of consumption on the 13th of May, 1768, aged twenty. She was buried with all royal pomp in Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster, and a six week's mourning was commanded. Had she lived she would have been wedded to the brother of Queen Charlotte, Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, who had asked her hand so long before her death as 1764; but the marriage was deferred on account of the latent decline which had been with her since her childhood, and which so retarded her growth and well-being that Walpole says she “never appeared more than an unhealthy child of thirteen or fourteen.” If her own children were thus passing away, the children of Augusta's son were thriving and prospering. There were now six little Princes and Princesses, and the eldest of the

group, the heir of England, was already taking his part in Courtly festivities. A juvenile drawing-room was held, at which the young Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal received the homage of the assembled company—the Prince in scarlet and gold, and wearing the Order of the Garter; his little brother, the Duke of York, in blue and gold, with the Order of the Bath; and the Princess Royal and her brothers, William and Edward—afterwards William IV., and the Duke of Kent—seated on a sofa close at hand, “elegantly clothed in Roman togas.”

Meanwhile the accounts from Denmark of the young Queen Caroline Matilda and her affairs, were not altogether satisfactory. The King, never very sensible, ill-educated, and badly brought up, had not improved as he grew older. Some two years after his marriage he had paid a visit to London, and his behaviour there had not raised him in the opinion of sensible persons. He had been royally entertained by the King and Queen, the Princess Dowager, and the City of London; but he refused to occupy the apartments at St. James's, prepared for him at a cost of £3,000, “supposing,” says Walpole, “it would be a confinement,” and lodged at the Danish Ambassador, Dieden's; spent more than five times the sum provided by George III. for his expenses, and indulged in ridiculously pompous airs that formed the ridicule of the attendants of Queen Charlotte and her mother-in-law. From England he had passed into France, and had returned, by no means improved, after a lapse of some time, to Denmark. The Queen, not yet twenty, and girlishly impulsive and imprudent, fell, as was natural, without anyone to guide and counsel her, into follies which were exaggerated and distorted by the adherents of the

Queen Dowager, and placed confidence in persons unworthy of her trust. The Princess of Wales, anxious, probably, about the welfare of her youngest and best-loved daughter, left England in 1770, for the first time since her marriage, thirty-four years previously, and after a short visit to her daughter Augusta, the Duchess of Brunswick, journeyed to the Danish Court, where Caroline Matilda received her in the dress in which she had been reviewing her troops—"regimentals and buckskin breeches"—a costume hardly calculated to enhance her dignity, either as woman or Queen. Perhaps she had been fretted by the assumption of the Queen Dowager, for when her mother lamented to her the fall of Bernsdorffe, the late Prime Minister, whose overthrow she had been instrumental in effecting, the young Queen answered petulantly—

"Pray, madam, allow me to govern my own kingdom as I please!"

Altogether the closer view of Caroline Matilda's life could not have been a cheering one. Unguided and rudderless, with a husband whom she did not love and could not respect, and strongly influenced by the German physician Struensee, whom the King had brought back with him on his return home, and who had risen to be a personage of much importance, the Queen of Denmark, young, royal, gifted, and beautiful, was not a person to be envied, and her condition was one calculated to cause more pain than pleasure to her mother's heart.

This was the last, as it was the first time, the Princess of Wales ever left England. In the beginning of 1772 she was suffering from a throat complaint, which grew rapidly worse, but she persisted in taking her daily drives as she had been accustomed to do. Her daughter, the Duchess of Brunswick, came by her mother's invitation to

visit her. Queen Charlotte disliked her sister-in-law, and was at no trouble to hide her feelings. She allowed the Duchess to take rooms in Pall Mall, though her own brother had rooms allotted him in the Palace; and she was exceedingly vexed when the Duchess of Argyll made way at a drawing-room for Lady Gower, who had been appointed to attend the quondam "Lady Augusta."

"Duchess," said her Majesty, subsequently, "I must reprimand you for letting Lady Gower take place of you as Lady to the Princess of Brunswick. I had a mind to speak to you on the spot, but would not, for fear of saying anything I should repent of, though *I should have thought it*. The Princess of Brunswick has nothing to do here, and I insist on your recovering the precedence you gave up. One day or other my son will be married, and then I shall have his wife's ladies pretending to take place in my palace, which they shall not do."

It was just as the Princess of Wales' malady grew more severe that the news came of the arrest of Caroline Matilda on a charge of unfaithfulness to her husband, and her close imprisonment in the Castle of Cronenburg. These tidings hastened the already near approach of Augusta's death.

"She had existed," says Walpole, "on cordials alone for the last ten days, from the time she had received the fatal news from Denmark, and died before she could again hear from her daughter."

George and Charlotte visited her to the last every evening at eight o'clock, as they had done regularly since their marriage. The end came unexpectedly, after all the long preparation of her illness. At one of these evening visits, in February, 1772, she expressed a hope that she should pass a good night, and when the morning dawned had passed quietly away. She was interred in Westminster Abbey,

and truly and heartily mourned by the King. With the nation she was not popular, owing to her favour to the detested Lord Bute.

"Never," says Dr. Doran, "was woman more praised or censured than she was. Her merit lay, perhaps, between both. Her son adored her, Queen Charlotte respected her, and a commercial country should reverence the memory of a woman who, out of her own jointure, paid off all the debts which her husband left at his decease."

The Duchess of Brunswick, to whom her mother left nothing, used, in after years, to descant on the want of feeling displayed by Queen Charlotte in altering the rank of the ladies of the bedchamber of the Princess of Wales when the latter was dying; but as little love was lost between the two illustrious ladies, we may hope the account was, consciously or unconsciously, an exaggerated one. After the Princess had been laid by her husband's side, Goldsmith wrote a "Threnodia Augustalis," which was "spoken and sung in the great room in Soho Square," Thursday, 20th February, 1772, the speakers being "Mr. Lee and Mrs. Bellamy," and the singers "Mr. Chapness, Mr. Dine, and Miss Jameson." Eulogistic to absurdity as this production is—be it remembered such overstrained panegyric was the fashion of the day—there are yet a few lines that merit quoting—

Unmov'd in conscious rectitude  
Thy towering mind self-centred stood,  
Nor wanted man's opinion to be great.  
In vain, to charm thy ravish'd sight,  
A thousand gifts would fortune send;  
In vain to drive thee from the right,  
A thousand sorrows urg'd thy end:  
Like some well-fashion'd arch thy patience stood,  
And purchas'd strength from its increasing load.  
Pain met thee like a friend to set thee free,  
Affliction still is Virtue's opportunity!

Of the nine children of Augusta, five survived her—the King, the Duchess of Brunswick, destined to become the mother of the next Princess of Wales, the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester, and Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark. The true story of the latter is a historical mystery. Whether she was really guilty of the crimes of which she was accused, or whether—which is far more probable—she fell a victim to the machinations of the Queen-mother and her party, must always remain doubtful. She was allowed, through the intervention of Sir Robert Keith, the English Ambassador, to leave Denmark, and retire to Zell, which George III. had fixed upon as her place of residence; and she there lived in retirement, beloved by the neighbouring poor, and regarding as her bitterest sorrow her separation from her children, until the spring of 1775, when she was attacked by typhus fever, and sank after a few days' illness. The Duke of Gloucester died in 1805, and was succeeded in the title by his son William, who in after days married his cousin, Mary, daughter of George III. The Duchess, whose wedding had caused so much consternation in Court circles, survived him not quite two years, dying at Brompton in 1807, aged seventy-one. The Duke of Cumberland died in 1790, leaving no children.

**CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK.**





# CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK.

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## CHAPTER I.

An unhappy Princess—Birth of Caroline—Aneodotes of her childhood—Her education—Her suitors—George, Prince of Wales—Lord Malmesbury's mission—His opinion of Caroline—The Court of Brunswick—Lord Malmesbury's conversations with the Princess—Her letter—Her last days at Brunswick—Visit of the Abbess of Gandersheim to her—Her departure—Her behaviour—Her arrival at Greenwich—Her dress—Meeting of George and Caroline—Her imprudent conduct—The Royal marriage—Shameful treatment of the Princess—Her amiability—The Prince's debts—The *fête* at Frogmore—The picture of the royal wedding—A royal visit to the theatre.

As we have already seen, the life-story of more than one Princess of Wales has been clouded with sorrow and fraught with care ; and the last on our list was as little exempt as any of her predecessors from grief and heartache. That she did not endure her unhappiness with the grand dignity of a Katharine of Aragon, or hide her wounds with the unflinching courage of a Caroline of Anspach, is patent to all who have interested themselves in her history ; but in extenuation it may be urged that she was neither born to the high-souled patience of the repudiated Spanish Queen, or trained in the unfaltering self-command exercised throughout her life by her own immediate ancestress. Untaught, unguarded, impetuous, easily touched, and speaking her thoughts as they arose—what wonder that the daily mortifications, the galling slights, the cruel neglect she experienced from her husband throughout her married life,

should have broken down her scant endurance, and driven her to imprudences and follies that were sedulously viewed in their worst and darkest aspects by those who had been the prime causes of their existence? That dignified endurance and patience often failed her, must be granted; but ere condemning her for their absence it behoves us to consider the cruel conditions under which the whole of her life in England was spent, and to recollect how few women would be capable of retaining either if placed in her position.

Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, the third child and second daughter of Charles William Frederick, Duke of Brunswick, was born in May, 1768. Her mother, Augusta of England, had the singular fortune of being the daughter of one, and the mother of the next, Princess of Wales. She was a weak, good-natured lady, with not much intellect or decision of character, and would probably have been much perplexed and confused could some reader of futurity have foretold the impetuosity and vivacity of her newly-born infant. Caroline's birth was quickly followed by those of her three younger brothers, George—who in after years perished on the field of Quatre Bras, and was immortalized by Byron as "Brunswick's fated chieftain,"—William, and Leopold, who lost his life in an heroic attempt to save several persons from drowning when the Oder burst its banks in 1785. Her elder brother and sister were Charles, and Augusta Caroline, whose story was fated to be even darker and sadder than her own. Neither the Duke or Duchess were very judicious parents. The Duchess, as we have seen, had not a superabundance of sense, and the Duke, though fond of his children, was imbued with all the lax morality of the time. Under wise and careful

guidance the poor little Princess might have grown up as discreet and womanly as she was affectionate and warm-hearted; but the mixture of injudicious petting, and equally injudicious severity, was not a régime calculated to improve the impulsive, high-spirited girl, whose *étourderie* and originality were the despair of her teachers.

“ ‘In what country is the lion to be found?’ asked her governess, after a lesson in natural history. ‘Well,’ answered the little Princess Caroline, ‘I should say you may find him in the heart of a Brunswicker!’ In these sort of dashing replies the girl delighted. She was as much charmed with dashing games. In the sport of the ‘ring,’ in which the aimers at that small object are mounted on wooden horses fixed on a circular frame, she was remarkably expert. On one occasion, when she was flying round with more than common rapidity, one of her attendants expressed fear of the possible consequences. ‘A Brunswicker dares do anything,’ exclaimed the undaunted Caroline; adding, ‘A Brunswicker does not know that thing fear.’ Accustomed to enjoy a place, even when very young, at her father’s table, she early acquired a habit of self-possession, became as pert as young Cyrus, and as forward as the juvenile Wharton. ‘How would you define time and space?’ said her father once to Mirabeau. The Princess Caroline, then twelve years old, anticipated the witty Frenchman’s answer by replying, ‘Space is in the mouth of Madam von L—, and time is in her face.’ When told that it was not fitting for so young a lady to have an opinion of her own, she observed, correctly enough, ‘People without opinions of their own are like barren tracts which will not bear grass.’ As her mother seldom asked any other question than

‘What is the news?’ and loved the small gossip which rises out of such a query, the Princess was more frequently engaged in serious discussions with her instructress than with the Duchess. The Countess von Bade having remarked that she herself was wicked because an evil spirit impelled her, and that she was by nature too feeble to resist, ‘If that be the case,’ observed the young lady, ‘you are simply a piece of clay moulded by another’s will.’ The orthodox Lutheran lady was about to explain, but the daughter of a mother who had brought ‘her girls’ up to membership with no Church in particular, cut short the controversy with an infallible air which would have done credit to Pope Joan, ‘My dear, we are all bad—very bad; but we were all created so, and it’s no fault of ours.’ The utterer of this speech was doubly unfortunate: her intellect was fine, but it was ill-trained; she was the daughter of a kind-hearted woman, incapable of fulfilling with propriety the duty of a mother; and she became the wife of a prince who was, as Sheridan remarked, ‘too much of a ladies’ man ever to become the man of one lady.’”\*

It was indeed unfortunately true that Caroline was brought up without any distinct religious teaching. The Duchess, her mother, had anticipated the modern predilection for conveniently godless education, and, like her ancestress, the Electress Sophia, refrained from distilling any distinctive creed, so that her daughters might cheerfully adopt the peculiar form of religious belief professed by their future husbands—a practice universal among German serene mothers, and of which the general consequence was, as Dr. Doran says, “that they deferred believing anything convincingly until they were espoused—and

\* Dr. Doran.

then they joined their husband's Church, and remained precisely what they were before." If Caroline had received a religious education, and had lived among people who honestly tried to do their duty, her after-life, however sad her husband's cruelty might have rendered it, would have been free from the darker clouds of misery her own unguarded and undisciplined nature brought upon her.

Possibly the indiscreet indulgence of her childhood had rendered her insupportably forward; for a sudden revolution in her treatment occurred.

"She is to be pitied," wrote her sister-in-law, Charlotte, the admirable Duchess of Wurtemberg, years afterwards, "for her bad education: indeed, her relations are unpardonable for allowing those about her to treat her with such cruel severity. Will you believe it, at thirteen years old she had a governess who would not allow her to go to the window; she was seldom or never permitted to dine at table, or even come downstairs when there was any company; if she did, her eyes were always full of tears, and her mother, instead of speaking kindly to her or leaving her alone, always bid her go on crying, for it was only her naughtiness that made her so passionate. Was that the way either to soften her manner or do her heart good? Poor thing; the moment she obtained her liberty, having not the strength of principles to govern her passions, she allowed all her little evil impulses to get the better."

Apparently this severity answered worse with the Princess than the former indulgence; for while still very young, she got into dire disgrace for relieving with her own hand and her own money destitute peasants, and chattering to young aides-de-camp. The first fault, at least, seems

venial enough in our eyes, though in those days of cumbrous etiquette it was probably quite as heinous as the second. When she was allowed to return to Court, from which she had been removed as a punishment, an ancient lady ventured to hope she would be more cautious for the future.

"Gone is gone, and will never return," replied the irrepressible Princess; "and what is to come will come of itself."

Several more such banishments did "come," but they had very little effect on the spirits they were meant to subdue.

In very early youth she received an offer from a Prince of Mecklenburgh, which her parents were anxious she should accept; but Caroline was not one of those ultra-dutiful daughters who sacrifice their feelings to the parental will. She had a will of her own, which she much preferred following, and ridiculed her suitor and his proposal unmercifully. The Prince of Orange and Prince George of Darmstadt also wooed her, but she dismissed them as summarily as her former lover. So she remained unwedded till the age of six-and-twenty, when she received, in 1794, that proposal which was the beginning of her miseries.

George, Prince of Wales, the heir-apparent of the English throne, was at that time thirty-two years of age, handsome, fascinating, exquisitely courteous, and utterly worthless. Others beside poor "Perdita," to whom he had played Prince Florizel, had had cause to rue having ever seen him. Mrs. Fitzherbert, a lovely Roman Catholic widow, had actually been induced to go through a ceremony of marriage with him, which, as he well knew, was in the eyes of the law null and void. His extravagance was unbounded, and, in spite of a munificent allowance,

he was now so overwhelmed with debt that he was fain to accept his father's offer to pay them on condition of his marriage. The good old King was most anxious to see his son wedded, and did not see the want of wisdom displayed in thus forcing him into matrimony to escape the pressure of debt.

How or why the Princess Caroline was chosen as the future Princess of Wales has never been ascertained satisfactorily. A dozen stories were circulated concerning it. According to one version, the Duke of York, visiting Brunswick, was much impressed with her appearance and manners, and on his return gave so favourable a report to the King, that George III. resolved his niece should become his daughter-in-law. Another asserts that the Princess was intended for the Duke of York himself, who disliked her. A third anecdote told how the Prince of Wales, reluctantly submitting to marry her, wrote her a letter frankly stating his dislike to the match, which she is said to have answered in a note expressing her determination to win the heart which was now so cold to her; while Mr. Pitt, in his "Diaries," declares that George III. told him "she was the person who must naturally be the most agreeable to him. She was moreover, his niece."

However much truth there may be in these reports, it is certain that a message announcing the forthcoming marriage was sent to the Houses of Parliament, who returned a dutiful reply, and Lord Malmesbury was despatched in November to Brunswick to formally demand her hand.

On the night of his arrival there was a grand banquet at Court, where he was introduced to the bride-elect. She was slightly embarrassed, as was natural, and Lord Malmesbury studied her keenly.



"A pretty face—not expressive of softness; her figure not graceful; fine eyes; good hair; tolerable teeth, but going; fair hair and light eyebrows; good bust; short; with what the French call '*des épaules impertinentes*.'"<sup>\*</sup> Her eyes were her strong point. "They are described as being quick, penetrating, and glancing; they were shaped *en amande*; and they were, moreover, not merely beautiful, but expressive. Her mouth was delicately formed; she could be noble and dignified when she chose, or occasion required it. It might be said that her only defect, personally, consisted in her head being rather too large, and her neck too short."<sup>†</sup>

Her future husband had not had the grace to send a letter to her by Lord Malmesbury. "*Il n'a dono rien écrit*," she said plaintively, when she was told of it. Her mother, the old Duchess, was in a state of great excitement concerning the approaching marriage, and talked incessantly, and most unwisely—great part of her conversation being abuse of her daughter's future mother-in-law, Queen Charlotte. Her father, who, whatever were his failings, was honestly fond of and anxious for his daughter, spoke earnestly to Lord Malmesbury of her future welfare. He begged the envoy "to recommend to the Princess discretion; to pray of her not to be curious, nor free in giving her opinions aloud upon individuals and things." "She is not a fool," he continued, "but she has no judgment; and she has been severely brought up, as was very necessary with her."

Lord Malmesbury saw the bride's want of tact as plainly as did her father, but "he had no discretionary powers allowed him. That is, although little was known of the Princess at the

<sup>\*</sup> Lord Malmesbury.

<sup>†</sup> Dr. Doran.

English Court, he was not commissioned to give any information to that Court which might have ultimately saved two persons from being supremely miserable. He was commissioned to fetch the Princess. The fitness of the Princess was the last thing thought of. The bride herself used often to say, in after life, to the attendants—who, while they served, sneered at her—that, had she only been allowed to have paid a visit to England, to have first made the acquaintance of the Prince, what a world of misery they might both have been spared! The fact was, no time was to be lost. All the marriageable princesses in Germany were learning English for the express purpose of bettering their chances of becoming Princess of Wales. They all waited for an offer, and that offer, after all, was made to a princess, who had not made the English language her particular study.”\*

The curious state of morality at the Brunswick Court is revealed by the fact that Mademoiselle de Hertzfeldt, the Duke’s “favourite,” and quite as important a personage as the Duchess, had a long colloquy with Lord Malmesbury, in which she implored him to do his utmost to prevent the Princess “going astray.” Caroline, she said, had “a temper easily wrought on, and no *tact* ;” and advice from the English envoy would, Mdle. de Hertzfeldt believed, have more weight with her than advice from her father, “whom, although the Princess respected, she also feared as severe rather than affectionate.” Her mother “she had no respect for, and was inattentive to when she dared.” “I conjure you,” added the lady, “to induce the Prince, from the very commencement, to make the Princess lead a retired life. She has always been kept in much constraint and

\* Dr. Doran.

narrowly watched, and not without cause. If she suddenly finds herself in the world, unchecked by any restraint, she will not walk steadily. She has not a depraved heart—has never done anything wrong—but her words are ever preceding her thoughts. She gives herself up unreservedly to whomsoever she happens to be speaking with; and thence it follows, even in this little Court, that a meaning and an intention are given to her words which never belonged to them. How, then, will it be in England, where she will be surrounded, so it is said, by cunning and intriguing women, to whom she will deliver herself body and soul, if the Prince allows her to lead a dissipated life in London, and who will make her say just what they please, and that the more easily as she will speak of her own accord, without being conscious of what she has uttered. Besides, she has much vanity, and, though not void of wit, she has but little principle. Her very head will be turned if she be too much flattered or caressed, or if the Prince spoil her; and it is quite as essential that she should fear as that she should love him. . . It is of the utmost importance that he should keep her closely curbed; that he should also compel her respect for him. Without this, she will assuredly go astray! I know that you will not compromise me, for I speak as to an old friend. I am attached heart and soul to the Duke. I have devoted myself to and lost myself for him. I have the welfare of his family at heart. He will be the most wretched of men if his daughter does not succeed better than her elder sister. I repeat, she has never done anything that is bad; but she is without judgment, and she has been judged of accordingly. I fear the Queen. The Duchess here, who

passes her entire life in thinking aloud, or in never thinking at all, does not like the Queen; and she has talked too much about her to her daughter. Nevertheless, the happiness of the Princess depends upon being well with the Queen; and, for God's sake, say as much to her as, indeed, you have done already. She heeds you; she finds that you speak reason cheerfully; and you will make more impression on her than her father, of whom she is too much afraid, or than her mother, of whom she is not afraid at all." Considering the speaker, a grotesquely remarkable speech!

The poor Princess had enough to undergo in the way of sermonizing, grave counsel, and serious admonishing, from Lord Malmesbury. He advised her to "avoid familiarity, to have no confidants, to avoid giving any opinion, to approve but not to admire excessively, to be perfectly silent on politics and party, to be very attentive and respectful to the Queen—to endeavour, at all events, to be well with her." "All her ladies," he told her, "would frame their conduct towards her by hers towards them; that I humbly advised her this should not be too familiar or too easy; and that it might be affable without forgetting she was Princess of Wales; that she should never listen to them when they attempted anything like a commesage, and never allow them to appear to influence her opinion by theirs. She said she wished to be popular, and was afraid I recommended her too much reserve; that probably I thought her too prone à *se livrer*. I said I did; that it was an amiable quality, but one that in her situation could not be given way to without great risk; that, as to popularity, it never was retained by *familiarity*; that it could only belong to respect, and was only to be acquired by a just

mixture of dignity and affability. I quoted the Queen as a model in this respect." He entreated her to be most careful as to what she said, and to whom she said it; and above all, if she ever did feel any jealousy of the Prince, "on no account to allow it to manifest itself."

On the 28th of November the Princess wrote to a German lady in England the following confidential note, in which mysterious allusion is made to a first love, and her tone is one of more depression than felicity. The hope for "great kindness and attention" was destined, poor thing, to be pathetically fallacious:—

"You are aware, my friend, of my destiny. I am about entering into a matrimonial alliance with my first cousin, George, Prince of Wales. His generosity I regard, and his letters bespeak a mind well cultivated and refined. My uncle is a good man, and I love him very much; but I feel that I shall never be inexpressibly happy. Estranged from my connections, my associations, my friends, all that I hold dear and valuable, I am about entering on a permanent connection. I fear for the consequences. Yet I esteem and respect my intended husband, and I hope for great kindness and attention. But, ah me! I say sometimes I cannot now love him with ardour. I am indifferent to my marriage, but not averse to it; I think I shall be happy, but I fear my joy will not be enthusiastic. The man of my choice I am debarred from possessing, and I resign myself to my destiny. I am attentively studying the English language; I am acquainted with it, but I wish to speak it with fluency. I shall strive to render my husband happy, and to interest him in my favour, since the fates will have it that I am to be Princess of Wales."

On the 3rd of December a Major Hislop arrived from England, bringing a portrait of the Prince, and a letter urging Lord Malmesbury “most *vehemently* to set out with the Princess Caroline *immediately*.” Accordingly, on the 8th, the marriage was performed, the bridegroom appearing by proxy. After the ceremony came a grand dinner, and a Court, at which the bride received congratulations on her wedding. The marriage treaty in English and Latin—George III. having specially prohibited French—was signed; and it was arranged that the bride should set out for England at the end of the month. Lord Malmesbury continued to counsel her on every particular of her deportment, and, much to her credit, she not only bore all his admonishings with patience and good-humour, but displayed her gratitude by expressing a strong hope that he would be her Lord Chamberlain. His advice had not, however, much effect on her high spirits. “Next to Princess Caroline at table,” his diary records one evening, “she improves very much on closer acquaintance—cheerful, and loves laughing.” But a day or two later the entry is more condemnatory—“Court in the evening; the Princess Caroline talks very much—quite at her ease—too much so.” He begged her, amongst other things, to be punctual and regular in her attendance at church; and when the Princess, with a little demur, asked if the Prince never failed in so doing, he answered, that even if he did, she would soon induce him to do better; and even if he did not go, she must set a good example, and go alone. “You must, in such case,” he said, “tell him that the fulfilling regularly and exactly this duty can alone enable you to perform exactly and regularly those you owe him. This cannot but please him, and will in the

end induce him also to go to church." The bride was, as might be expected, overwhelmed with applications for her patronage; but her Mentor advised her to be discreet and promise nothing; and he further intimated the great need of caution and discretion, and the necessity of preventing all gossip as to her manners to her husband's courtiers. The Princess, who was by no means averse to coquetry, did not seem much impressed by the warning; "and for that reason Lord Malmesbury told her very gravely that it was death for a man to approach the Princess of Wales with any idea of winning her affection from her husband, and that no man would be daring enough to think of it. The poor bride, somewhat startled, inquired if that were really the law. Lord Malmesbury answered, 'that such was the law; that anybody who presumed to love her would be guilty of high treason, and punished with death, if she were weak enough to listen to him; so also would she.' This startled her. Naturally so; between advice, evil prophecy, menace, dark innuendoes, the necessity of going to church, and the possibility of ending on a scaffold, the bride might well be startled." \*

Caroline asked her courtly tutor whether he thought she or her young sister-in-law, the Hereditary Princess of Brunswick, would make the best Princess of Wales. He answered, with judicious compliment, that he knew which would be his Prince's choice; that she possessed what her sister-in-law could never acquire—beauty and grace; and that "all the essential qualities the Hereditary Princess had, *she* might attain—prudence, discretion, attention, and tact." "Do I want them?" asked the bride. "You cannot

\* Dr. Doran.

have too much of them." "How comes my sister-in-law, who is younger than myself, to have them more than I?" "Because," answered Lord Malmesbury, "at a very early period of her life, her family was in danger; she was brought up to exertion of the mind, and now she derives the benefit d'avoir mangé son pain bis le premier!" "I shall never learn this," concluded the poor Princess in despair, with a strong and perfectly correct presentiment that prudence and tact would never be reckoned among her virtues.

While he thus "poured counsel into her mind—as Mr. Gradgrind used to pour facts into the juvenile intellect at Coketown, by the imperial gallon"—Lord Malmesbury did not escape the sarcasm of those who watched the process. The Brunswick Court was not, as we have already seen, a school of the strictest propriety; and one of its ornaments was a certain Frau von Waggenheim, whose peculiar forte was the consumption of alcoholic liquors. "How did you find the little one?" she said sneeringly one day to the English envoy. "Rather old as she is, her education is not yet finished." Lord Malmesbury, unmoved, made courteous reply that "at an age far beyond that of her Royal Highness persons might be found in whom the education of which she spoke had not even begun." Even the Ducal family became at length somewhat alarmed at the length and number of his admonitions, and suggested that, should the Princess communicate his warnings to her husband, Lord Malmesbury "would run the risk of getting into a scrape." The latter replied to this warning with dignity. "Luckily," he said, "he was in a situation not to want the Prince's favour; that it was of infi-

\* Dr. Doran.



nately more consequence to the public, and even to me (in the rank I filled in its service), that the Princess of Wales should honour and become her high situation, recover the dignity and respect due to our Princes and the Royal family, which had, of late, been so much and so dangerously let down by their mixing so indiscriminately with their inferiors, than that I should have the emoluments and advantages of a favourite at Carlton House; and that idea was so impressed on my mind that I should certainly say to the Prince everything I had said to the Princess Caroline."

Before her departure the bride received a visit from her aunt, the Abbess of Gandersheim, who, in the true "sour grape" spirit of the typical old maid, read her a solemn homily on the folly of expecting happiness in wedded life, enlarged on the text that "men were deceivers ever," and did her best to chill all hopes of brighter days in her niece's heart. The poor Princess was depressed by these alarming predictions; but Lord Malmesbury restored her cheerfulness by slyly suggesting that, the next time her amiable relative indulged in such anticipations, Caroline should offer to take her place as Abbess, and assign her bridegroom to her aunt; and then ask her if she still "thought men to be such monsters, and whether she would not expose herself to all the dangers and misfortunes of such a marriage?" Happy would it have been for the luckless bride if she could indeed have resigned her budding honours, and relinquished the position which was to bring her such misery.

Matters were not all rose-colour, even at this early period. George III. wrote to his sister, expressing a strong hope that "his niece would

not indulge in too much vivacity, but would lead a sedentary and retired life"—not an alluring programme for a lively girl like the Princess; and the Prince of Wales had peremptorily forbidden his future wife to be accompanied to England by a Mdlle. von Rosenzweit, who had been attached to her train as "a sort of reader." Both Duke and Duchess were much annoyed by this unreasonable command—especially as the Duke told Lord Malmesbury in confidence that his daughter both wrote and spelt so badly that it was necessary she should have some such amanuensis. The envoy, however, had no power to alter the bridegroom's decision; and the bridal train prepared to set forth—not, however, before Mdlle. de Hertzfeldt had again impressed on Lord Malmesbury that the Princess must be governed by fear—"aye, even by terror; she will emancipate herself if care be not taken of her. Watched narrowly and severely, she may conduct herself well."

At two in the afternoon, on Monday, December 29th, 1794, the bride started for her new home. Major Hislop went forward "to give notice in case of danger from the enemy." Her father bade her an affecting farewell; but her mother, with more feeling than might have been expected from her, determined to accompany her some way on her journey. Mother and daughter did not, however, travel together; and the cold was so great, and the rate of progress, owing to the war, so slow, that the journey could hardly have been a pleasant one. When they arrived at Osnaburg, they found there some French emigrés in a destitute condition. "I persuaded the Princess Caroline," says Lord Malmesbury, "to be munificent towards them—she disposed to be, but not

knowing *how* to set about it, I tell her liberality and generosity is an enjoyment, not a sworn virtue. She gives a louis for some lottery tickets. I give *ten*, and say the Princess ordered me—she surprised. I said I was sure she did not mean to give for the ticket its *prime* value, and that I forestalled her intention. Next day a French emigré with a pretty child draws near the table. The Princess Caroline immediately, of her own accord, puts the louis in a paper and gives them to the child. The Duchess of Brunswick observes it, and inquires of me (I was dining between them) what it was. I tell her *a demand on her purse*. She, embarrassed: ‘Je n’ai que mes beaux doubles louis de Brunswick.’ I answer: ‘Qu’ils deviendront plus beaux dans les mains de cet enfant que dans sa poche.’ She ashamed, and gives three of them. In the evening the Princess Caroline, to whom this sort of virtue was never preached, on my praising the coin of the money of Brunswick, offers *me very seriously eight or ten double louis*, saying: “Cela ne me fait rien—je ne m’en soucie pas—je vous prie de les prendre.’ I mention these facts to show her character: it could not distinguish between giving as a benevolence and flinging away the money like a child. She thought that the act of getting rid of the money, and not seeming to care about it, constituted the merit. I took an opportunity at supper of defining to her what real benevolence was, and I recommended it to her as a quality that would, if rightly employed, make her more admirers and give her more true satisfaction than any that human nature could possess. The idea was, I am sorry to see, new to her, but she felt the truth of it; and she certainly is not fond of money, which both her parents are.”

There was another point on which, almost incredible as it sounds to us, Lord Malmesbury had a great deal to say. The account shall be given in his own words. "I had two conversations with the Princess Caroline. One of the toilette, on cleanliness, and on delicacy of speaking. On these points I endeavoured, as far as it was possible for *a man*, to inculcate the necessity of great and nice attention to every part of dress, as well as to what was hid as to what was *seen*. I knew she wore coarse petticoats, coarse shifts, and thread stockings, and these never well washed or changed often enough. I observed that a long toilette was necessary, and gave her no credit for boasting that hers was a *short* one. What I could not say myself on this point I got said through women: through Madame Busche, and afterwards through Mrs. Harcourt. It is remarkable how amazingly on this point her education has been neglected, and how much her mother, although an Englishwoman, was inattentive to it. My other conversation was on the Princess's speaking slightly of the Duchess, being peevish to her, and often laughing at her or about her. On that point I talked *very seriously* indeed; said that nothing was so extremely improper, so *radically* wrong; that it was impossible, if she reflected for a moment, that she should not be sorry for everything of the kind that escaped; and I assured her it was the more improper from the tender affection the Duchess had for her. The Princess felt all this, and it made a temporary impression. But on this, as on all other subjects, I have had too many opportunities to observe that her heart is very, very light, unsusceptible of strong or lasting feelings. In some respects this may make her happier, but certainly not better. I must, how-

ever, say that on the idea being suggested to her by her father that I should remain on business in Germany, and not be allowed to attend her to England, she was most extremely affected, even to tears, and spoke to me with a kindness and feeling I was highly gratified to find in her."

On the 24th of March the Princess bade adieu at Hanover to her mother, who forthwith returned to Brunswick, and, passing through Rottenburg and Klosterseran, reached Stade on Friday, the 27th. Here they embarked upon the *Schwinde*, reached the cutter *Fly* at nine, and, embarking in her, went down the river towards H.M.S. *Jupiter*, which they reached at seven. "As the bride was stepping on board a young midshipman named Doyle, handed her a rope, in order to assist her. He was the first to help her, as it were, into England. Something more than a quarter of a century later he who thus aided her was charged with the mission of taking back her body."\* The fleet which had been charged with the duty of conveying the Princess to England proceeded that night as far as Cuxhaven, the next day cleared the Elbe, and the following was off the *Sexel*. Caroline proved herself a good sailor, was cheerful, good-humoured, and popular with officers and crew. She had set her heart on the reformation of her bridegroom, of whom, through her mother's indiscretion, she had heard more than was necessary or advisable; and she talked cheerfully to Lord Malmesbury of her projects of "domesticating" him, and declared that she felt confident of success—an assertion her Mentor was far too prudent to dispute.

On the morning of Good Friday, April 3rd, she passed Harwich, and by evening had anchored at

\* Dr. Doran.

the Nore. On Saturday she passed up the Thames to Gravesend, and on Easter Sunday proceeded in a barge to Greenwich. There were a large number of spectators anxious to catch sight of her when she landed there at twelve, but the royal carriages that were to convey her to her destination had not arrived, and she had to wait an hour for their appearance. When they did come, the person deputed to welcome the bride to England proved to be Lady Jersey, whose name was associated with that of the Prince of Wales throughout the kingdom. This lady was, according to Lord Malmesbury, "very much dissatisfied with the Princess's mode of dress, though Mrs. Harcourt had taken great pains about it."

She induced the bride-elect to accompany her to a dressing-room, and there persuaded her to change the attire she then wore—a muslin gown and blue satin petticoat, and a black beaver hat with blue and black feathers—for a white satin gown, and a turban cap of satin, trimmed with crape and white feathers, which Lady Jersey had brought with her from town. She made an attempt to take her seat by the Princess's side, asserting that riding backwards always made her ill; but Lord Malmesbury told her shortly that she was not fit to be a lady of the bedchamber if such were the case, and would not permit her to enter the bride's carriage. Two other ladies were placed opposite the Princess, who sat forward, so as to be distinctly seen. There were but few spectators on the road, and no enthusiasm was manifested; and she must have felt chilled and depressed when she drew up before the Duke of Cumberland's apartments in Cleveland Row, St. James's. Here she waited to be introduced to her bridegroom, who, as soon as he was told of her arrival, came

thither to see her. What happened is best told in Lord Malmesbury's own words:—

"I, according to the established etiquette, introduced (no one else being in the room) the Princess Caroline to him. She very properly, in consequence of my saying to her it was the right mode of proceeding, attempted to kneel to him. He raised her (gracefully enough) and embraced her, said barely one word, turned round, retired to a distant part of the apartment, and calling me to him, said: 'Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy.' I said: 'Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?' Upon which he, much out of humour, said with an oath: '*No*; I will go directly to the Queen.' And away he went. The Princess, left during this short moment alone, was in a state of astonishment, and on my joining her said: '*Mon Dieu, est ce que la prince est toujours comme cela? Je le trouve très-gros, et nullement aussi beau que son portrait.*' I said his Royal Highness was naturally a good deal affected and flurried at this first interview, but she certainly would find him different at dinner. She was disposed to further criticisms on this occasion, which would have embarrassed me very much to answer, if luckily the King had not ordered me to attend him."

Neglect seemed indeed the portion of the poor young bride. When Lord Malmesbury was called to the King, the latter talked on every other subject before mentioning the Princess; and then merely inquired "if she were good-humoured?" expressing his satisfaction on being answered in the affirmative in a tone that made the envoy believe he had been influenced by the Queen, who was bitterly averse to her future daughter-in-law, having ardently wished that her own niece,

Louise of Strelitz, who was destined to "share the sad pre-eminence of beauty and misfortune," as Thackeray says, should become the wife of her son. Unfortunately, piqued and stung by her cold reception as she was, Caroline adopted a style of behaviour not calculated to gain the good-will of her future relations. At the dinner given that night she was "flippant, rattling, affecting raillery and wit, and throwing out coarse vulgar hints about Lady Jersey, who was present, and, though mute, *le diable n'en perdait rien*. "This, unfortunately," added Lord Malmesbury, "fixed the Prince's dislike, which, when left to himself, the Princess had not the talent to remove, but, by still observing the same giddy manners and coarse sarcasm increased till it became positive hatred." "The first moment I saw my *futur* and Lady Jersey together," said Caroline, long afterwards to one of her ladies, "I knew how it all was, and I said to myself, 'Oh, very well!' I took my *partie*." She forgot all Lord Malmesbury's hints of discretion and circumspection; the Prince, who was as hypercritically critical concerning ladies' deportment as he was unprincipled in his treatment of them, was repelled and disgusted, and his first unfavourable impression deepened. He asked Lord Malmesbury ironically what he thought of the manners of the bride? and when the latter tried to excuse her want of taste as girlish indiscretion, and to prophesy future improvement, he only sighed impatiently, and moved away, hating both bride and bridal alike. The Princess did not mend matters when she "made a confidante of her lady-in-waiting, and calmly confided to her that she had been attached to another person. This, it was presumed, was reported to the Prince, who on the next day showed a marked coldness.



Another speech was also reported. Hair-powder was then going out of fashion, but the Prince still adhered to his custom, and the Princess declared to the same confidante 'that he looked like a sergeant-major with his ears powdered.'\*\* The marriage was not long postponed, and on Wednesday, the 8th of April, was celebrated in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Like most royal weddings it was to be in the evening; and the whole Royal family met beforehand to dine together at Buckingham House, after which they repaired to their various apartments to dress. As the Princess passed through the hall, the good old King kissed her heartily, and shook hands with his son, who was in the worst possible spirits.

The party assembled in the Queen's apartments, and walked from thence to the State drawing-room, which, Lord Malmesbury notices, was "very dark." The procession to the chapel was noticed as "very imposing;" marshals, heralds, and pursuivants made brilliant dashes of colour, and all the dresses were unusually splendid. Both the bride and bridegroom were as magnificently attired as if the occasion were one of unmixed joy. The former, who was led by the Duke of Clarence, wore a wedding-gown which the chroniclers of the day described as "the most costly and superb that could be made," at the same time mentioning with apparent admiration that "the waist was not more than six inches in length." This remarkably-cut garment was composed of white satin, worked down the front with pearls, and surmounted with a rich ermine-lined robe of crimson velvet. The Princess wore a superb coronet of diamonds, and she had also, to quote again from contemporary journalists, "a very rich ornament of brilliants

\* "Life of George IV." by Percy Fitzgerald.

resembling a knight's collar, fastened upon the right shoulder by a brilliant bow, and long brilliant tassels, and on the left shoulder by a rich epaulette of diamonds." From the same source we learn that "the Prince of Wales wore a blue Genoa velvet coat and breeches, with a silver tissue waistcoat and coat, cuffs richly embroidered with silver and spangles. The whole suit was covered with large and small spangles. His Royal Highness also wore a diamond star and an embroidered garter, and diamond shoe and knee-buckles, and a rich diamond-hilted sword, with button and loop." He had also a hat, with another rich diamond button, which he gave to Lord Harcourt to hold during the ceremony, and afterwards presented to him. To return to our diligent chronicler of the royal attire. "The King was dressed in a scarlet suit, richly embroidered in gold, pearls, and spangles; the Queen in a silver tissue petticoat, with a drapery of white velvet net, richly embroidered with gold, the gown drawn up with green bands and silver laurel, and fastened with rich cords and tassels. The body and train were of white and gold tissue, trimmed with green and silver laurel."

The Princess had five bridesmaids, Lady Mary Osborne, Lady Charlotte Legge, Lady Caroline Villiers, Lady Charlotte Spencer, and Lady Caroline Waldegrave. If she were a reluctant bride she had certainly ample reasons for her misgivings. The bridegroom who was so unwillingly receiving her had tried to raise his spirits by such frequent potations that Lord Holland testifies he was with difficulty kept on his feet by the two Dukes who had the honour—in his case no sinecure—of being his supporters. The bitter words of the poor Princess herself long afterwards to Lady Charlotte Bury confirm the assertion, "What it was to have

a drunken husband on one's wedding-day, and one who passed the greatest part of his bridal night under the grate, where he fell, and where I left him." "The bridegroom," says Dr. Doran, "after having been got upon his knees, rose, unconsciously, but restlessly, before the proper time. The Archbishop paused, the service was interrupted, and the Prince looked very much as if he were inclined to run away. The King, however, had presence of mind for all. He rose from his seat, crossed to where his son was standing with a bewildered air, whispered to him, got him once more upon his knees, and so happily, or unhappily, brought the ceremony to a conclusion."

The bride was given away by her father-in-law, and, when all was completed, the whole company returned to the Queen's apartment, the Princess of Wales leaning on her husband's arm, and well-nigh falling as she ascended the palace stairs, a fact conveniently attributed to the fatigue caused by the weight of her dress, but really owing to the royal bridegroom's unsteadiness of gait. A grand drawing-room followed. "The Prince very civil and gracious," says Lord Malmesbury, "but I thought I could perceive he was not quite sincere, and certainly unhappy, and as a proof of it had manifestly had recourse to wine or spirits." Then the evening was wound up by a State banquet, and the newly-wedded pair departed to the Prince's residence, Carlton House. "As they drove home," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "their first falling-out took place. The Prince had remarked, on hearing the mob shout, that 'many were interested in their happiness,' at the same time taking her hand. She pettishly snatched hers away, put out at something in her reception; on which he became angry and sullen."

The poor Princess, who confided afterwards to one of her friends that, at the time of her marriage, she knew but *one* word of English, was now to learn by sad experience the little likelihood there existed of her ever effecting the reformation of her bridegroom. Not indeed that she was fitted to play the part of reformer. Ere passing to the history of her married life it may be well to read the full-length character of her drawn by Lord Malmesbury, who was certainly, from the close intercourse he had enjoyed with her, well qualified to judge.

"She has quick parts without a sound or distinguishing understanding ; a ready conception, but no judgment; caught by the first impression, led by the first impulse, turned away by appearances or *engouement*, liking to talk, prone to confide and form *missish* friendships which last twenty-four hours. Some natural, but no acquired, morality, and no strong innate notions of its value and necessity; warm feelings, and nothing to counterbalance them, great good-humour and much good-nature, no appearances of caprice, rather quick and *vive*, but not a grain of humour. From her habits and from the life she has been allowed to lead, forced to dissemble; fond of gossiping, and this strengthened greatly by the example of her mother. In short the Princess, in the hands of a steady and sensible man, would probably turn out well, but where it is likely she will find faults perfectly analogous to her own she will fail."

Such a character was hardly likely to exert a reforming influence over the Prince ; but then no character, however perfect, would probably have had much weight with the man. Even had he loved his wife, the sentiment would have been too fleet-

ing for her to have been able to effect any real change; and, as things stood, with an absolute dislike to her from their first meeting, the idea was indeed a hopeless one. All his vaunted courtesy failed to help him to conceal his aversion to the bride who, by no act of her own, was thrown into his hands; and before the marriage was six months old, she had been taught, cruelly and clearly, how her husband regarded her.

"Two days after the marriage," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "the 'happy pair' returned to Windsor, where they remained a few days. They then repaired to the Prince's rural residence at Kempshott. It seems incredible what the bride had to encounter here during her honeymoon. There was but one lady, and that one her lady-in-waiting, and the men were the 'blackguard companions of the Prince, who were constantly drunk, and sleeping and snoring in boots on the sofa.'\* It is not surprising to learn that within two or three weeks of the marriage a sort of separation took place between the ill-starred pair. . . . The Princess, who was not nearly so volatile as Lord Malmesbury would make her out, for some time bore with the treatment very patiently. She said that her father had told her to observe everything, but say nothing. Indeed, her whole course in this trying situation was at first marked by a certain amiability and prudence; and her best claim to indulgence is that she was driven into the opposite defects by a long series of outrages. She saw her lady-in-waiting invited to the Queen's house, and set down to play cards with the Princesses. The worthy old King disapproved of these proceedings, but could do nothing. All the summer the attendance of this person was forced upon her. Lord

\* Sir G. Elliot.

George Seymour described to Lord Houghton a characteristic scene that occurred during this disturbed honeymoon. At a convivial party, at which Lord Coleraine and others assisted, punch and pipes were introduced. When the lady-in-waiting had sipped a little, the Prince, in a marked way, took her glass; on which the Princess seized Coleraine's pipe, and gave a sort of contemptuous puff at the Prince. There was a rough humour, as well as readiness, in this proceeding."

"The young husband's first serious occupation," says Dr. Doran, "was the settlement of his debts. These were enormous, and their amount only proved the reckless dishonesty of him who had incurred them. Mr. Pitt proposed that the income of the Prince should be £125,000 a year, exclusive of the revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall, some £13,000 more. This was eventually agreed to. In addition, Parliament fixed the jointure of the Princess of Wales at £50,000 per annum; and the smaller but pleasant items of £20,000 for jewels, and £26,000 for furnishing Calton House, were also agreed upon. Out of the above-named revenue, however, a yearly deduction was to be made, in order that the debts of the Prince should be discharged within nine years. This deduction he denounced, and his brothers joined him in the denunciation, as a breach of contract, he having married solely upon the promise that his debts should be paid off at once. He immediately claimed the amount of the accumulation of the receipts of the Duchy of Cornwall during his minority. He was answered on the part of the King, that the receipts had been expended on his education and establishment. The consequent debates were a scandal to the nation, a disgrace to

royalty in the person of the Prince, and cruelly insulting to the Princess, as they betrayed to her the fact that the Heir-Apparent had accepted her as a consort solely on condition that his debts should be paid off. When the Romans made a bargain they confirmed it by breaking a bit of straw between them. This straw was called 'stipula,' and the Princess Caroline was the bit of straw that was broken—the stipulation, in fact, whereby it was agreed that if the Prince married the woman whom he already detested his creditors should have satisfaction in full of all demands ! Some of these were found heavy. There was a bill of £40,000 to his farrier ! Bills like these were allowed. Not so an annuity of £1,400 to Mrs. Crouch, the actress. The Parliament took a commercial view of the matter, and disallowed the claim, on the ground that no valuable consideration had been given for the liability which the Prince had voluntarily incurred. For the allowed debts, debentures payable with interest were given, and the Prince immediately withdrew into comparative retirement, in order, as Lord Moira stated in the House of Lords, that he might be able to save enough to discharge certain claims upon his honour. These claims were supposed to exist on the part of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel and the Duke of Orleans, from whom the Prince had borrowed money. Perhaps they included the £10,000 per annum which he had engaged himself to pay to Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom he had settled in a superb mansion in Park Lane, and comforted with assurances that his attentions to her would be as devoted now as before his marriage ! All this was an outrage upon the poor bride, whom the Prince took down to Windsor on a visit to the

King and Queen. That persons might not suppose this was a commencement of positive domestic and virtuous life, the husband took with him his mistress, Lady Jersey."

A *fête* was given in the bride's honour at Frogmore by the Queen, who, however, looked on her daughter-in-law with no favourable eye. The King had given an Irish artist, Douglas Hamilton, an order to paint a picture of the royal marriage; but Queen Charlotte declared that if it were ever brought into Windsor Castle she would quit it, and the King acquiesced in his consort's wishes, paid for his commission, but declined to receive it; and it has found its present shelter in the domains of Mme. Tussaud. On the occasion of the *fête* the Queen was, according to Lord Malmesbury, "civil, but stiff;" and the bride, who, poor thing, had already begun to realize some of the *desagremens* of her position hinted at by her mentor, looked, in spite of her magnificent dress, unmistakably gloomy.

"The usual formality," says Dr. Doran, "which George III. loved, of visiting the public at the theatre, was observed on this occasion, and a short time after the royal marriage, the newly-wedded couple were accompanied to Covent Garden by the whole of the royal family. They were very dully entertained with the very worst of O'Keefe's comedies, *Life's Vagaries* in which two cousins fall in love and marry; and so perhaps the piece was thought appropriate. It was followed by *Windsor Castle*, a *pièce d'occasion* by Pierce, who brought together in it Edward III., Peleus, the Prince of Wales, Minerva, Thetis, and the Countess of Kent. The last lady is represented as expected at the Castle; she is detained on her



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way by an overflow of the Thames which threatens to drown her, and from which she is rescued by the Prince of Wales; whereupon all the heathen gods and goddesses are as much delighted as if they formed an Olympian Royal Humane Society, and exhibit their ecstasy by dancing and singing. In such wise were our rulers entertained when George III. was King."

## CHAPTER II.

Caroline's letters to her friends—The Prince's treatment of her—  
Birth of the Princess Charlotte—Separation of the Prince  
and Princess—Correspondence between Caroline and George  
III.—Her letters to her husband—The Prince's reply—  
—Marriage of the Princess Royal—Caroline and her infant  
—Her life at Blackheath—Her petition to the Prince—  
The Princess Charlotte—Letters of the Princess Royal—  
Visit of the King to the Princess—His kindness to her—  
Princess Charlotte's will—Young Austin—The Princess's  
intimacy with Lady Douglas—The Delicate Investigation  
—Caroline's letter to Lord Eldon—Her treatment by her  
husband—Her conduct at the drawing-room—Death of her  
father—Arrival of her mother in England—Her appearance  
—Anecdotes of her.

THE poor Princess got herself into trouble not long after her wedding by the emphatic word-painting of her husband's family in which she indulged to her relatives in Germany. She heartily reciprocated the dislike of her royal mother-in-law, and wrote a satirical account of her person and behaviour to more than one of her friends. Unfortunately Dr. Randolph, to whom these letters were entrusted for delivery, was unable to leave England as he had intended, and he returned them to the Princess under a cover addressed to Lady Jersey. By an unlucky chance, or by deliberate treachery—it is impossible to say which—the packet came into the Queen's possession, and she had enough of feminine meanness to read the contents. These did not serve to heighten her affection for the Princess of Wales, and she treated her ever after with chilling dignity and reserve.

The old Queen's hauteur, however, was a small matter compared with the insults heaped upon

the young wife by her husband. At Brighton, whither they went soon after their marriage, his behaviour with Lady Jersey was so intolerably disgraceful that, says Lord Holland, "persons of rank (afterwards indebted to him for advancement in it) have plumed themselves upon refusing to meet him at dinner at my house, observing that he was not fit company for gentlemen." He also left the poor Princess alone for days together, while he and his pseudo-wife, Mrs. Fitzherbert, were appearing together at brilliant parties given in their honour in London; and, on more than one occasion, he and his first love were together, even in his bride's presence. Never very patient, can it be wondered at that the outraged wife should cease to make any effort to win her husband's regard, and that the breach that began on their marriage day widened every hour? Day by day the state of affairs grew worse; and before the birth of their first and only child, all hope of union was at an end.

The expected infant, eagerly anticipated as an Heir-Presumptive to the Crown, was born at Carlton House, between one and two in the morning on the 7th of January, 1791. On the 11th of February, the King and Queen, accompanied by their daughters, arrived at half-past four, to be present at her christening. "Dinner," says a journal of the day, "was served up soon after, which consisted of two full courses and a dessert, in the most elegant and frugal style. None but the royal family and relatives sat down to table; and the Princess of Wales was hostess on this joyous occasion." At half-past nine the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the State officers of the royal household arrived, and were conducted to the Great Audience

Chamber, where the little Princess lay in a magnificent cradle surrounded by attendants, and the ceremony began. The King, the Queen, and the Duke and Duchess of York were the sponsors, and she was named Charlotte Caroline Augusta.

"Lady Townshend," says Dr. Doran, "held the little Princess at the font. Some time elapsed before the officiating prelate took the babe from her noble nurse, whose state of health at the time was such as to make her incapable of standing long without some peril to her own future hopes. The Princess of Wales pitied her, and asked the Queen, in a low voice, if she would not command poor Lady Townshend to be seated. But Queen Charlotte liked nothing so little as an interruption of established ceremony; and, blowing the snuff from her fingers, she exclaimed, 'No, no! she may stand—she may stand!'"

This scene of family festivity was followed by no good results to the newly-made parents. The City of London had wished to present an address of congratulation; but the Corporation were informed that the Prince could only receive their felicitations in private. A public reception would, it was pretended, cause too much outlay on the part of the Heir-Apparent—a reason which was only a veil for the fact that, as the Prince of Wales had already resolved on a separation from his wife, he had the grace to shrink from any allusions to his domestic felicity.

This resolution had perhaps been accelerated by the Princess's conduct with regard to Lady Jersey. She was not one to bear her wrongs uncomplainingly, and she wrote him an urgent remonstrance in French touching this notorious personage.

“Je suis trop pénétrée des devoirs qui m'imposent les relations que j'ai avec vous pour blesser en quoi que soit votre délicatesse, je ne décide point des raisons pour lesquelles vous croyez devoir ménager Lady Jersey, et je ne souhaite pas du tout de lui nuire dans l'opinion publique, mais j'en appelle à votre mémoire sur la manière dont elle s'est conduite vis-à-vis de moi à Brighton; elle était telle, que je suis en droit d'après votre lettre même d'insister qu'elle demande sa retraite; une femme que j'ai raison de regarder comme la cause de la disunion qui règne malheureusement entre nous, ne peut que n'être personnellement désagréable à moi. Vous avez du sens et un cœur—mettez vous à ma place, et prononcez ! Apres cet aveu que je vous fais, ma surprise est grande de voir Lady Jersey s'obstiner à rester à mon service, en dépit de l'idée qu'elle sait que je dois avoir d'elle, c'est annoncer un manque absolu de délicatesse. Ce serait agir en ami avec elle que de lui persuader de faire sans hésiter davantage, cette, démarche; personne ne pourra m'imputer le motif d'agir en personne, qui manque d'estime pour vous, quand je vous demande de consentir à ce que je désire avec tant de justice. Vous me conjurez de ne pas mettre obstacle à la bonne intelligence que vous croyez résulter de l'accord que vous me proposez; je vous conjure, à mon tour, de vous rappeler ce que je suis en droit d'attendre de vous, et des sentimens paternels que vous devez à votre enfant qui souffrira toute sa vie de notre désunion.—Je suis, avec la plus grande sincérité, votre dévoué,

“CAROLINE.

“Le 28 de Mai, 1796.”

By the intervention of the King, always the Princess's best friend, Lady Jersey was dismissed. Caroline may have indulged in some hope of better things, now that her rival had departed; but the Prince was determined to put an end to the melancholy drama of quarrels and reproaches which had constituted his married life.

In effect, the proposal of a separation was conveyed from the husband to his wife of a year by Lord Cholmondeley a few weeks after the birth of her child. She heard in silence, and then expressed her wishes on two points—first, that the Prince's desire should be brought to her in his own handwriting; and secondly, that if his ideas were now carried out, a reconciliation should never, under any circumstances, take place. What her feelings were, when she received the message, she told to no one. Perhaps, wounded insulted, outraged as she had been, it may still have been a pang to have discovered the eagerness with which her husband sought to free himself from her; and although all her former dreams of a reformation must, poor thing, long ago have vanished, she may still have hoped that the birth of her infant might have drawn them into closer union. All such illusions, however, were now to end. The Prince, having her words reported to him, wrote eagerly and promptly to satisfy her with his own hand that he was sincerely desirous to be rid of her. "If," says Dr. Doran drily, "His Royal Highness had acceded to all his consort's wishes with the alacrity with which he fulfilled this one in particular, there would have been more happiness at their hearth." "Our inclinations," he wrote, "are not in our power, nor should either of us be answerable to the other."

because nature has not made us suitable to each other. Tranquillity and comfortable society are, however, in our power; let our intercourse, therefore, be restricted to that." He cheerfully agreed that the coming separation should be a permanent one. "Even in the event," he said, "of any accident happening to my daughter, which I trust Providence in its mercy will avert, I will not infringe the terms of the restriction by proposing, at any period, a connection of a more particular nature."

In answer to this effusion, the Princess acknowledged that his conduct during their marriage had prevented her feeling any surprise at the communication she had received. She made no complaint, only desiring that it might be made publicly known that the arrangement originated with him, and that "the honour of it belongs to you alone," and appealed to the King, whom she justly regarded as her best friend and protector, saying that if he approved her conduct it would be some consolation to her. "I retain," she wrote in conclusion, "every sentiment of gratitude for the situation in which I found myself enabled, as Princess of Wales, by your means, to surrender myself unconstrainedly to the exercise of a virtue dear to my heart—I mean charity. It will be my duty, also, to be influenced by another motive—desire to give an example of patience and resignation under every trial."

"There could be but one opinion," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "on the behaviour of the husband that could come to an irreconcilable breach with his wife within the first year. His defence, 'that he had taken a dislike to her,' or, as he put it, 'our inclinations are not in our power,'—almost childish—puts him out of Court. The honest

public, which soon learned the truth, at once took her side. At the opera she was applauded 'with a transport of affectionate respect.' She came attended by her ladies—Lady Carnarvon and Mrs. Fitzroy—and with the Duke of Leeds, to whom she said she supposed the public had 'been acquainted with what was very *trop vrai*;' that 'the Prince had not spoken to her for three months past, but that she had nothing to reproach herself with.' The Duke of Leeds, in his 'Memoranda,' describes her agitation and even alarm at this reception, and her natural remark that when the Prince came to town, 'she supposed she would be guillotined for what had passed that evening.' Yet, notwithstanding this treatment, she still pressed for a reconciliation; only firmly stipulating that the chief cause of their difference should be dismissed from their service. At this time it was clearly shown that the Princess was driven by a consistent course of ill-treatment to the follies of her later life. All her friends now were people known for their rank, respectability, and character. Even the rude Thurlow thus spoke of her to the Duke of Leeds. 'He thought with me the Prince's strange conduct could only be imputed to madness, and expressed himself as much struck by the good sense and discretion of the Princess.' . . . A month later, the Duke of Leeds, as he tells us in his interesting 'Memoranda,' informed her that he would leave the Duchess at Weymouth, 'as long as her liking for the place continued;' when the Princess exclaimed, 'Ah! vous n'êtes pas tyran!'"

Perhaps the Princess had not thought her demand for a *permanent* separation would be granted so readily, and had hardly realized the full meaning of her words; for when the good old



King tried to patch up the breach, and was told on all sides that she objected to a reconciliation, she wrote at once to him disclaiming any such feeling.

“SIRE,

Je me vois encore dans la fâcheuse nécessité de troubler la tranquillité de votre Majesté par une lettre qui interesse essentiellement mon bonheur et mon repos, et de recourir à Ses Sages Conseils. C'est avec la plus grande surprise que j'ai appris que l'on repandait dans le public le bruit de ma répugnance à me prêter à une parfaite reconciliation avec le Prince de Galles; tandis qu'il ne peut y avoir de bonheur pour moi, que dans un rapprochement sincère avec lui; je supplie donc votre Majesté de me rendre la justice de croire, malgré tous les rapports contrariés qu'on pourra lui en faire, que ce sont-là mes véritables sentimens.

“J'ai l'honneur de joindre ici une copie de la réponse que j'ai faite à Lord Moira sur les propositions du Prince, que votre Majesté juge elle-même, si le Prince est en droit de s'en offenser, puis qu'elle n' a pas été donnée dans l'idée de lui prescrire des termes, mais seulement, parce que je n'étais, malheureusement, que trop persuadée que c'était l'unique moyen d'obtenir cette vraie reconciliation dont dépend mon seul bonheur.

“J'ai l'honneur de me dire, avec le plus profond respect, Sire, de votre Majesté la très humble et très obeissante fille et sujette.

“CAROLINE.

“Ce 19 de Juin, 1796.”

The King replied the following day in a letter showing both kindness and good sense:—

“ Windsor, ce 20me Juin, 1796.

“ MADAME MA FILLE,—

“ J’ai reçu hier votre lettre an sujet du bruit répandu dans le public de votre répugnance à vous prêter à une parfaite reconciliation avec mon Fils le Prince de Galles ; je ne discouvrens pas que cette opinion commence à prendre racine, et qu’il n’y a qu’ une manière de la détruire, c’est que mon Fils ayant consenté que la Comtesse de Jersey doit, suivant votre désir, quitter votre service, et ne pas être admise à votre société privée, vous devez témoigner votre désir qu’il revient chez lui, et que pour rendre la reconciliation complète, on doit des deux côtés s’abstenir de reproches, et ne faire des confidence a’ d’autres sur ce sujet. Une conduite si propre certainement remettra cette union entre mon Fils et vous, qui est un des événements que j’ai le plus à cœur. Mon Fils le Duc de York vous remettra cette lettre, et vous assurera de plus de l’amitié sincère avec laquelle je suis, Madame ma Belle Fille, votre très affectionné Beau Père,

“ GEORGE R.”

The Princess, who seemed to have become really anxious to be reconciled to her husband, wrote as follows to the Prince of Wales on the day she received the King’s letter :—

“ Je saisis avec le plus grand empressement les ordres de Sa Majesté le Roi, qui dans la lettre dont il vient m’ honorer, me marque que vous cedez à ses desirs, ce qui me pénètre de la plus vive joie. Je vois donc arriver avec un plaisir extrême, le moment qui vous rapprochera de Carlton House, et qui va terminer pour toujours une mesintelligence dont je vous assure que de mon côté il ne

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sera plus question. Si vous me faites l'honneur de rechercher ma société à l'avvenir je mettrai tous mes efforts à la rendre agréable. Si j'ai pû jamais vous déplaire, soyez assez généreux pour me le pardonner, et comptez sur une reconnaissance qui ne finira qu'avec ma vie. J'ose m'en flatter comme mère de votre enfant et comme celle qui est votre toute dévouée.

“CAROLINE.

“Le 20 Juin, 1796.”

But both the good advice of the old King, and the peace-making efforts of the Princess herself, were thrown away, and the separation was finally agreed on. “The Princess’s allowance was at first fixed at £20,000 per annum, but after some undignified haggling on both sides touching money, the Princess declined the allowance proposed, and, throwing herself on the generosity of the Prince, rendered him liable for any debts she might possibly contract.”\* On his birthday the deserted wife wrote him a little note of congratulation, which seems a rather touching attempt to smooth matters over even then :—

“Ce n’est qu’au nom de ma fille que je hasarde de vous écrire ces peu de lignes et de me joindre à ses sentiments qu’elle ne peut pas encore exprimer; nous faisons mutuellement des vœux pour votre bonheur, et de la continuation de votre précieuse santé—c’est un jour si intéressant pour nous deux que nous ne savions le laisser passer sans vous le témoigner, et sous ce titre vous me pardonnez j’espère, cette liberté.

“J’ose me flatter cependant qu’en aimant votre fille, vous protégerez la mère, qui en sentira toute

\* Dr. Doran.

sa vie la plus parfaite reconnaissance, et qui est votre très-dévouée.

“CAROLINE.

“Ce 11 d’Août, 1796,  
“Carlton House.”

The Prince’s answer was as short as he could well make it, and barely civil. Having once succeeded in getting rid of his wife, he did not desire to be further reminded of her:—

“MADAME,—

“Je saisis le premier moment pour vous remercier de la lettre que vous avez bien voulu m’écrire, et que j’ai reçu hier, à l’occasion de l’anniversaire de mon jour de naissance. Acceptez aussi bien mes remerciements pour la manière que vous vous y exprimez, tant que ma fille que pour vous même, et soyez en assuré que personne ne saurait en être plus sensible que moi.

“C’est avec sentiments de reconnaissance que j’ai l’honneur de m’écrire, Madame, votre très humble serviteur,

“GEORGE P.

“Weymouth, le 13 d’Août.”

“It was settled,” writes Lady Rose Weigall, \* “that the Princess should retain her apartments at Carlton House, with free access to her child, who had a nursery establishment of her own under the superintendence of Lady Elgin. This lady did not live in Carlton House, but was in attendance on the child at meals, ordered everything, and was the medium of communication between her parents respecting her. The Princess Caroline, naturally fond of children, doted on the baby;

\* “Brief Memoir of Princess Charlotte.”

the Prince cared little about her, though he jealously asserted his authority, and was always on the watch to restrain interference on the part of the mother." Indeed his hatred for his unhappy wife was malignant. "So envenomed," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "was the factious spirit in this unhappy quarrel, that it was given out that the Prince 'set on' drivers of the Greenwich coaches to run her carriage down; and once her life was in actual peril."

Despite the dislike of the Queen, Caroline was received at Court, and treated with peculiar kindness by the old King; but her undisguised aversion to the Hereditary Prince of Wurtemberg, who, in the beginning of 1797, asked the hand of the Princess Royal, was not calculated to remove the prejudice conceived against her by the greater part of her husband's family.

Her aversion to her sister-in-law's suitor was not, however, unnatural. He had been the husband of her elder sister, Augusta Caroline, over whose unhappy life and early death a dark shadow of mystery and uncertainty rested. Married when only fifteen, she had been taken by the Prince to Russia, where Catherine II. presided over the most dissolute Court of modern times. There she was left while her husband was absent in a campaign against the Turks, and on his return was found to have drunk deeply of the universal licentiousness and immorality that surrounded her. The Prince wrote to her father, the Duke of Brunswick, asking for advice, and it was decided to remove her from Russia; but the Empress refused to grant permission for her departure, and the Hereditary Prince finally set out for Germany with his children, leaving Augusta Caroline at Court. A fortnight after his setting forth the Empress gave orders for

the dismissal of all the Princess's German attendants, and had her removed to the Castle of Lhorde, two hundred miles from St. Petersburg. Two years later Catherine II. sent an account of her death to her husband and her father, the Duke of Brunswick. Such was one version. The other, which the Princess of Wales not unnaturally chose to credit, was that the conduct of the unhappy lady was irreproachable, and that the Hereditary Prince of Wurtemberg treated her with great brutality; that her death was but a pretext, and that he had, conjointly with the Empress, connived at her disappearance. The Duchess of Brunswick always maintained that her daughter was alive—perhaps in close confinement—perhaps exiled to Siberia; and the Princess of Wales did not scruple to echo her mother's opinions openly and undisguisedly to the English Royal Family. As the Princess Royal had set her heart on a match with her suitor, and as the King was stirred up to refuse going further in the matter until all suspicions attaching to the Prince's name were cleared away, Caroline did not increase the affections of her relatives-in-law by her incautious assertions. George III. insisted on proofs being supplied of the death of Augusta Caroline; but when these were forthcoming, he no longer refused to sanction the match which his daughter had so much at heart: and the wedding was fixed for the 18th of May.

At this ceremony the Princess of Wales, whatever were her private impressions anent the consoled widower of her sister, was forced to appear, and was solemnly conducted to the chapel by the Earl of Cholmondeley, immediately after the spouse whom she now never met but in public. Both were magnificently dressed—

he in a sky-blue suit, richly embroidered down the seams, a diamond star, and epaulette; she in a silver tissue train, ornamented, in questionable taste, with trimmings of purple, lilac, and green.

"In the summer of 1797," says Lady Rose Weigall, "a sub-governess was appointed to reside in Carlton House, and act under the orders of Lady Elgin. The office was confided to Miss Hayman, who seems by her correspondence to have been a warm-hearted, devoted person. The Princess [of Wales] took a great fancy to her, and drew her into an intimacy, which the Prince probably disapproved, for he dismissed her at the end of three months. Her letters during this brief interval have been preserved, and give some insight into the daily life of the household. Princess Charlotte was then about eighteen months old; her mother lived principally at a villa at Charlton, near Blackheath, but came to town at least two or three days in each week to visit her child. The Prince of Wales lived in Carlton House, but rarely saw his daughter. His manners were perfect in graciousness and courtesy, and those who came under their influence seldom failed to be captivated by them." Miss Hayman has left accounts of her first interviews with both the parents of her little charge—the Prince dignified, gracious, fascinating: so fascinating that she could "have sat down and cried that he is not all he ought to be;" the Princess *not* dignified, kindly and unaffected. "She came in to see me," writes Miss Hayman. "She spoke very affably to me, and asked me if I did not see the infant wonderfully like the Prince of Wales, whether I was fond of children, and told me hers was very hot, but very soon pacified, that she had been naughty, but was now, by Lady Elgin's

care, quite good. She stayed about half an hour, chose some lace for frocks, and was most kind." The next day the Princess had another talk with the sub-governess alone; and when Lady Elgin entered and said, "Miss Hayman must now kiss her Royal Highness's hands," she laughed at the formality, and getting up exclaimed, "Oh! we will shake hands"—a disregard of etiquette that would have stiffened Queen Charlotte into stone—and began a free and easy talk about the novels of the day. Little Princess Charlotte was a winsome baby, radiant with health and spirits, and too young to understand the sadness of her surroundings. "My little charge was playing about," says Miss Hayman, speaking of her first view of her. "I took no notice of her at first, except to admire her great beauty, and great likeness to the Prince. She soon began to notice me, and showed all her treasures, and played all her little antics, which are numerous. She is the merriest little thing I ever saw—pepper-hot, too; if contradicted she kicks her little feet about in a great rage, but the cry ends in a laugh before you well know which it is."

Meanwhile the Princess of Wales "continued her mode of life at Blackheath in great intimacy with such persons as Sir Gilbert Elliott, Lord and Lady Wood, Lord Thurlow, who, strange to say, was the friend and adviser of both husband and wife, the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, the Edens, and others. Again and again Sir G. Elliott, who saw much of her at this time, declares that her behaviour was everything that was proper. She was utterly undeserving of 'such strange neglect.' Even her attractions were of some power, 'her countenance being remarkably lively and pleasing.' 'I think her positively a



handsome woman.' The only blemish he noted was the significant one of an indiscreet and voluble confidence imparted to the first-comer. At her little alfresco parties she delighted in pouring out the whole of her story to a guest whom she fancied, while the rest looked on. He says, 'Princess Charlotte was in the room till dinner, and is really one of the finest and pleasantest children I ever saw. The Princess of Wales romped with her about the carpet on her knees. Miss Garth said to her, "You have been so very naughty, I don't know what we must do with you." The little girl answered, crying, and quite penitently, "You must soot me," meaning shoot her. At the drawing-room, where she and the Prince attended, he did not bow to her, though they were quite close. He declared afterwards that she would not meet his eye. When the King said to her that a new arrival, the Countess d'Almeida, could not be handsome as she was not fair, the lively Princess curtsied and said she wished others of his Majesty's family were of the same opinion. The good King laughed very heartily, and said he wished so too, and he thought it a proof of very bad taste.' '\*

On the 4th of June, the King's birthday, the little Princess Charlotte was taken to the Queen's house to see her grandfather; and later on a drawing-room was held, which the Princess of Wales attended. A pleasant glimpse of her on that day is given in one of Miss Hayman's letters:—

"The Princess is returned from Charlton for some days; was again here before Lady Elgin came, and took me with Princess Charlotte into her own apartments; showed me her Court dress,

\* Fitzgerald.

made me sit with her, offered me camphor julep if I felt alarmed at the approaching ceremony [the visit to the Queen's house], played a little on the piano, and was very good-humoured indeed. She ordered her jewels to be brought for me to see, praising the good taste of the Prince, who chose them. They are, indeed, more light and elegant than I conceived it possible for diamonds to be. The Queen's looked rich and magnificent, but not nearly so beautiful, though she had many in her head alone above an inch long and almost square. The Princess came to the child's dinner, and when she was dressed for the drawing-room sent for us down to see her; she looked very pretty."

"I have not yet seen all this magnificent house," writes Miss Hayman on June 7th; "the rooms below the Princess showed me herself, turning up the covers of the chairs and turning them down again, 'like an old housekeeper,' as she said. Her own apartment is extremely fine, and she describes the rest of the house equally so: 'quite useless,' she says, 'for the bedrooms are too fine for anyone to sleep in,' and so much is for show that it is fortunate she has no more children, or they could not be accommodated."

"In these early days—the summer of 1797—the Princess of Wales was constantly backwards and forwards between Charlton and Carlton House, coming most days to play with her daughter, either in Miss Hayman's room or in the nursery; but never encountering or holding any sort of communication with the Prince, who, on his part, avoided the nursery, most likely through fear of meeting her. Some information of her confidential and often imprudent gossip with the sub-governess was sure to get round to him, and probably shocked his sense of decorum, but the

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worst that could be said of it was that it was an amiable indiscretion, and apart from her child she had nothing but her own light nature to fall back upon." \*

At the end of June the Prince left town, and the Princess wrote to remind him of a promise he had given her the previous year, that their daughter should come to her at Charlton. She had not asked, she said, for the fulfilment of this promise while he remained at Carlton House, but now that he was going away for the season she begged that the child might come to her, instead of being left with only her attendants in London throughout the summer. The Prince treated this reasonable request as, in after years, he treated most of her communications, with utter and insulting neglect. No answer of any kind was returned, and the little one was left solitary at Carlton House through all the summer heat, so great was the father's fear of giving pleasure to the mother. On his birthday, however, the baby Princess was allowed to be taken to her mother; and the latter had a party in honour of an anniversary which could not be a very joyful one to her. In the autumn Miss Hayman was dismissed by the Prince, and taken by the Princess of Wales into her service, where she remained many years. Shortly afterwards Caroline was appointed Ranger of Greenwich Park, and removed from Charlton to Montague House, on Blackheath, where "she was very frequently visited by the King, and never on any occasion by her Majesty. At this period her income was settled. It was partly derived from the Prince, who contributed to her, as 'Princess of Wales,' £12,000 per annum. The exchequer supplied another £5,000;

\* Lady Rose Weigall.

the droits of the Admiralty added occasionally a few pecuniary grants ; and altogether her revenue amounted to about the same as that which she had previously declined to accept. With it she appeared content, lived quietly, cultivated her garden, looked after the poor, taught or superintended the teaching of several poor children, and, without a Court, had a very pleasant society about her, with whom, however, she was alternately mirthful and melancholy." \*

She had, poor thing ! far more cause for melancholy than mirth. At the best, her lonely life could hardly have been replete with happiness ; but when restrictions were placed on her seeing her child, of whom she was passionately fond—restrictions which grew harsher and more arbitrary with each succeeding year—her case did seem a sufficiently hard one. The little Princess Charlotte was established at Shrewsbury House, Blackheath, near her mother's residence, but that mother's intercourse was curtailed until at length they were only permitted to meet once a week, and her authority was studiously taken from her. Lady Elgin, to whom that authority was given, and who was delegated to stand between the Princess of Wales and her child, had a difficult and by no means enviable part to play. " Her position was often most painful, standing as she did between the hostile parents, and being frequently forced to assert her authority in opposition to the mother. Yet by her rare tact and understanding she succeeded in retaining the confidence and good-will of Prince and Princess alike. She would not stoop to be the tool of either, but preserved an independent position towards both, kept aloof from squabbles and intrigues, and

\* Dr. Doran.

devoted herself to the education and nurture of her little charge with unwearied energy and affection. She was assisted by Miss Gale (the sub-governess who replaced Miss Hayman), a dresser, named Mrs. Gagarin, for whom Princess Charlotte had a great affection, and a tutor, Mr. Trew. They were all entirely under the superintendence of Lady Elgin, who took, in fact, the mother's place. Some of the memoranda in which she records the sayings and doings, the little naughtinesses and precocities of 'the dear child,' show that the Princess Charlotte in her nursery days had a passionate but generous temper, was clever and vain, affectionate and impulsive, and certainly inherited more of her mother's than her father's nature." \*

The Princess of Wales was not qualified to teach her little daughter. "It must be allowed," says Dr. Doran, "that though she had a little taste, and could stick natural flowers on ground glass so as to deceive the most minutely examining of the most courtly of Germans, she was as little capable of being governess to her own daughter as her mother was of being instructress to the Princess Caroline." But to sedulously deprive her of her natural rights with regard to her child was as inexcusable as cruel. Wounded, neglected, reckless, and volatile, her little one was the one restraining influence of her life; and when, through her husband's agency, that influence was removed, one can hardly wonder, even while one condemns and deplores, the follies into which she fell. Meanwhile the little Charlotte thrived under Lady Elgin's motherly care; and in the frequent letters that lady received from the

\* Lady Rose Weigall.

Duchess of Wurtemberg, Princess Royal of England, a warm-hearted and excellent woman, much satisfaction is expressed that both parents were equally beloved by the child. The Duchess was one of those kindly souls who believe the best of everyone; and she cherished a hope that the baby princess might become the means of a reconciliation between father and mother—a hope that appears again and again in her confidential correspondence with her old friend, and which was destined never to be fulfilled. “It gives me great pleasure,” she wrote to Lady Elgin, in 1798, “to know that my dear little Charlotte is equally kind to both her parents; maybe, in the end, that little creature may itself serve as a sort of magnet to make them a little better.” “God grant,” runs another letter, dated 1800, “your dreams may be fulfilled, and that Charlotte may be the cause of a re-union! I should then think her a blessed child, and doubly so were a brother to take her out of the awful situation she appears to be destined for. Though whether old England has not frequently been at the summit of its glory under an Elizabeth or an Anne is another question. We will leave that, as all other things above our understanding, to be decided by a Higher Power, who knows and ordains what is for the best.” A pleasant glimpse of the little Princess is given by Porteous, Bishop of London, in his journal, under the date of August 7th, 1801:—

“Yesterday I passed a very pleasant day at Shrewsbury House, near Shooter’s Hill, the residence of the Princess Charlotte of Wales; the day was fine, and the prospect extensive and beautiful, taking in a large reach of the Thames, which was covered with vessels of various sizes.

and descriptions. We saw a good deal of the young Princess; she is a most captivating and engaging child; and, considering the high station she may hereafter fill, a most interesting and important one. She repeated to me several of her hymns with great correctness and propriety; and on being told that when she went to Southend, in Essex, she would then be in my diocese, she fell down on her knees and begged my blessing. I gave it to her with all my heart, and with my earnest secret prayers to God that she might adorn her illustrious station with every Christian grace; and that, if ever she became the Queen of this truly great and glorious country, she might be the means of diffusing virtue, piety, and happiness through every part of her dominions!"

"Her mother," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "residing at Montague House, and enjoying the powerful protection and favour of the King, was living a sober and exemplary life, quiet and rational. We find her cultivating a taste for music, painting, and modelling. Among the friends now gathered around her were the Mintos, Carnarvons, Hawkesburys, Dundases, Windhams, Grenvilles, Cannings, besides Lords Eldon and Loughborough, the former of whom, perhaps, had rallied to her, because of his 'dear old master.' These she received at dinner, and seemed to have attached to her, and the only objection that could be taken to her behaviour was a certain indiscretion of speech—talking loudly, and abusing the Prince at her own table. The first ride taken by the King after his recovery in 1801 was down to Blackheath to see her, nor did he tell anyone whither he was going till he just reached her door. She was not up, but jumped out of bed to receive him, arrayed

in her bedgown and night-cap! He told Lord Uxbridge that she ran in his head perpetually during his illness, and he had resolved to visit her the first time he went out, without telling anybody."

In 1804 Lady Elgin, Charlotte's wise and kind instructress, resigned her post, and the control of the little Princess's education was placed by her father in the King's hands. George III. undertook the duty, but in so doing declared that "he never intended to destroy the due inspection and parental rights of *both* parents," an announcement which gave great umbrage to the Prince of Wales, who viewed the smallest concession to his wife with jealous disfavour. The old King was a staunch champion of his daughter-in-law, "whose injuries," he said to Lord Eldon, "deserve the utmost attention of the King, as her own conduct has proved *irreproachable*." Caroline herself had so keen a sense of these injuries that she expressed the most unalterable determination never to consent to a reconciliation, "I cannot say," she remarked to Mr. George Villiers, "I positively hate the Prince of Wales, but I certainly have a positive horror of him." Her love for her child was as strong as her aversion for its father; and the old King, himself passionately fond of children, was touched by its exhibition. "It is quite charming," he wrote in 1805, "to see the Princess and her child together, of which I have been since yesterday a witness." Of the substantial protection and kindness he extended to Caroline, the following letter, written to inform her of the interview which had been arranged between himself and the Prince of Wales, with the view to a reconciliation, bears witness—



“Windsor Castle, November 13th, 1804.

“MY DEAREST DAUGHTER-IN-LAW AND NIECE,

“Yesterday I and the rest of the family had an interview with the Prince of Wales, at Kew. Care was taken on all sides to avoid all subjects of altercation or explanation, consequently the conversation was neither instructive nor entertaining; but it leaves the Prince of Wales in a situation to shew whether his desire to return to the family is only verbal or real, which time alone can prove. I am not idle in my endeavours to make inquiries that may enable me to communicate some plan for the advantage of the dear child. You and I, with so much reason, must interest ourselves; and its effecting my having the happiness of living more with you is no small incentive to my forming some ideas on the subject, but you may depend on their not being decided upon without your thorough and cordial concurrence; for your authority as a mother it is my object to support.

“Believe me, at all times, my dearest daughter-in-law and niece,

“Your most affectionate father-in-law and uncle,

“GEORGE R.”

Little Charlotte herself was a pretty winning child, of whom we get a pleasant glimpse in one of the letters of Baroness Bunsen, whose mother, Mrs. Waddington, had been in her maiden days the “Miss Port,” so often mentioned by that noted octogenarian, Mrs. Delany, as her grandniece.

“Princess Charlotte of Wales came in, dressed in a pale pink frock covered with lace, and wearing a beautiful pearl necklace and bracelets and a diamond cross. She is a very pretty and delicate-looking child, and has light brown hair, which

curls all over her head. . . . We stayed with Her Royal Highness for about an hour, who played as good-naturedly as possible with Augusta, who was never better pleased in her life. The Princess said in the prettiest manner imaginable, 'Would not Mrs. Waddington sit down?' and in short has quite the manners of a little queen, though she is as natural as possible."

In 1806 she made her will, thereby exhibiting her strong dislike to Mrs. Udney, one of her ladies, and seriously annoying her father, who called such a proceeding "high treason." "I make my will," writes the child-Princess. "First, I leave all my best books, and all my books to the Revd. Mr. Nott. Secondly, to Mrs. Campbell my three watches and half my jewels. Thirdly, I beg Mr. Nott, whatever money he finds me in possession of, to distribute to the poor, and I leave with Mr. Nott all my papers, which he knows of. I beg the prayer book which Lady Elgin gave me may be given to the Bishop of Exeter, and that the Bible Lady Elgin gave me may be given to him also. Also my playthings the Miss Fishers are to have; and lastly, concerning Mrs. Gagarin and Mrs. Lewis, I beg they may be very handsomely paid, and that they may have an house. Lady de Clifford the rest of my jewels, except those that are most valuable, and these my father and mother, the Prince and Princess of Wales, are to take. Nothing to Mrs. Udney for reasons. I have done my will, and trust that after I am dead, a great deal may be done for Mr. Nott. I hope the King will make him a Bishop."

"CHARLOTTE.

"March, 1806.

"My birds to Mrs. Gagarin, and my dog or dogs to Mrs. Anne Hutton, my chambermaid."

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Two years later (1808), Baroness Bunsen writes : " Princess Charlotte's dress was blue and silver tissue, with a white lace frock, a diamond necklace and cross, her hair (which grew beautifully about her forehead) curled in front, and done up behind in curls with a diamond arrow, diamond brooches on her sleeves. . . . . When the Queen and the Princesses went into the drawing-room, Princess Charlotte came back to Miss Fielding, and stayed till half-past four, as kind as possible to Augusta, whom she knew at first sight, and seemed to like much better than the other children. Nothing can be more perfect than her manners, her figure and carriage are charming, with a pretty animated countenance, and nothing like pride about her, suffering Lady Robert Fitz Gerald's children to take liberties with her, without even *looking* displeased."

But while the little Princess was thus gaining hearts by her childish beauty and winning manners, her mother was unhappily following the bent of her own undisciplined caprices, and giving the reins to all the inborn recklessness of her character. She knew that her most innocent actions were keenly scrutinized, and malevolently misjudged by her husband and his party; and she seemed to take delight in helping them to cast opprobrium on her name by her adoption, in 1802, of a baby named William Austin, the child of parents belonging to a humble rank in life. The Princess, always passionately fond of children, and having indeed more than one *protégé* placed at nurse at her expense, never paused to think what scandalous imputations might be cast upon her through this imprudent proceeding. Caution, poor lady, was a characteristic that had never been found in her

nature; and unkindness and injustice had developed her inherent imprudence into reckless folly. Her choice of friends was singularly unfortunate; and to some of these badly-chosen companions she owed the misery and humiliation that befell her in 1806.

Some years before she had heard that a certain Sir John and Lady Douglas, who were living near her, were the parents of a child whose beauty made it a paragon of babies. She had no previous acquaintance with them, and knew nothing of their position or surroundings; but, without any intimation to Lady Douglas, she crossed the heath one wintry morning, clad, according to the extraordinary fashion of the time, "in a lilac satin pelisse, primrose-coloured half-boots, and a small lilac travelling-cap, furred with sable," and presented herself at Lady Douglas's door. This was the commencement of what proved to be a most unfortunate intimacy, which was continued until some more judicious friend warned the Princess against Lady Douglas, whose character was by no means irreproachable. Influenced by this advice, which she had perhaps discovered to be not unwarranted by facts, Caroline broke off the acquaintance, and declined to receive again either Sir John or his wife. This was, not unnaturally, fiercely resented by Lady Douglas, and she, her husband, and Sir Sydney Smith, who was both their friend and the Princess's, besieged the latter so perpetually with demands for an explanation, that the Duke of Kent was called in by his royal sister-in-law to arrange the matter for her. At her wish he saw Sir John Douglas, who declared that the refusal to receive his wife had not offended him nearly so much as the receipt of an anonymous letter, accompanied by a coarse drawing, both

containing libels on Lady Douglas and Sir Sydney Smith, which was believed to have been sent by the Princess of Wales.

"The Duke of Kent," says Dr. Doran, "was a little too credulous, but he did not act unwisely. Apparently afraid that there was ground for the charge implied by Sir John, he was still more fearful of the effect the knowledge of it would have upon the King, then in a highly nervous condition, and he was more than all afraid of the evil consequences it might have, if divulged, of exasperating the existing fierce quarrel between the Prince of Wales and the King, whose visits to the Princess excited the utmost wrath in the bosom of the Prince. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, he succeeded in advising the parties to 'let the matter drop.' Sir John consented to do so if he were left unmolested. It must be added that Lord Cholmondeley, who was perfectly acquainted with the Princess's handwriting, pronounced the letter as certainly not having been written by her. Of the drawing he could form no opinion, except one not at all flattering to the artist."

Unfortunately matters were not allowed to be forgotten, as the Duke of Kent had hoped. Sir John repeated his story to the Duke of Sussex, who informed the Prince of Wales. The latter, always glad to hear evil of his outraged wife, demanded a full statement from Lady Douglas. This demand was willingly complied with; and the latter so far forgot her womanhood as to make accusations against the Princess of Wales, which, if true, would have ruined her fame for ever; concluding with the declaration that the so-called Willie Austin was the Princess's child.

Whether the Prince believed the accusations

against his wife cannot be known. That he would have been glad to do so, there is little doubt. They were, at all events, thought so serious that a commission was formed to enquire into the Princess's conduct; and the Delicate Investigation was commenced in 1806. Over this part of her history one must hurry and tread lightly. Suffice it to say that servants who had been placed about her swore shamelessly to conduct on her part that would have justified her husband in seeking a divorce. Their evidence, however, did not tally; and after close enquiry, the commissioners came to the conclusion that, at least, the allegations with respect to young Austin were incontestably false. "They did not, however, feel so certain upon the other items of evidence; and they gave it as their opinion, not that the Princess should be held innocent until she could be proved guilty, but that the allegations should be credited until they could be satisfactorily disproved!" \*

"Never," continues the same writer, "was accused woman more hardly used than was the Princess in this matter. For a long time she knew nothing of the nature of the evidence tendered against her, and every obstacle was put in her way to rendering the satisfactory answer, wanting which the commissioners, though they acquitted her of high treason, thought she must be quasi convicted of immorality. She was equal, however, to every difficulty, and she did not lack assistance. Mr Percival" [who was her enthusiastic champion, and had declared he would go "to the Tower or the scaffold in such a cause,"] "wrote, in her name, a memorial to the King, which is a masterpiece of ability, so searchingly does it sift the evidence, crush what was unfavourable to her,

\* Dr. Doran.

point out where she had a triumph, even without a witness, indignantly deny the charges laid against her, and which she had not hitherto been permitted to disprove, and touchingly appeal to her only protector, the King himself, for a continuance of his favour to one not unworthy of that for which she ardently petitions."

A few extracts will serve to show the nature of this vindication, which was of immense length, and entered into every detail.

"His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, as appears by his narrative, was convinced by Sir Sydney Smith, that these letters came from me. His Royal Highness had been applied to by me, in consequence of my having received a formal note from Sir John, Lady Douglas, and Sir Sydney Smith, requesting an audience immediately; this was soon after my having desired to see no more of Lady Douglas. I conceived, therefore, the audience was required for the purpose of remonstrance, and explanation upon this circumstance, and as I was determined not to alter my resolution, nor admit of any discussion upon it, I requested His Royal Highness, who happened to be acquainted with Sir Sydney Smith, to try to prevent my having any further trouble upon the subject. His Royal Highness saw Sir Sydney Smith, and being impressed by him with the belief in Lady Douglas's story, that I was the author of those anonymous letters, he did that which naturally became him, under such belief; he endeavoured, for the peace of your Majesty, and the honour of the Royal family, to keep from the knowledge of the world what, if it had been true, would have justly reflected such infinite disgrace upon me; and it seems from the narrative that he procured, through Sir Sydney Smith, Sir

John Douglas's assurance that he would, under existing circumstances, remain quiet, if left unmolested. 'This result,' His Royal Highness says, 'he communicated to me the following day, and I seemed satisfied with it;' and undoubtedly, as he only communicated the result to me, I could not be otherwise than satisfied; for as all I wanted was, not to be obliged to see Sir John and Lady Douglas, and not to be troubled by them any more, the result of His Royal Highness's interference, through Sir Sydney Smith, was to procure me all that I wanted. . . .

"His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, on the 7th of June, 1806, announced to me the impending enquiry. He apprised me of the near approach of two attorneys, claiming to enter my dwelling with a warrant to take away one half of my household, for immediate examination upon a charge against myself. Of the nature of that charge I was then uninformed. It now appears it was the charge of high treason, committed in the infamous crime of adultery. His Royal Highness will, I am sure, do me the justice to represent to your Majesty that I betrayed no fear—that I manifested no symptoms of conscious guilt—that I sought no excuse to prepare or to tutor my servants for the examination which they were to undergo. The only request which I made to His Royal Highness was, that he would have the goodness to remain with me till the servants were gone, that he might bear witness that I had no conversation with them before they went. . . .

"In happier days of my life, before my spirit had been yet at all lowered by my misfortunes, I should have been disposed to have met such a charge with the contempt which, I trust by this time, your Majesty thinks due to it. I should



have been disposed to have defied my enemies to the utmost, and to have scorned to answer to anything but a legal charge before a competent tribunal. But in my present misfortunes such force of mind is gone. I ought, perhaps, so far to be thankful to them for their wholesome lessons of humility. I have therefore entered into this long detail to endeavour to remove at the first possible opportunity any unfavourable impressions, to rescue myself from the dangers which the continuance of these suspicions might occasion, and to preserve to me your Majesty's good opinion, in whose kindness, hitherto, I have found infinite consolation, and to whose justice, under all circumstances, I can confidently appeal."

This memorial was accompanied by depositions which utterly crushed the false accusations made against the Princess. Nine weeks, however, elapsed, and she received no reply, except a curt intimation that the documents had been received. She wrote to remonstrate with the King on this delay, which was, as she reminded him, prejudicial to her character. "I feel myself," she said, "sinking in the estimation of your Majesty's subjects, as well as what remains to me of my own family, into (a state intolerable to a mind conscious of its own purity and innocence) a state in which my honour appears at least equivocal, and my virtue is suspected. From this state I humbly entreat your Majesty to perceive that I have no hope of being restored until either your Majesty's favourable opinion shall be graciously notified to the world, by receiving me again into the royal presence, or until the false disclosures of the facts shall expose the malice of my accusers, and do away every possible ground for infamous inference and conjecture."

Of Caroline's friends, "none," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "were more warm and eager at this time than the late Chancellor, Lord Eldon. He was in constant communication with her, and advised and supported her through these trials. It was to him that she complained of her papers being stolen, and later of the monstrous affront that she was forced to keep in her service the very servants who had made criminal charges against her."

In the autumn, she wrote the following letter to Lord Eldon, which was expressed in better English than many of her epistles :—

"Blackheath, Octbr. 13th, 1806.

"The Princess of Wales, with the most grateful sense, is most sincerely obliged to Lord Eldon for his kind inquiry through Lady Sheffield.

"Her body as well as her mind have naturally much suffered from the last melancholy catastrophe, having lost in so short a time, and so unexpectedly, a most kind and affectionate brother and a sincere friend. The afflictions which Providence has sent so recently to her are very severe trials of patience and resignation, and nothing than (*sic*) strong feelings of religion and piety could with any sort of fortitude carry the Princess's dejected mind through this. She puts her only trust in Providence, which has so kindly protected her in various ways since she is in this kingdom.

"The Princess also has the pleasure to inform his Lordship that the Queen has twice made inquiry, by Lady Ilchester, through Lady Sheffield, about the Princess's bodily and mental state. The Duchess of York, through her Lady to Lady Sheffield, and the Duke of Cambridge, in the same way, made their inquiries. The Duke of Kent

wrote himself to the Princess, which of course she answered herself. The Duke of Cumberland, who has twice been with the Princess after the melancholy event took place, desired her to announce, herself to his Majesty the unexpected event of the death of the Prince Hereditary of Brunswick. She followed his advice, and the letter was sent through Lady Sheffield to Colonel Taylor. The answer was kind from his Majesty, and full of feeling of interest for the severe loss she sustained in her brother."

In spite of her appeal, several months were allowed to elapse before any conclusion was arrived at; and it was not till January, 1807, that the King demanded from his Cabinet ministers their opinion on the subject. "The ministers modestly declared themselves an incompetent tribunal to pronounce judicially a verdict of guilty or not guilty upon any person, of whatever rank. Their office was, indeed, more that of grand jurymen called upon to pronounce whether a charge is based upon such grounds, however slight, as to justify further proceedings against the person accused. They acquitted the Princess by their judgment that further proceedings were not called for, but, having been requested by the King to counsel him as to the reply he should render his daughter-in-law, the nature of such counsel may be seen in the royal answer to the Princess's memorial. The King exculpated her from the most infamous portion of the charge brought against her by Lady Douglas, and declared that no further legal proceedings would be taken except with a view of punishing that appalling slanderer. Of the other allegations stated in the preliminary examinations, the King declared that none of them

would be considered as legally or conclusively established. *But*, said the King, and severely imperative as was this sovereign, *but* it was not un-called for. 'In these examinations, and even in the answer drawn in the name of the Princess by her legal advisers, there have appeared circumstances of conduct on the part of the Princess which his Majesty never could regard but with serious concern. The elevated rank which the Princess holds in this country, and the relation in which she stands to his Majesty and the royal family, must always deeply involve both the interests of the state and the personal feelings of his Majesty in the propriety and correctness of her conduct. And his Majesty, cannot, therefore, forbear to express, in the conclusion of the business, his desire and expectation that, in future, such a conduct may be observed by the Princess as may fully justify those marks of paternal regard and affection which the King always wishes to show to every part of the royal family' " \*

In spite of the admonition, the Princess of Wales was delighted with the King's answer, which thus re-instated her as a spotless matron, and, though suffering from weakness following an attack of measles, entreated to be allowed to "throw herself at his Majesty's feet" immediately. The King wrote a kindly answer, reminding her of her delicate health, but promising to fix a day at no far distant date to receive her. She awaited this summons anxiously; but when at length a note from the King arrived, its purport was not to arrange for her appearance at Court, but to intimate that the Prince of Wales, not satisfied with the result of the "Delicate Investigation," had consulted his lawyers concerning the matter, and

\* Dr. Doran.

begged the King to go no further in the business at present; "therefore," ran the missive, "the King considers it incumbent on him to defer naming a day to the Princess of Wales until the further result of the Prince's intention shall have been made known to him." There is little wonder that, from the day she received this note, the Princess looked on her husband as her enemy and accuser. His conduct towards her was, in very truth, both bitterly malevolent and utterly mean. "The Blackheath plot had failed, and the Prince was now appealing against the decision of judges to whose arbitrament he had committed the responsible duty of examination and sentence. What he required was a judgment unfavourable to his wife; not having succeeded, he sought for another tribunal, and virtually requested the monarch and the nation to hold his consort guilty until he might have the luck or leisure to prove her to be so."\* Still Caroline did not lose heart; and in March, 1807, the wheel of fortune turned in her favour. In that month a new Ministry came into office, the members of which were highly favourable to the Princess, who tendered to their Sovereign the advice that, her innocence having been fully established, it was due to the Princess of Wales to receive her at Court, as befitted her rank and dignity. Accordingly, in May, Queen Charlotte permitted her unloved daughter-in-law to be present at her Drawing-room, and received her civilly, though hardly cordially. Caroline—elated, perhaps, poor thing, by her unexpected triumph—comported herself in a manner that was not remarkable for discretion—talking, as an eye-witness, Sir Jonah Barrington remarks, "much and loud, and rather bold." A month later, on the King's

\* Dr. Doran.

birthday, she was again at Court, and the day was memorable as being the last on which the parted husband and wife ever beheld each other. "They met in the very centre of the apartment—they bowed, stood face to face for a moment, exchanged a few words which no one heard, and then passed on; *he*, stately as an iceberg, and as cold—*she*, with a smile, half mirthful, half melancholy, as though she rejoiced she was there in spite of him, and yet regretted that her visit was not made under happier auspices." \*

The triumph which the Princess thus enjoyed by her friends' aid was marred by the death of her father, who fell mortally wounded at Jena. He was not a man of high principles or unblemished morality, but his daughter loved him well, in spite of the awe with which he had contrived to make her regard him. The Duchess of Brunswick, a widow and fugitive, resolved to seek an asylum in her old home; and, on the 13th of July, 1807, she landed from the Clyde frigate at Gravesend, and proceeded in the Princess of Wales' carriage to Blackheath, where she took up her residence for a time with her daughter. The Princess Charlotte was allowed to come and make her grandmother's acquaintance; and, a few days after her arrival, the King came to visit the sister from whom he had parted in her bridal days. "His Majesty," says the "Annual Register," "arrived at the Princess's house about one o'clock, and on alighting from his carriage was received by the Duchess and the Princess. He partook of an early dinner, and set off on his return to Windsor about four o'clock."

After some weeks spent with her daughter, the Duchess of Brunswick retired to a private house

\* Dr. Doran.

in London, where she was visited with tolerable regularity by the Princess of Wales. The latter was not passionately attached to her mother; it was indeed hardly likely, for the "Lady Augusta" was not of a very deep or lovable nature, and had retained all her old talent for involving herself and others in awkward situations. Queen Charlotte visited her, which elated her greatly, and the Prince of Wales, with more than questionable taste, asked her to dinner—an invitation of which she boasted triumphantly to her daughter, the neglected wife of her host.

"Do you think I shall be carried upstairs on my cushion?" she demanded of the Princess of Wales.

"There is no up-stairs, I believe," answered the latter, coolly. "The apartments are all on one floor."

"Oh, charming! that is delightful!" rejoined the Duchess, with much satisfaction.

It was represented to her that to accept the invitation would be to tacitly acknowledge that the Prince was justified in his treatment of his wife; but, with characteristic obstinacy, she declined to hear any remonstrance, adding she would do anything in the world for Caroline, but that she *would* go to Carlton House. Argument seemed in vain; but after it had been given up in despair, "Lady Augusta" suddenly veered round to the view taken by the Princess and her friends, sent a hasty refusal, and invited her daughter to dine with her. It can hardly be a subject for much wonderment that the Princess of Wales had little reverence for her mother, or that she was, as people said, harder to her than to most others. Neglected and outraged as she was, lonely and misjudged, she must have longed for motherly kindness and counsel; and though the Duchess

gave her of the first so far as she was able, of the last she had assuredly none to bestow.

In one respect her presence was, however, a boon to Caroline. Ever since the "Delicate Investigation" the restrictions on the Princess's intercourse with her child had been drawn more and more strictly; but it was permitted that she should meet the Princess Charlotte for a short time every week at her mother's house.

"On Saturdays," she wrote to Miss Hayman, "my daughter comes at three o'clock to dine with my mother, when company is always asked to meet her, consisting of old and steady people. At four o'clock I appear; at six Charlotte leaves, and I then make the party of my mother [*i.e.*, make up the rubber] till eight."

It was not a very lengthened visit for a young girl to pay the mother who was passionately fond of her, but it was long enough to instil into the Princess Charlotte warm affection and keen sympathy for the parent from whom she was virtually separated. Caroline herself was never weary of speaking of her child in her frequent letters to Miss Hayman, to whom she wrote in very fair English.

"I must entertain you," runs one of her letters, dated 1808, "with the wit and amiableness of my daughter. She has been for two months at Bognor, and she wrote to me twice a week without the assistance of bishop, tutor, or governess; and she wrote just as she felt and thought, from first impulses; and if she remains so natural in her thoughts and feelings she will be very delightful for the private as well as for the public. Our first meeting will be at Kensington next Tuesday, which is very delightful."

"Since the investigation," says Mr. Fitzgerald,



“the Princess of Wales had attracted but little attention. She lived at Kensington Palace, where she held a sort of Court, and was duly attended by the Tory nobility, who, knowing that the King was on her side, made it a point to pay their respects. Among them were the Dukes of Beaufort and Rutland, Lords Harrowby and Eldon, Mr. Percival and others. There could be no doubt that the influence of the good old monarch contributed to hold all parties in check, and that the Princess herself was thus restrained from imprudent proceedings. She lived in great state at her palace, keeping also her villa at Blackheath, to which she would make excursions and bring friends to dine. She was seen at fashionable routes and parties—a strange looking personage at times. At a ball at Mr. Hope’s, of ‘Anastasius’ celebrity, she danced. ‘Such an exhibition,’ says Miss Berry, who was presented to her that night; ‘but that she did not at all feel for herself she should have felt for her. Such an over-dressed, bare-bosomed, painted-eyebrowed figure, one never saw.’ But allowance should have been made for the consciousness of her false position, hunted and harassed and watched. ‘Although,’ says one of her observers in a graphic passage, ‘during the last year of her life she was bloated and disfigured by sorrow and by the life she led, the Princess was in her early youth a pretty woman: fine light hair—very delicately-formed features, and a fine complexion—quick, glancing, penetrating eyes, long cut and rather sunk in the head, which gave them much expression—and a remarkably delicately-formed mouth; but her head was always too large for her body, and her neck too short; and latterly her whole figure was like a ball, and her countenance became hardened, and

an expression of defiance and boldness took possession of it that was very unpleasant. Nevertheless, when she chose to assume it, she had a very noble air.'

"She had, however, friends that were really respectable, such as Lady Anne Hamilton and Mrs. Damer. But these were gradually supplanted by a 'set' of persons whose characters were marked by instability and lightness, even eccentricity. Among these were the gay and airy Lady Charlotte Campbell, a *passée* beauty, whose head was turned by vanity and admiration; Lady Caroline Lamb; Lord Abercorn, the odd nobleman who slept in black satin sheets; the volatile 'Monk' Lewis; the singular Ward; Lady Oxford, whose name was 'in the papers'; and the lively Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, with many more. 'Her conversation,' says Miss Berry, 'is certainly uncommonly lively, odd, and clever. What a pity that she has not a grain of common sense, not an ounce of ballast to prevent high spirits and a coarse mind running away with her, and allowing her to act indecorously and ridiculously whenever an occasion offers.' These words describe her accurately. On these occasions she had with her the boy 'Billy Austin,' who had been the cause of such troubles, and whom she ought to have sent to school. But there was a merit in the constancy with which she clung to those whom she had once taken up. She was fond of wild and indiscreet pranks, such as going to masquerades incognita. She was at this time completely under the influence of some Italian singers named Sapia; the result of which was that no really steady persons could continue long in her establishment. 'The Princess,' says her friend, 'is always seeking amusement, and unfortunately, often at the ex-

pense of prudence and propriety. She cannot endure a dull person; she has often said to me: "I can forgive any fault but that." And the anathema she frequently pronounces upon such persons is: "Mine God! dat is the dullest person God Almighty ever did born!" But all this was really a foolishly assumed exultation to cover her woes, and the unhappy lady was seeking such excitement to forget her trials. By 1813 she had ruefully owned to a friend that her situation was hopeless, and that there was no issue save the death of one of the two. This issue she used openly to discuss and long for, and anticipate. 'After dinner,' says her attendant, 'Her Royal Highness made a wax figure as usual, and gave it an amiable addition of large horns; then took three pins out of her garment and stuck them through and through, and put the figure to roast and melt at the fire. What a silly piece of spite! Yet it is impossible not to laugh when one sees it done.' One of her ladies reported her eagerly coming in with one of Mr. Burke's works in her hand. 'Read it,' she said, 'he has drawn the Prince's character exactly.' The passage ran: 'A man without any sense as a Prince, without any regard to the dignity of his crown, and without any love to his people; dissolute, false, venal, destitute of any positive good qualities whatever, except a pleasant temper and the manners of a gentleman.' This was told everywhere—a lamentable indiscretion, to say the least. Passages in her letters show a lively wit and observation. Thus: 'Lord Deerhurst is quite a joke to the secret marriage of the ci-devant Mrs. Panton with a Mr. Geldi, and why it is kept a secret, and why it is made public, nobody can guess, as she was her own mistress—or that she thought that she

was public property, and that it would be essential to have an Act of Parliament to make an enclosure to become private property at a moment's warning.

“It is remarkable and perplexing too, that she should have attached to her interests two men of remarkable ability and character, whose support through the troubles that followed were of incalculable advantage — Mr. Canning and Mr. Brougham. The former has been believed to enjoy a particular partiality, and his extraordinary devotion to her at a later crisis, almost to the imperilling of his interests, was remarkable, so that, as Lord Campbell tells us, in one of his piquant narratives, ‘the Regent condescended to be jealous of him.’ That she should have carried on the struggle for the next eight years that followed, without Mr. Brougham’s aid, seems unlikely, for though she had many champions as ardent, she had none so powerful and sagacious.”

## CHAPTER III.

**Caroline's pecuniary difficulties—Insanity of the King—Letter of the Princess—Her amusements—Her dress—Her letter to Lady Charlotte Lindsay—Her indiscreet confidences—Her reception of Campbell and Rogers—Her affection for her child—Description of Princess Charlotte—Caroline's letter to Lady Charlotte—Her remonstrance to her husband—Death of the Duchess of Brunswick—Caroline's farewell to her brother—Her letters to Miss Hayman—Her removal to Connaught House—Her foolish proceedings—Betrothal of the Princess Charlotte—Misgivings of the bride-elect—Arrival of the Emperor of Russia—Correspondence of the Queen and the Princess of Wales—Caroline's letter to the Prince Regent—Her unselfishness.**

IN 1809 the Princess of Wales was found to be in pecuniary difficulties. She possessed no treasurer, and had herself the vaguest ideas of money; consequently she had, as she discovered, run into debt to the extent of £50,000. She was obliged to apply to the Ministers for aid. "A final arrangement was then come to. The Prince and Princess signed a deed of separation. The former consented to pay the debts to the amount of £49,000, on condition of being held non-responsible for any future liabilities incurred by his consort. Her fixed income was settled at £22,000 per annum, under the control of a treasurer, who was to discharge the remaining liabilities out of the present year's income, and to guard against any others occurring in years to come, if he could."\*

The following year a serious misfortune befell Caroline in the hopeless insanity of the King, who had always been her true friend. The chief cause of this permanent return of his mental malady

\* Dr. Doran.

was the lingering illness and subsequent death of his youngest and best-loved daughter, the Princess Amelia. It was believed by many that she had contracted a secret marriage with a Captain Fitzroy, into whose society she had been much thrown during the frequent visits of the Court to Weymouth. It is to this—in all probability well-founded—report, that the Princess of Wales refers in a letter to a friend, describing her reception by the Queen when she went to pay a visit of sympathy and inquiry.

“DEAR——

“I am in a state of rage, being just returned from a visit to the Queen, who received me in a most cavalier manner. Luckily, I restrained myself whilst in her august presence; but I could have abused her gloriously, so angry did I feel at the old Begum. I will not submit again in a hurry to such a reception. She never asked me to sit down. Imagine such a piece of ridiculous pride! And when I asked after my poor, dear uncle, and said I should like to see him, she made me for answer, ‘The King is quite well, but he will not see you.’ I replied, ‘Madame, I shall ask his Majesty himself.’ She said *nothing*, but smiled her abominable smile of derision.

“Talking of kings and queens, I heard the other day, from a lady who lives a good deal at Court and with courtiers, that a most erroneous opinion is formed in general of the Princess E—. The good-humour for which she has credit is only an outward show, and this is exemplified in her conduct to the poor Princess A—, who is dying—quite given over, though her decay may be slow and tedious. The Princess — and S— are

devoted to her; but the Princess E— treats her with the most cruel unkindness and ill-temper. So much for Court gossip. Thank God I do not live with them! Everybody believes Princess A— is married to Mr. F—y, and they say she has confessed her marriage to the King, who is miserable at his expected loss of his daughter, who is his favourite; and I do not wonder, for she always appeared to me the most amiable of the whole set. So she is destined to be taken away. Well, perhaps it is as happy for her, *poor thing*, that she should; for there is not much felicity, I believe, amidst dem all. When I left the royal presence, I thought to myself, ‘You shall not catch me here again in a hurry.’ No, truly, I would rather have *nothing* to do with *de* Royal Family, and be treated as a cipher, than be subject to such haughtiness as I was shown to-day.”

When the condition of the Sovereign grew hopeless, the Prince of Wales became virtually King, and as his power increased, the number of his wife’s friends materially diminished. Nor did the wildness of her proceedings maintain either her dignity or her popularity. She delighted in expeditions incognita, heedless of the undesirable situations in which she sometimes placed herself, and was utterly deaf to all entreaties or remonstrances. On one occasion, according to the author of the “Diary of the Court and Times of George IV.,” “the Princess set out to walk, accompanied by myself and one of her ladies, round Kensington Gardens. At last, being wearied, her Royal Highness sat down on a bench occupied by two old persons, and she con-

versed with them, to my infinite amusement, they being perfectly ignorant who she was. She asked them all manner of questions about herself, to which they replied favourably. Her lady, I observed, was considerably alarmed, and was obliged to draw her veil over her face to prevent her betraying herself, and every moment I was myself afraid that something not so favourable might be expressed by these good people. Fortunately this was not the case, and her Royal Highness walked away undiscovered, having informed them that if they would be at such a door, at such an hour, at the palace, on any day, they would meet with the Princess of Wales, to see whom they expressed the strongest desire." Another time, when she was going to visit the British Museum, she found three of her gentlemen, Keppell Craven, Gell, and Mercer, awaiting her commands. "Now," she cried, "toss up a guinea to see which shall be the happy two to come with me!" Unluckily, not one of the three had a guinea among them, so the Princess was reduced to having the two she preferred. One thing in which she contrived to give great umbrage to many was her custom of having dinner parties and concerts on Sunday. Her ideas of dress were fantastic. On one of her birthdays she received her congratulatory visitors wrapped in a pink dressing-gown; and in 1811 Miss Murray records in her "Recollections" that her brother beheld her, at Woolwich, "in a gorgeous dress, looped up to show her petticoat, with silver wings on her shoulders, sitting under a tree, with a pot of porter on her knee." In the same year she wrote the following lively letter to her friend, Lady Charlotte Lindsay:—



“January 3rd, 1811.

“MY DEAR LADY CHARLOTTE,

“I am like the Roman Empire, in a state of ‘decadence.’ When you meet me again in the month of March, the most violent pain, which you must remember I had once in my loins at the time you were with me at Kensington, paid me again a visit on New Year’s Day, and wished me joy (I suppose) on the season. This visitor gave me the most insinuating pain imaginable; and the spirit of turpentine, which I used most unmercifully upon my old carcas, has vanished the phantom who destroyed my peace like Major Arvay (*sic*), which deprived me from meeting you at dear Lady Glenbervie’s, if not a cold had oppressed you also. I don’t invite you for Monday, as I am not sure whether you will at that time not already be at the Priory; besides, it will be very dull, as only duty brings me to town, to make first a visit in Hanover Square [where the Duchess of Brunswick was then living], and then an early dinner at five o’clock at Kensington. I only sleep one night there, as they tell me it is not proper to fly by night, ‘pour la future reine,’ though I trust and hope that I am safer now than I have ever been—that that misfortune will not come over my head, as the accounts are every day better and better. I hope you are delighted with my dear friend Canning’s speech [on the Regency], which was eloquent, judicious, and energetic. I have seen nobody since last Sunday. I sat between two philosophers, the one Greek and the other Hebrew. Mrs. Fish sat opposite them, like the figure of Justice with the scales in her hand, measuring their words and sentiments, which, I am sure, she, even by concatenation of

ideas, did not understand, and they were like hypotheses and hyperboles to her waving brain.

"By the newspapers of to-day I see that Lady Oxford is arrived at her new residence; and if it is the case that for once they say the truth, tell her that I shall be at Kensington on the 7th, and if she will come at ten o'clock, with my Lord and Lady Jane—Lord Archibald—I shall be delighted; otherwise she must come one morning, which we will then fix, to Blackheath.

"Give my love to your friends at Lisbon, and tell them in what a state of seclusion I now live in, and of despair that they are from their native country. The first restrictions which it seems the present Regent has made upon Kensington is to be to appear in the garment of melancholy on the 7th, which, of course, as I am his first subject, I submit to without protest. I suppose you know that I remain here in this delightful and solitary recluse, and sedentary residence, till the 9th of February. My best compliments to Lord and Lady Abercrombie, and to the proud Aberdeen, who will not accept my box, at which I am very angry; for the moment Miss Hayman comes, I intend to procure a person who shall take it entirely off my hands for the present season, as certainly I shall not go again to the play for a long time. The reason I will tell you when we meet. I wish Miss Hayman was now with me, as she is entertaining and of high spirits, and at Kensington she is as a lost good between the many entertaining and pleasant people I meet there. Even the snow don't prevent me from walking. I have only been two days confined to my room. It is very true that a certain portfolio has been very much increased since my 'séjour in this little cabane.' I am now about writing a

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novel, of which the scene lies in Greece, and the topography of Mr. Gell's book will be of very great use to me to make it as probable as possible.

"I expect Mrs. Pole in ten days. Poor, dear Mrs. Beauclerk does nothing but writing, and plaguing me to death with her unentertaining letters. I answered her for once, and told her that from my fireside, and the snow on the top house, and Mrs. Leslie's witticisms, I could not make out any sort of suitable letter to a friend; but, unmercifully, she has answered me immediately, two instead of one.

"Now I think it is high time that I also close my letter, as otherwise I fear you would also accuse me as I did Mrs. Beauclerk, on the fluency of my pen, and the sterility of subjects; and believe me only your sincere and affectionately,

"C. P."

Writing the novel referred to above was not the only literary pursuit in which the Princess indulged about this time. She kept a MS. book in which she wrote down the characters of the leading persons of English society, "in indifferent English, but with great boldness and spirit."\* These occupations, and reading aloud, filled up the time not occupied by her often imprudent expeditions, and her dinner parties, which used to be prolonged to an unconscionable time. Once a wearied guest ventured to suggest that it was already morning. "Oh!" cried the Princess, "God, He knows when we may meet again!" And added, using her own favourite and singular expression, "*To tell you God's truth*, when I am happy and comfortable I would sit on for ever." "There was heaviness in the mirth,"

\* Dr. Doran

says the author of the "Diary of the Times of George IV.," describing this particular evening, "and everyone seemed to feel it; so they sat on. At last one rose from the table, many of the guests went away, some few lingered in the drawing-room, amongst whom I was one. I was left the last of all. Scarcely had Sir H. Englefield, Sir William Gell, and Mr. Craven reached the drawing-room when a long and protracted roll of thunder echoed all around, and shook the palace to the very foundations; a bright light shone into the room, brighter than the beams of the sun; a violent hissing noise followed, and some ball of electric fluid, very like that which is represented on the stage, seemed to fall close to the window where we were standing. Scarcely had we recovered the shock, when all the gentlemen who had gone out returned, and Sir H. Englefield informed us that the sentinel at the door was knocked down, a great portion of the gravel walk torn up, and every servant and soldier was terrified. 'Oh!' said the Princess, undismayed, but solemnly, 'this forebodes my downfall,' and she shook her head; then rallying, she desired Sir H. Englefield to take especial notice of this meteoric phenomenon, and give an account of it in the 'Philosophical Transactions;' which he did."

At these dinners she used to converse on her own affairs with all her usual unreserve. What little good was in her, she told Count Munster, was due to his mother, who had been her governess; and she told queer anecdotes of her early married life. "One of the civil things his Highness said just at first was to find fault with my shoes; and as I was very young and lively in those days, I told him to make me a better pair and

send them to me. I brought letters from all the Princes and Princesses to him from all the petty Courts, and I tossed them to him and said, 'There, that's to prove I am not an impostor.'" She resented bitterly the defection of some of her old friends. "No, no! there is no more society for me in England; for do you think, if Lady Harrowby and the Duchess of Beaufort, and all of that set, were to come round to me now that I would invite them to my intimacy? Never! They left me without a reason, as time-servers, and I never can wish for them back again."

On the 19th of June, 1811, the Regent gave a magnificent *fête* at Carlton House, ostensibly to promote the use of national manufactures, at which the Comte de Lisle, as the future Louis XVIII. then called himself, and the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême were present. Questionable filial taste was exhibited in having such an entertainment at a time when the old King was in so precarious a state that it was doubtful to the last moment whether the *fête* would not of necessity be postponed. "The hopes and fears of the beau monde," we are told, "rose and fell with the bulletins." The Princess of Wales was, of course, not included in the invitations, but she made a jest of the neglect, "declaring she was like an archbishop's wife, who does not partake in her husband's honours. She even allowed her suite to go, and furnished them with new dresses, saying, 'That they should certainly obey the Regent's commands.'"\*

It was about this time that the poet Campbell was presented to the Princess at Blackheath by Lady Charlotte Campbell, and had the honour of dancing a reel with her Royal Highness. His

\* Percy Fitzgerald.

impressions of her were decidedly favourable. "To say what I think of her," he wrote, "without being bribed by the smiles of royalty—she is certainly what you would call in Scotch a fine body; not *fine* in the English sense of the word, but she is good-humoured, appears to be very kind-hearted, is very acute, naïve, and entertaining; the accent makes her, perhaps, comic. . . . I heard that she was coarse and indelicate. I have spent many hours with her and Lady Charlotte alone, and I can safely say she showed us no symptoms of that vulgarity attributed to her."

Another poet, Rogers, was also admitted to her intimacy, and has left some interesting notes of his intercourse with her. "The Princess was," he said, "very good-natured and agreeable. She once sent to me at four o'clock in the afternoon to say that she was coming to sup with me that night. I returned word that I should feel highly honoured by her coming, but that unfortunately it was too late to make up a party to meet her. She came, however, bringing with her Sir William Drummond. . . . I was to dine on a certain day with the Princess of Wales at Kensington, and, thinking that Ward (Lord Dudley) was to be of the party, I wrote to him, proposing that we should go together. His answer was: 'Dear Rogers, I am not invited. The fact is, when I dined there last, I made several rather free jokes; and the Princess, taking me perhaps for a clergyman, has not invited me back again.' One night, at Kensington, I had the Princess for my partner in a country dance of fourteen couple. I exerted myself to the utmost; but not quite to her satisfaction, for she kept calling out to me, 'Vite, vite!'"

Whatever faults she was accused of, want of affection for her child was certainly not among them; and we find her writing with much gratification of the impression the Princess Charlotte produced on the Queen and Princesses at Windsor, whither she was sent to be in retirement at the time of the *fête* given by her father.

"Charlotte has been three weeks at Windsor, to be out of the way of these violent doings in her neighbourhood, and the Queen and all the Princesses have been delighted with her, and quite astonished to find out at last how very clever, charming, and entertaining a creature she is. She is just returned, and in a month she goes to Bognor."

The Queen, could she have had her own way, would have allowed no intercourse whatever between the Princess of Wales and her daughter; and was reported to have declared that, if the mother had "the impertinence" to come to Windsor to see her child, Lady de Clifford, the young Princess's governess, ought to have the power of turning her out. The rumour of this speech unluckily came to Caroline's ears; and it is to it she alludes in a note to Miss Hayman, dated August, 1812.

"My daughter is now at Windsor; she came to pay a visit to my mother on her birthday, for which reason I do not expect her this week; but next week and week following, if she does not come I shall certainly go to Windsor, and have the honour to be turned out by Her Gracious Majesty." That so decorous a lady as Queen Charlotte really did make so impolitic a speech seems very unlikely; and is rendered doubly so by the fact that not long before she had, on the Princess of Wales' birthday, sent her a very hand-

some aigrette as a present—a souvenir which provoked from Princess Charlotte, who was with her mother when it arrived, the rather flippant remark, that it was “really pretty well, considering who sent it!”

The young Princess, now between sixteen and seventeen, was a frank, warm-hearted, impulsive girl, with the making of a very noble character, and a passionate love for her mother. Her father cordially disliked her, and her grandmother treated her coldly and stiffly; she had a lonely and unhappy life, and was brought up amid rigour and unkindness enough to have ruined any but an essentially sweet and healthy nature. “She was,” says Lord Brougham, “a person of great abilities, tolerably well-cultivated. She had her mother’s quickness, but with more habitual reflection and more deliberate judgment; and she inherited her resolute courage and determination of character. Her temper was somewhat violent and irascible, and her preceptors had failed in taming it. When a mere child she was desired by one of them (I think the Bishop) to pause before she spoke when anything irritated her, and it was recommended that she should say the Lord’s Prayer. It used to be said that she was sometimes heard to run over it with such haste as to make it unintelligible, in order to give her feelings vent. There can be no doubt that, with his extreme discretion and good-temper, and the perfect affection prevailing between them, Prince Leopold succeeded in removing the only defect that was ever imputed to her. From her mother she inherited another great quality besides her courage—she was free from anything mean, or spiteful, or revengeful, in an extraordinary degree. She was entirely without affecta-



tion or pretence; she had no pride; her manners were natural and playful; her affections were warm and constant. Her attachment to her mother resisted all attempts which were made by art or violence (for both were used) to alter or lessen it. Their tastes were similar; both were fond of reading, and of the arts, especially sculpture, in which the young Princess had considerable excellence." Her appearance was striking, though she was not absolutely handsome. She was above the middle height, her figure was fine and well-developed, she had regular and well-cut features, a finely-shaped head, and very pretty hands and feet.

"It was a defect in her face that there was a total absence of shade. Her eyebrows and eyelashes were white, her complexion pale and disfigured by marks of small-pox. In the higher forms of expression her ardent mind counteracted the want of colouring, and her countenance beamed with her quiet emotions. The slight hesitation in her speech had not entirely disappeared, but her voice was flexible, and, though sometimes loud, was never unmusical."\*

The restrictions placed on the Princess of Wales' intercourse with her daughter made her fiercely indignant—not without reason—against the Prince Regent and his supporters, among whom the Queen was the most prominent. In the summer of 1812 Caroline addressed a letter to the Prince, which, before being sent, was submitted to Earl Grey and Mr. Brougham, who, with Mr. Whitbread, were among her staunchest and truest friends. It was written by the Princess, unaided, and was, as Brougham remarked, "in *German*, rather than English," adding at the same

\* Lady Rose Weigall.

time that the Princess had "behaved with great discretion, and even judgment and skill." Lord Grey, in reply to Lord Brougham, wrote, "I think you did quite right in recommending that the letter should be sent as she had written it. It is very good in substance, and the style proving it to be her own is an advantage." Lady Charlotte Lindsey, who took an active part in all that concerned her royal mistress, forwarded to Mr. Brougham the following letter from the Princess, in which she speaks, with natural indignation, of the treatment which had led to the framing of the remonstrance.

"MY DEAR LADY CHARLOTTE,

"Many thanks for your two kind notes; and I beg of you to send, as soon as possible, the two enclosed papers to Mr. Brougham; and mention to him, in the first place, that he is at liberty to show all the papers, present and future, to Lord Grey; secondly, that Lady Elizabeth and Mr. Whitbread saw the papers, and are aware of this cruel treatment; thirdly, that my daughter is perfectly aware of this dreadful barbarism, and that if possible her attachment is more steady and strong than ever before, and her eyes are completely opened to all the bad proceedings and illegal proceedings since my being in this country; that her father hardly speaks to her, and that she is not in the least anxious that they should be upon another footing in the future; in short, that she has a complete contempt of her father's character, which she obtained, *not from influence, but from her own sagacity, and experience which she has made of a similar ill-treatment.* She abhors *the Queen and the Duke of Cumberland.* She has no confidence in any of the Princesses, nor in

either of the Dukes. Miss Elphinstone, as well as Lady Barbara Ashley—two young ladies of whose acquaintance the Prince had approved two years ago, and who were the only (*sic*) she ever corresponded with—these letters were intercepted by the special order of the Regent; and though there was no high treason in them, *the correspondence was forbid, as well as the waiting*, for which reason my daughter has no other intimate friend than her mother. That she writes every day twelve pages, and sometimes more, having nobody to whom she could open her heart so freely and so trusty. I should be very grateful to all the family for having adopted this new plan to write, to prevent that I should ever have any influence over her as my daughter; and I am now so united that no event could make a disunion between us. Even the great difficulty to get a letter to her, and to receive one, gives a zest to our correspondence. So you will see, my Dear Lady Charlotte, by the letter from the Chancellor to Lady de Clifford, that there is no objection for the writing to me. I cannot otherwise look upon it than a trap to get possession of our correspondence, but which will be unsuccessful, as the letters are sent to Lady de Clifford's house, under her address, sealed with my own seal; and her confidential servant carries them himself down every two days. Lady de Clifford was to have been sent away if she had not shown proper spirit in mentioning to the Regent that, if he intended to send her away, Lord Albemarle, and her son, Lord de Clifford, would ask an audience of the Regent to be acquainted with the reason for which Lady de Clifford was dismissed; for which reason, for the present, she is not moved. Charlotte is quite aware of it, and is perfectly determined to refuse any governess

whatever, as she knows she is of age, and wishes to continue to keep Lady de Clifford about her, either as governess or as Lady of the Bedchamber. Now, my dear Lady Charlotte, I leave to your own judgment into what small compass you intend to forward all this budget of complaint and plague. I trust I shall soon have the pleasure of seeing you again; and I am glad to hear that your new brother-in-law is good for something, and that it will succeed.

“Yours,

“C. P.

“My daughter came to Blackheath this Tuesday. Saturday, the 22nd, she is to come to Kensington. Friday, the 21st—the Duke of Clarence’s birthday—everybody shall be at Frogmore, for which reason she is with me the Saturday, 22nd of August.”

Lady de Clifford, of whom both mother and daughter thought so highly, was obliged by ill-health to resign her office in the following autumn; and the Princess Charlotte ventured to beg her father to allow her to have henceforth a “Lady of the Bedchamber,” in lieu of a new governess. This innocent request brought upon her head an explosion of anger. The Regent, who detested his daughter on her mother’s account, and whose one wish was to keep her in seclusion, came down to Windsor, bringing with him Lord Eldon; and both Prince and Chancellor scolded the poor young Princess, “as a couple of angry nurses might scold a child of five years old.”\* The post of governess was given to the Dowager Duchess of Leeds; and the Regent removed his daughter

\* Lady Rose Weigall.

from Windsor to Warwick House, a dull-looking, small building, close to his own residence of Carlton House, so that he might in future be able to quell such alarming outbreaks of insubordination in the bud.

The Princess, it must be admitted, did not want for boldness in replying to her august papa. "She had given the Queen the nickname of 'The Merry Wife of Windsor,' for which she had been reprimanded. 'Don't you know,' he said, 'my mother is the Queen of England.' 'And *you* seem to forget that *my* mother is Princess of Wales;" a retort which must have rankled in his mind."\*

In January, 1813, Caroline, aided by her advisers, addressed another remonstrance to her husband. It was sent to him through the hands of Lady Charlotte Campbell, Lord Liverpool, and Lord Eldon. "It was immediately returned unopened. The letter was sent back as before. It was again returned, with an intimation that the Prince would not depart from his determination not to enter into any correspondence. Under legal advice, it was once more transmitted, with a demand that the ministers should submit it to the Prince. Finally, intimation was conveyed to the Princess that the Regent had become acquainted with the contents of the letter, but had no reply to make to it. Upon this the letter was published in a morning paper. Though addressed to the Regent, it was evidently intended for the public solely; and its appearance in the papers excited a wrath in the Prince which brought upon the Princess much of her subsequent persecution, and exposed her to considerable present animadversion even at the hands of many of her friends."†

The letter which caused so much excitement,

\* Percy Fitzgerald.

† Dr. Doran.

and which drew on the characters concerned in it so much unenviable notoriety, ran as follows :—

“SIR,

“It is with great reluctance that I presume to intrude myself upon your Royal Highness, and to solicit your attention to matters which may, at first, appear rather of a personal than a public nature. If I could think them so, if they related merely to myself, I should abstain from a proceeding which might give uneasiness, or interrupt the more weighty occupations of your Royal Highness's time; I should continue in silence and retirement to lead the life which has been prescribed to me, and console myself for the loss of that society and those domestic comforts to which I have been so long a stranger, by the reflection that it has been deemed proper I should be afflicted, without any fault of my own, and that your Royal Highness knows it.

“But, Sir, there are are considerations of a higher nature than any regard to my own happiness, which render this address a duty both to myself and my daughter; may I venture to say a duty also to my husband, and the people committed to his care? There is a point beyond which a guiltless woman cannot with safety carry her forbearance; if her honour is invaded, the defence of her reputation is no longer a matter of choice; and it signifies not whether the attack be made openly, manfully, and directly, or by secret insinuations, and by holding such conduct towards her as countenances all the suspicions that malice can suggest. If these ought to be the feelings of every woman in England who is conscious she deserves no reproach, your Royal Highness has too much judgment, and too nice a sense of honour,

not to perceive how much more justly they belong to the mother of your daughter—the mother of her who is designed, I trust, at a very distant period, to reign over the British empire.

“It may be known to your Royal Highness, that during the continuance of the restrictions upon your royal authority I was still inclined to delay taking this step, in the hope that I might owe the redress I sought to your gracious and unsolicited condescension. I have waited in the fond indulgence of this expectation, until, to my inexpressible mortification, I find that my unwillingness to complain has only produced fresh grounds of complaint; and I am at length compelled either to abandon all regard to the two dearest objects which I possess on earth—mine own honour and my beloved child—or to throw myself at the feet of your Royal Highness, the natural protector of both.

“I presume, Sir, to represent to your Royal Highness, that the separation, which every succeeding month is making wider, of the mother and the daughter, is equally injurious to my character and to her education. I say nothing of the deep wound which so cruel an arrangement inflicts upon my feelings, although I would fain hope that few persons will be found of a disposition to think lightly of this. To see myself cut off from one of the very few domestic enjoyments left me—certainly the only one upon which I set any value, the society of my child—involves me in such misery as I well know your Royal Highness never could inflict upon me if you were aware of its bitterness. Our intercourse has been gradually diminished; a single interview weekly seemed sufficiently hard allowance for a mother’s affections; that, however, was reduced to our meeting

once a fortnight; and I now learn that even this most rigorous interdiction is to be still more rigidly enforced. But while I do not venture to intrude my feelings as a mother upon your Royal Highness's notice, I must be allowed to say, in the eyes of an observing and jealous world, this separation of a daughter from her mother will only admit of one construction—a construction fatal to the mother's reputation. Your Royal Highness will also pardon me for adding, that there is no less inconsistency than injustice in this treatment. He who dares advise your Royal Highness to overlook the evidence of my innocence, and disregard the sentence of complete acquittal which it produced, or is wicked and false enough still to whisper suspicions in your ear, betrays his duty to you, Sir, to your daughter, and to your people, if he counsels you to admit a day to pass without a further investigation of my conduct. I know that no such calumniator will venture to recommend a measure which must speedily end in his utter confusion.

“Then let me implore you to reflect on the situation in which I am placed: without the shadow of a charge against me; without even an accuser; after an inquiry that led to my ample vindication, yet treated as if I were still more culpable than the perjuries of my suborned traducers represented me, holding me up to the world as a mother who may not enjoy the society of her only child.

“The feelings, Sir, which are natural to my unexampled situation, might justify me in the gracious judgment of your Royal Highness, had I no other motives for addressing you but such as relate to myself. The serious, and soon it may be the irreparable, injury which my daughter



sustains from the plan at present pursued, has done more in overcoming my reluctance to intrude upon your Royal Highness than any sufferings of my own could accomplish. And if for her sake I presume to call away your Royal Highness from the other cares of your exalted station, I feel confident I am not claiming this for a matter of inferior importance either to yourself or your people.

"The powers with which the Constitution of these realms vests your Royal Highness in the regulation of the Royal Family, I know, because I am so advised, are ample and unquestionable. My appeal, Sir, is made to your excellent sense and liberality of mind in the exercise of those powers; and I willingly hope that your own parental feelings will lead you to excuse the anxiety of mine for impelling me to represent the unhappy consequences which the present system must entail upon our beloved child.

"Is it possible, Sir, that anyone can have attempted to persuade your Royal Highness that her character will not be injured by the perpetual violence offered to her strongest affections, the studied care taken to estrange her from my society, and even to interrupt all communication between us? That her love for one with whom, by his Majesty's wise and gracious arrangements, she passed the years of her infancy and childhood never can be extinguished, I well know, and the knowledge of it forms the greatest blessing of my existence. But let me implore your Royal Highness to reflect how inevitably all attempts to abate this attachment by forcibly separating us, if they succeed, must injure my child's principles: if they fail, must destroy her happiness.

"The plan of excluding my daughter from all

intercourse with the world appears, to my humble judgment, peculiarly unfortunate. She who is destined to be the sovereign of this great country, enjoys none of those advantages of society which are deemed necessary for imparting a knowledge of mankind to persons who have infinitely less occasion to learn that important lesson ; and it may so happen, by a chance which I trust is very remote, that she should be called upon to exercise the powers of the Crown with an experience of the world more confined than that of the most private individual. To the extraordinary talents with which she is blessed, and which accompany a disposition as singularly amiable, frank, and decided, I willingly trust much ; but beyond a certain point the greatest natural endowments cannot struggle against the disadvantages of circumstances and situation.

“ It is my earnest prayer, for her own sake as well as for her country’s, that your Royal Highness may be induced to pause before this point be reached.

“ Those who have advised you, Sir, to delay so long the period of my daughter’s commencing her intercourse with the world, and for that purpose to make Windsor her residence, appear not to have regarded the interruptions of her education which this arrangement occasions, both by the impossibility of obtaining proper teachers, and the time unavoidably consumed in the frequent journeys to town which she must make, unless she has to be secluded from all intercourse, even with your Royal Highness and the rest of the Royal Family. To the same unfortunate counsel I ascribe a circumstance in every way so distressing both to my parental and religious feelings, that my daughter has never yet enjoyed the benefit of confirmation,

although above a year older than the age at which all the other branches of the Royal Family have partaken of that solemnity. May I earnestly conjure you, Sir, to hear my entreaties upon this serious matter, even if you should listen to other advisers on things of less near concernment to the welfare of our child.

"The pain at which I have at length formed the resolution of addressing myself to your Royal Highness, is such as I should in vain attempt to express. If I could only adequately describe it, you might be enabled, Sir, to estimate the strength of the motives which have made me subject to it; they are the most powerful feelings of affection, and the deepest impressions of duty towards your Royal Highness, my beloved child, and the country, which I devoutly hope she may be preserved to govern, and to show, by a new example, the liberal affection of a true and generous people to a virtuous and constitutional monarch.—I am, Sir, with profound respect, and an attachment which nothing can alter, your Royal Highness's most devoted and most affectionate consort, cousin, and subject,

"CAROLINE.

"Montague House,  
"January 14th, 1813."

The result of this letter was to cause the Princess Charlotte's attendants to be commanded never to leave her alone with her mother during her visits to Kensington. That his wife should have dared to publish such a manifesto against him almost maddened the Regent; and he was, if possible, still further irritated when the courageous lady addressed a letter to Parliament, "denouncing the system which pronounced her

guilty without letting her know on what evidence the verdict was founded, and without allowing her to produce testimony to rebut it; and requiring that a full and strict investigation should be authorized, from which she felt that her honour would issue pre-eminently triumphant."\* What the Prince could do to punish both mother and child he did, and the descendant of Plantagenets and Stuarts, the "first gentleman of Europe," aided by advisers only less high-minded and chivalrous than himself, "raked up all the parts of the evidence taken in the secret inquiry of 1806, and published whatever was unexplained, and which made against the Princess, without giving the judgment of entire acquittal pronounced by the commission, composed principally of the Prince's friends after full examination of the whole matter."†

Such almost inconceivable baseness roused the whole nation in her defence, and if personal popularity and universal indignation against her persecutor could have satisfied the Princess, she would have been a happy woman; but all the addresses of congratulation and marks of sympathy that poured in upon her could not console her for the still more stringent regulations against intercourse with her child.

In the midst of the excitement concerning these proceedings, Caroline's mother, the old Duchess of Brunswick, died somewhat unexpectedly, on the 22nd of March. The Princess of Wales had visited her on that day, and had left, believing her to be in no serious danger; but a few hours later she suddenly sank, and died later in the evening, at the age of seventy-six. The Princess Charlotte was allowed to visit her mother, in order to condole

\* Dr. Doran.

† Lord Brougham.

with her on her loss. It had been suggested that she should wait until after the funeral, but the daughter's feelings were too warm and quick to accede to such a delay; and perhaps the unexpected pleasure of seeing the child who was the dearest thing on earth to her went far to console Caroline for the loss of a mother whom she had never been able to respect, and for whom it was hardly possible she could feel any warm affection.

Not long after her mother's death, the Princess of Wales bade adieu to her brother, the Duke of Brunswick, whom she never saw again, although he did not fall until the Battle of Quatre Bras in 1815. The author of the "Diary of the Times of George IV.," gives a graphic account of this last interview, at which the Princess seems to have behaved with an apathy foreign to her nature.

"There never was a man so altered by the hope of glory. His stature seemed to dilate, and his eyes were animated with a fire and an expression of grandeur and delight which astonished me. I could not help thinking the Princess did not receive him with the warmth she ought to have done. He detailed to her the whole of the conversation he had with the ministers, the Prince Regent, etc. He mimicked them all admirably—particularly Lord Castlereagh—so well as to make us all laugh; and he gave the substance of what had passed between himself and those persons with admirable precision, in a kind of question and answer colloquy that was quite dramatic. I was astonished, for I had never seen any person so changed by circumstances. He really looked a hero. The Princess heard all that he said in a kind of sullen silence, while the tears were in several of the bystanders' eyes. At length the Duke of Brunswick said:—'The ministers refused

me all assistance ; they would promise me neither money nor arms. But I care not. I will go to Hamburg. I hear that there are some brave young men there who await my coming, and if I have only my orders from the Prince Regent, I will go without either money or arms, and gain both.' 'Perfectly right !' replied the Princess, with something like enthusiasm in her voice and manner. 'How did Bonaparte conquer the greater part of Europe ?' the Duke continued ; 'he had neither money nor arms, but he *took* them ; and if *he* did that, why should not *I*, who have so much more just a cause to defend ?' The Duke then proceeded to state how the Regent and the ministers were all at variance, and how he had obtained from the former an order he could not obtain from the ministers. After some further conversation he took leave of his sister. She did not embrace him. He held out his hand to me kindly, and named me familiarly. I felt a wish to express something of the kindly feeling I felt towards him ; but, I know not why, in her presence, who ought to have felt so much more and who seemed to feel so little, I felt chilled and remained silent. I have often thought of that moment since with regret. When the Duke was fairly gone, however, she shed a few tears, and said emphatically, 'I shall never see him more !' "

The Princess of Wales was not permitted to call at Warwick House to see her daughter, but she could and did meet her in her daily drives. On one occasion the Princess Charlotte's carriage was far ahead, and the mother ordered her own to be driven quickly after it. The two vehicles came up with each other near the Serpentine, and the ladies leaned forward to kiss each other, and remained for a few minutes deep in conversation.

while a sympathetic crowd hovered round them, with ready cheers for the popular young Princess and her basely-treated mother.

Charlotte, who passed far more of her time at Windsor than was at all agreeable to her, and who was now nearly eighteen, and pining for more personal liberty, looked forward eagerly to her birthday—the 6th of January—when some change in her surroundings would, she hoped, be made. Her mother thus refers to her in a letter to Miss Hayman, dated October, 1813:—

“My daughter is still at Windsor, but is in hopes of coming to town in November. I have not seen her since two months, though she writes very frequently, and seems to have the same affection for me as formerly. She lives in great hopes that some change in her favour will take place in January, but I much doubt it. Father and daughter are not on a very comfortable footing, and the last time she saw him there was not a word spoken.”

In another letter to the same lady, a few weeks later, the Princess of Wales again refers to the household of her daughter:—

“Concerning the intended establishment for Princess Charlotte, it is a mere newspaper invention; there is no doubt that all parties are anxious that Miss Knight should leave Princess Charlotte except herself, and under that pretence she will have a Lady of the Bedchamber instead of her. Ministers are anxious Lady —— should have that place; the Regent is anxious to place Miss —— there; and Parliament will, one time or other, regret the injustice in their decision, in not bringing about her seeing her mother as frequently as would suit all parties. But this is such a wide field I could write volumes on it if I had time.

On November 5th it will be three months that I have not seen my daughter, though I receive almost every day a letter from her, yet the great caution that is necessary makes the intercourse more difficult and more unpleasant."

Shortly afterwards the Princess of Wales was "refused permission to remain in the palace at Kensington, on the ground that the Prince required it. The withdrawal of the use of Kensington Palace, with its privilege of firing, light, etc., made a serious difference; and she had now to look out for a house in town. When she selected Lady Reid's, in Curzon Street, and nearly concluded for it, it was refused to her. It almost seemed as if difficulties had been put in the way. She then fixed on Connaught House. Even the reputable banking house of Drummond's refused to let her overdraw for the small sum of £500."\*

Her new residence was the house now numbered "7, Connaught Place, Edgware Road." Here she gave a house-warming, which had more of melancholy than mirth. "We both of us," writes Miss Berry, on the 1st of December, speaking of her sister and herself, "dined with the Princess in Connaught Place, the first time she had given a dinner in her new home, which is still all upside down. The company consisted only of Gell and Craven, who arrived in town to-day, Lady C. Campbell, and Lady C. Lindsay in waiting. The Princess was particularly melancholy; wept when speaking to me of herself, confessed herself entirely overwhelmed with her situation and her prospects for the future. On the 30th the aspect was not gay. Dined at the Princess's. There were only Mr. Craven, Little Willy [Austin] and a young playfellow of his, and Lady Orme. These dinners

\* Percy Fitzgerald.



become insupportable. The dulness makes me almost ill in the course of a long evening, only interrupted by the Princess singing with Mr. Craven, which is a screeching of which no idea can be formed without hearing it." During her residence in this house Caroline diverted herself by expeditions that, in her position and circumstances, when the utmost caution was needful, were ruinously imprudent. "To amuse herself," wrote Lady Charlotte Campbell, "is as necessary to her Royal Highness as meat and drink, and she made Mr. Craven and Sir W. Gell and myself promise to go with her to the masquerade. She is to go out at her back-door, on the Uxbridge [Bayswater] Road, of which 'no person *under Heaven*' (her curious phraseology) has a key but her royal self, and we are to be in readiness to escort her Royal Highness in a hackney coach to the Albany, where we are to dress. What a mad scheme at such a moment, and without any strong motive either to run the risk! I looked grave when she proposed this amusement, but I knew I had only to obey. I thought of it all night with fear and trembling." This foolish arrangement was actually carried out, exactly as it had been planned; and one of the ladies who had been reluctantly compelled to join in it described afterwards how "she never was so frightened in her life as when she found herself at the bottom of Oxford Street, at twelve at night, on her cavalier's arm, and seeing her Royal Highness rolling on before her. It was a sensation betwixt laughing and crying, that she would never forget. The idea that the Princess might be recognized, and of course mobbed, and then the subsequent consequences, which would have been so fatal to her Royal Highness, were all so distressing that the

party of pleasure was one of real pain to her." Happily, the Princess escaped discovery, and no ill effects ensued from a frolic that was undeniably both reckless and undignified.

While she was thus amusing herself, and striving to forget the unsatisfying dreariness of her life in these unsuitable entertainments, events were happening which were of the highest interest and importance to her daughter, and through her, to herself. The Princess Charlotte was now just eighteen, and her father was anxious—in plain terms—to get rid of her. "He had hated and thwarted her from her birth. Her death would have been no grief to him if he could have divorced her mother."\* What he most wished was to marry her to some foreign prince, who would take her out of the country; and he seems to have hoped, from a passage in Baron Stockmar's "Memoirs," that, once abroad, she might easily forget her native land, become thoroughly settled in her husband's country, and be prevailed upon without difficulty to abdicate her right in favour of "any son who should be educated in England." Nor had the Prince Regent ever ceased to hope for the realization of his scheme of divorcing his wife, and possibly becoming the father of a son who should supplant his unloved daughter in her place of Heiress-Presumptive to the Crown. A suitor to carry out the devoted father's wishes was easily to be found. The young Prince of Orange, who, with his parents, had been driven from Holland to seek refuge in England, had been educated at Westminster and Oxford, served in the English army, and had been on the Duke of Wellington's staff in the Peninsula. "He was thus by tastes and associations English, and there-

\* Dr. Doran.

fore seemed peculiarly fitted to be the husband of the future Queen. But, on the other hand, he was heir to a Continental sovereignty; the expulsion of the French from Holland had reinstated his family, and it would be absolutely necessary for him to spend the greater part of his time for the future in Holland.”\*

This necessity was in itself the greatest recommendation of the young Prince's suit to the Regent; and he prepared to second it to the utmost of his power. How matters were arranged may be told in the Princess Charlotte's own words, in a letter to one of her most intimate friends, dated December 15th, 1813:—

“I cannot, after all your kindness to me, avoid or prevail on myself not to tell you *what has, and what is to happen*. . . . On Friday night the Prince of Orange arrived in England; the Prince (Regent) wished excessively I should see him, which I agreed to. On Sunday evening I dined at Carlton House, to meet him with a small party—the Castlereaghs, Liverpools, Lord Bathurst, two Fagels, besides the Duchess of Leeds, and myself and the Duke of Clarence. During the evening I was called out to say what I thought of him, and, in short, to decide in his favour or not, on so short an acquaintance. However, I decided, *and in his favour*; we are fiancé, or promis, therefore, on his return from Holland. I confess I was more agitated than I can express at the whole proceeding. The Prince was so much affected himself, but so happy, that it has appeared to me since like a dream! He was with me Monday and yesterday, when I took leave of him, as he is off to-day for Holland, and will not be able to return before spring. He thinks about April, when he

\* Lady Rose Weigall.

will go to Berlin and bring over his family here for a short time. He told me yesterday what has cut me to the heart nearly, that he *expected* and *wished* me to go abroad with him afterwards to Holland, but that I should have a home here and there, and be constantly coming backwards and forwards; that he wished me to go to Berlin, and travel in different parts of Germany. He was all kindness, I must say. At the same time, as he told me, it should never prevent my seeing and having my friends with me as much as ever I liked; that he should be happy if they would all go with me, or else come and see me; his *anxious wish*, I must say, is to do what I like as much as possible to make me happy, and study everything that can make me so. I have only to add that this latter plan must, as you will see, remain in perfect uncertainty, as it must depend upon a Peace and that all is safe, and no Frenchmen remaining anywhere, or else I could not certainly go; besides which, this is a step which cannot be taken without consent of Parliament. I should not, I think, be abroad more than six weeks, or perhaps three months, at a time; and considering this is an advantage which hereafter I could not have, I feel more reconciled. Spring is the earliest time when he could possibly return. When he does, he is to go to Berlin and bring his family over for a little time, and when they arrive I suppose the marriage will take place. I believe I have now told you everything. I assure you all has passed so quickly, I often cannot help thinking it is a dream."

That the projected marriage would be one of affection, the Princess was far too sincere to pretend for a moment. "I will not be fool enough," she wrote to the same friend, a few weeks later,

“to try and make you believe that it was an *unbiassed* choice. The fact of the story is, that they were so anxious always, and feared so much any entrave to it, that when they found there was a *chance* they contrived to hurry the matter on so as to preclude the possibility of hesitation, except decidedly *yes* or *no*. . . . . When I reflect on it, I believe it—considering my peculiar and delicate situation—the wisest measure I could adopt.” “I shall be enchanted to see you again,” runs another letter; “and, *as the event is far from what I could wish*, it will soften that much of pain. Après tout, dearest —, you are far too sensible not to know that this [marriage] is only de *convenance*, and that it is as much brought about by *force* as anything, and by deceit and hurry; though I grant you that, were such a thing absolutely necessary, no one could be found so *unexceptionable* as he is. I am much more triste at it than I have ever chosen to write: can you be surprised?—a twenty-four hours’ acquaintance, too, really, and where, and how? But I could go on to a thousand claims and reasons as much against as for.”

The Regent had strictly charged her to keep the engagement a profound secret from her mother, who was not to know what so nearly concerned her child until it was in the mouths of the public. But this edict the daughter, perfectly justifiably, deliberately disobeyed. “She was not blind,” says Lady Rose Weigall, “to her mother’s later delinquencies, nor after they were manifest was she inclined to espouse her cause with undistinguishing vehemence. But she never forgot that the Princess of Wales had been deeply wronged at the outset of her wedded life, that the original wrong was followed by vindictive malignities, as senseless as they were unmanly, and that she her-

self had been made the instrument of constant insults to the parent who alone had been kind to her. She was now in the dilemma that she must disobey her father or justly incur the reproaches of her mother, and instinct told her which was the superior duty." She wrote a few days later to her friend, giving an account of what she had done. "I was allowed to go to Connaught Place on the 7th of last month, but not to dine there. My birthday was kept quietly at home, and, except for a few cadeaux, totally neglected. I thought she [her mother] looked ill and grown thin, and her spirits wretchedly bad. Since then I have not been. The interdict as to my informing her [of her marriage] has not been taken off; but I have broken through it, as I could not endure her being *the last* to be told of what so nearly affected her child. I wrote the other day to her, and her answer was *better* than I had hoped to receive, as I happen to know, *from the best authority*, that she did not like it. It was short, and very good-natured to me." A fortnight later she recurs again to the same subject.

"The interdict has at last been taken off my tongue. Lord Liverpool was with me the other day, to say I might now write and inform the Princess [her mother] of it, as it was now no longer to be kept secret, and it would be strange if she were not the first informed of it. Indeed, Lord Clancarty, at the Hague, had orders to send over a person of high rank to ask me for the Hereditary, and as he was either on his way or soon would be, I might tell it to whom I liked; and as to all future arrangements, I should be informed of them hereafter. As you may believe and suppose, from the moment it was talked of here so universally, I could not, in delicacy of feel-

ing, keep it from my mother, and therefore what I wrote afterwards in consequence of this permission, was *for form's sake*. It went off better than I expected, for I had both a kind and good-humoured letter on it, which I communicated to higher powers [her father], and in a few days I propose going to see her, which will be proper, as I have not done so since my marriage being announced to her."

As we have seen, the Princess Charlotte was, in her own words, "cut to the heart" by the first intimation that she would be obliged to leave England for even a temporary absence; but, as she thought more of the pleasure and excitement of travelling—and being, as she then was, wholly unsuspecting of any sinister motive in thus expatriating her—she began to view the proposed journey abroad with greater favour, and was anxious that Parliament should not interpose its veto. "What I am anxious for is," she wrote in one of her confidential letters, "that, at all events, no *absolute prohibition* should pass, so as wholly to prevent the possibility of my going even if I wished it: for if such a law was passed, you will be aware how very painful it might hereafter be to me, when I may (with truth to you) say that he *may be liked much better than he is now*, for this reason, that he is nearly a stranger to me, and, as you may suppose, naturally dying of shyness and fear predominant in all his few visits, though, to do him justice, he was all kindness and amiability, and endeavoured all he could to make me more at my ease, and to soften down the visit abroad."

As, however, the exceeding eagerness of her father to be rid of her awakened her suspicions, and her eyes opened to the real object of the projected match, her views underwent an entire

change, and she declared, in the most emphatic manner, that, unless security were given that she should not be forced to remain out of England for more than a short specified time, she would never consent to the marriage. Her father scolded her for her contumacy, and his ministers did their best to overawe her; but she had plenty of resolution, and unlimited courage, and was fully determined on her course of action. Had her *fiancé* been a person whom she could have trusted more completely, events might have been different; but the Prince of Orange was merely a shallow, good-natured youth, much impressed with the power and dignity of the Regent, and not to be drawn into making her any promise likely to displease that affectionate parent. As it was, she persisted in her determination to be "complete mistress of her own actions, both as to going and staying abroad;" and from this position nothing could move her. Argument, explanation, threats, and commands, were alike utterly ineffectual, and at length she carried her point, and the following article was inserted to fulfil her wishes in the marriage treaty:—

"It is understood and agreed that Her Royal Highness, Princess Charlotte, shall not at any time leave the United Kingdom without the permission in writing of His Majesty, or of the Prince Regent acting in the name and on the behalf of His Majesty. And in the event of Her Royal Highness being absent from this country in consequence of the permission of His Majesty, or of the Prince Regent, and of her own consent, such residence abroad shall in no case be protracted beyond the time approved by His Majesty or the Regent, and consented to by Her Royal Highness. And it shall be competent for Her Royal Highness to return to this country



before the expiration of such term, either in consequence of directions for that purpose in writing from His Majesty or from the Prince Regent, or at her own pleasure."

At the time when this much debated article was finally agreed upon, the whole of London was in a ferment at the advent of the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia. "Have you seen the Emperor?" entirely superseded, as Mrs. Stanley remarked, the ordinary, "How do you do?" and as much as six guineas a room was paid to see the procession to the City. This season was chosen by the Regent for inflicting fresh insults on his ill-used wife. Sir Alexander Tyrwhitt was actually sent by his royal master to the Emperor of Russia, to request that the latter would *not* call on the Princess of Wales; and, finding that the Queen had arranged to hold *two* Drawing-rooms, at one of which it was doubtless intended to permit the Princess to be present, the Regent informed his mother that he had resolved to appear on both occasions, and that as he had determined never again to meet his wife, her absence was of course imperative. This conclusion Queen Charlotte, nothing loth, thus made known to her daughter-in-law:—

"Windsor Castle, May 23rd, 1814.

"The Queen considers it to be her duty to lose no time in acquainting the Princess of Wales that she has received a communication from her son, the Prince Regent, in which he states that Her Majesty's intention of holding two Drawing-rooms in the ensuing month having been notified to the public, he must declare that he considers his own presence at her Court cannot be dispensed with, and that he desires it may be dis-

tinctly understood, for reasons for which he alone can be judge, to be his fixed and unalterable determination not to meet the Princess of Wales upon any occasion either in public or private.

"The Queen is thus placed under the painful necessity of intimating to the Princess of Wales the impossibility of Her Majesty's receiving Her Royal Highness at her Drawing-rooms.

"CHARLOTTE, R."

To this royal missive the Princess of Wales, aided by her advisers, returned the following answer :—

"MADAM,

"I have received the letter which your Majesty has done me the honour to address to me, prohibiting my appearance at the public Drawing-rooms which will be held by your Majesty in the ensuing month, with great surprise and regret.

"I will not presume to discuss with your Majesty topics which must be as painful to your Majesty as to myself.

"Your Majesty is well acquainted with the affectionate regard with which the King was so kind as to honour me up to the period of his Majesty's indisposition, which no one of his Majesty's subjects has so much cause to lament as myself, and that his Majesty was graciously pleased to bestow upon me the most unequivocal and gratifying proof of his attachment and approbation by his public reception of me at his Court, at a season of severe and unmerited affliction, when his protection was most necessary to me, where I have since uninterruptedly paid my respects to your Majesty.

"I am now without appeal or protection, but I

cannot so far forget my duty to the King and to myself as to surrender my right to appear at any public Drawing-room to be held by your Majesty.

“That I may not, however, add to the difficulty and uneasiness of your Majesty’s situation, I yield in the present instance to the will of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, announced to me by your Majesty, and shall not present myself at your Majesty’s Drawing-rooms of next month.

“It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to inquire of your Majesty the reasons of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent for this harsh proceeding, of which his Royal Highness can alone be the judge,

“I am unconscious of offence, and in that reflection I must endeavour to find consolation for all the mortifications I experience—even for this, the last, the most unexpected, and the most severe, the prohibition given to me alone to appear before your Majesty to offer my congratulations to your Majesty upon the happy termination of those calamities with which Europe has been so long afflicted, in the presence of the illustrious personages who will in all probability be assembled at your Majesty’s Court, with whom I am so closely connected by birth and marriage.

“I beseech your Majesty to do me an act of justice, to which, in the present circumstances, your Majesty is the only person competent, by acquainting those illustrious personages with the motives of personal consideration towards your Majesty, which alone induce me to abstain from the exercise of my right to appear before your Majesty; and that I do now, as I have done at all times, defy the malice of my enemies to fix upon me the shadow of any one imputation which could render me unworthy of their society or regard.

"Your Majesty will, I am sure, not be displeased that I should relieve myself from a suspicion of disrespect towards your Majesty, by making public the cause of my absence from Court at a time when the duties of my station would otherwise peculiarly demand my attendance.—I have the honour to be your Majesty's most obedient daughter-in-law, and servant,

"CAROLINE, P.

"Connaught House, May 24th, 1814."

The Queen's acknowledgment of the Princess's letter was as cold and stiff as the writer always showed herself to her unlucky son's wife.

"Windsor Castle, May 25th, 1814.

"The Queen has received this afternoon the Princess of Wales' letter of yesterday, in reply to the communication which she was desired by the Prince Regent to make to her; and she is sensible of the disposition expressed by her Royal Highness not to discuss with her topics which must be painful to both.

"The Queen considers it incumbent upon her to send a copy of the Princess of Wales' letter to the Prince Regent; and her Majesty could have felt no hesitation in communicating to the illustrious strangers who may possibly be present at her Court the circumstances which will prevent the Princess of Wales from appearing there, if her Royal Highness had not rendered a compliance with her wish to this effect unnecessary, by intimating her intention of making public the cause of her absence.

"CHARLOTTE, R."

Caroline did not let this freezing response to her request pass unnoticed, though still maintain-

ing her tone of dutiful courtesy; and the following epistle was promptly returned to the revered, and detested, mother-in-law.

“The Princess of Wales has the honour to acknowledge the receipt of a note from the Queen, dated yesterday; and begs permission to return her best thanks to her Majesty for her gracious condescension in the willingness expressed by her Majesty to have communicated to the illustrious strangers, who will, in all probability, be present at her Majesty’s Court, the reasons which have induced her Royal Highness not to be present.

“Such communication, as it appears to her Royal Highness, cannot be the less necessary on account of any publicity which it may be in the power of her Royal Highness to give to her motives; and the Princess of Wales therefore entreats the active good offices of her Majesty upon an occasion wherein the Princess of Wales feels it so essential to her that she should not be misunderstood.

“CAROLINE, P.

“Connaught House,  
“May 26th, 1814.”

The same day that this note was written, the following “solemn remonstrance,” as Lord Brougham calls it, was despatched to the Regent. It was not unneeded; for no wife in the land had, from the very day of her bridal, had so much to suffer as the second lady in the kingdom; and even those who take the blackest view of her character—a view that, happily, is also the most improbable—are forced to confess, that, if all they allege against her were proved

fact instead of doubtful assertion, no woman had ever been so tried and tempted, no wife had ever been so systematically goaded into iniquity, as Caroline, Princess of Wales.

“SIR,

“I am once more compelled to address your Royal Highness, and to enclose for your inspection copies of a note which I have had the honour to receive from the Queen, and of the answer which I have thought it my duty to return to her Majesty. It would be in vain for me to inquire into the reasons of the alarming declaration made by your Royal Highness, that you have taken the fixed and unalterable determination never to meet me in public or in private. Of these your Royal Highness is pleased to state yourself to be the only judge. You will perceive by my answer to her Majesty that I have been only constrained by motives of personal consideration towards her Majesty from exercising my right of appearing before her Majesty at the public Drawing-rooms to be held in the ensuing month.

“But, Sir, lest it should by possibility be supposed that the words of your Royal Highness can convey any insinuation from which I shrink, I am bound to demand of your Royal Highness what circumstances can justify the proceeding you have thus thought fit to adopt?

“I owe it to myself, to my daughter, and to the nation, to which I am deeply indebted for the vindication of my honour, to remind your Royal Highness of what you know, that after open persecution and mysterious inquiries upon undefined charges, the malice of my enemies fell entirely upon themselves; and that after the first I was restored by the King, with the advice of his

ministers, to the full enjoyment of my rank in his Court upon my complete acquittal.

"Since his Majesty's lamented illness, I have demanded, in the face of Parliament and the country, to be proved guilty, or to be treated as innocent. I have been declared what I am—in-nocent.

"I will not submit to be treated as guilty.

"Your Royal Highness may possibly refuse to read this letter; but the world must know that I have written it; and they will see my real motives for foregoing in this instance the rights of my rank.

"Occasion, however, may arise (one, I trust, is far distant) when I must appear in public, and your Royal Highness must be present also.

"Can your Royal Highness have contemplated the full extent of your declaration? Has your Royal Highness forgotten the approaching marriage of our daughter, and the possibility of our coronation?

"I waive my rights in a case where I am not absolutely bound to assert them, in order to relieve the Queen as far as I can from the painful situation in which she is placed by your Royal Highness; not from any consciousness of blame, not from any doubt of the existence of those rights, or my own worthiness to enjoy them.

"Sir, the time you have selected for this proceeding is calculated to make it peculiarly galling. Many illustrious strangers are already arrived in England; amongst others, as I am informed, the illustrious heir of the house of Orange, who has announced himself to me as my future son-in-law.

"From their society I am unjustly excluded. Others are expected, of rank equal to your own,

to rejoice with your Royal Highness in the peace of Europe.

"My daughter will for the first time appear in the splendour and publicity becoming the approaching nuptials of the presumptive heiress of this empire.

"This season your Royal Highness has chosen for treating me with fresh and unprovoked indignity; and of all his Majesty's subjects I alone am prevented by your Royal Highness from appearing in my place to partake of the general joy; and am deprived of the indulgence in feelings of pride and affection permitted to every mother but me. I am, Sir, your Royal Highness's faithful wife,

"CAROLINE, P.

"Connaught House,

"May 26th, 1814."

Acting on her avowed intention of making her remonstrance public, the Princess of Wales sent copies, both of her letter to the Regent, and the correspondence with Queen Charlotte to the House of Commons, at the same time expressing her fear that there were "ultimate objects in view pregnant with danger to the security, the succession, and the domestic peace of the realm." The papers were read on the 3rd of June, and followed by a warm debate, Mr. Methuen proposing an address to the Prince Regent, asking him to inform Parliament by whose advice he had come to the determination never again to meet the Princess. This proposition was however withdrawn, and Mr. Bathurst, the one advocate for the Government, declared that no imputation was sought to be cast on the Princess's reputation. "The charges of guilt," he said, "had been irresistibly refuted at a former period." What her friends styled an



exclusion from Court was simply a non-invitation to a Court festival—but, as her firm friend, Mr. Whitbread, remarked, “such non-invitation was an infliction worse than loss of life: it was loss of reputation, blasting to her character, fatal to her fame.” An attempt to silence the matter was made by offering an increase of income to the Princess; but her friends declared that she would never stoop to barter her rank and rights for money, or allow herself to be pacified by bribes. She had, in truth, little love for riches, and was very far from avarice. Of this she had given a proof some little time previously, when, in spite of her treasurer, she had again got into difficulties, and some of her friends had sought aid from Parliament. “The Regent had caused it to be understood that he did not wish to curtail her personal comforts or cause her any pecuniary embarrassment, and Lord Castlereagh came down to the House with a proposition of settling on her £50,000 per annum. Of her own will she surrendered £15,000 of this sum, and it was agreed that the revenue of £35,000 per annum should be awarded to the ‘Princess of Wales.’ The sacrifice made by the Princess was gracefully noticed in the House by Mr. Whitbread, at whose suggestion it is said to have been cordially entered into, the Princess having, as he said, a full sense of the burthens that lay heavy on the nation.”\*

\* Dr. Doran.

## CHAPTER IV.

Neglect of the Princess by the Emperor of Russia—Unpopularity of the Prince Regent—Unhappiness of Caroline—Scene at the Opera—Public enthusiasm for her—Her liveliness—Breaking off of the Princess Charlotte's engagement—Her father's treatment of her—Her flight to her mother—The Princess of Wales' good sense—Her determination to travel—Brougham's letter to her—Her obstinacy—Her departure.

DISAPPOINTED of seeing the royal personages then in England at the Queen's Drawing-room, the Princess still looked forward with feverish expectation to receiving calls from the numerous royalties. "My ears are very ugly," she said quaintly, "but I will give them both to persuade the Emperor to come to me, to a ball, supper, any entertainment that he would choose." In this, as, poor thing, in most other matters on which she had set her heart, she was doomed to be disappointed. She sent her chamberlain to welcome the King of Prussia, and he, in defence of whose country her father had died, sent *his* chamberlain to acknowledge her courtesy. Nor did the Emperor of Russia visit her, although, hearing some idle rumour of his being about to do so, she sat up dressed to receive him; and her sister, the Duchess of Oldenburg, apologised, says Lady Charlotte Lindsay, "to Princess Charlotte, for not having been to visit the Princess of Wales, which she said she had fully intended to do, but that Count Lieven had entreated her not to do so, as he said the Prince Regent had positively commanded the foreign ministers not to go there. I think that she need not have minded him. What a strange thing it is that a man whom nobody respects

should so completely govern everybody! This Duchess does not, however, like him at all, as Princess Charlotte tells me." That the Duchess "did not like him at all," was not singular, it being a peculiarity shared in by the great majority of the Londoners, as they incontestably proved when he accompanied his royal guests to a grand City banquet. "Where's your wife?" was the general cry as he passed to the Guildhall; and "that portion of the mob which apparently consisted of women was loudest in its unsavoury exclamations against the Viceroy of the kingdom."\* The Princess was much mortified at receiving no invitation to the banquet from her City friends, whom she looked on as devoted to her interests; and the proposal of the not very wise Alderman Wood, whom some of his friends styled "Absolute Wisdom," on the *lucus a non lucendo* principal, to obtain her a window in Cheapside whence she could view her husband and his friends surrounded with the pomp which was denied to her, was not calculated to allay her vexation. She was peculiarly hurt when she found that the banquetters admitted other ladies, though she was excluded; and learnt that the Duchess of Oldenburg had accompanied her brother. This, however, was afterwards explained to her by an assurance that the Duchess had been brought thither by the Regent, and had received no bidding to the feast from the civic authorities. But explanations were little consolations to the poor Princess, who was enduring all the neglect, mortification, and insult that an unhappy royal lady well could. Even her friends, well-meaning and attached to her interests as they were, occasionally added to her daily worries. All her actions were directed and regu-

\* Dr. Doran.

lated as they thought most judicious, and Caroline, eager and impulsive as she was, found it a little trying to be thus guarded and controlled. One evening she received a note from Mr. Whitbread desiring her, *on no account*, to go to Drury Lane on the Thursday evening following, the same adviser having, a few days ago, urged the expedition. "You see, my dear," said the Princess, turning to one of her ladies with tears in her eyes; "you see, my dear, how I am plagued. It is not the loss of the amusement which I regret, but being treated like a child and made the puppet of a party. What does it signify whether I come before or after the Regent, or whether I am applauded in his hearing or not; that is all for the gratification of *the party*, not for *my* gratification; 'tis of no consequence to the Princess, but to Mr. Whitbread, and that's the way things go, and always will till I can leave this vile country."

Another evening, however, Mr. Whitbread's wishes tended in the opposite direction, and the Princess went to the opera, and had at all events an exciting if not a pleasant evening. Lady Charlotte gives a graphic account of the proceedings in her "Diary." "There came a note from Mr. Whitbread, advising her at *what* hour she should go to the opera, and telling her that the Emperor was to be at eleven o'clock at the Institution, which was to be lighted up for him to see the pictures. All this advice tormented the Princess, and I do not wonder that she sometimes loses patience. No child was ever more thwarted and controlled than she is; and yet she often contrives to do herself mischief in spite of all the care that is taken of her. When we arrived at the opera, to the Princess's and all her attendants' infinite surprise, we saw the

Regent placed between the Emperor and the King of Prussia, and all the minor Princes in a box to the right. 'God save the King' was performing when the Princess entered; and, consequently, she did not sit down. I was behind, and, of course, I could not see the house very distinctly, but I saw the Regent was at that time standing applauding the Grassini. As soon as the air was over, the whole pit turned to the Princess's box, and applauded *her*. We who were in attendance on her Royal Highness entreated her to rise and make a curtsy, but she sat *immovable*; and, at last, turning round, she said to Lady —, 'My dear, Punch's wife is nobody when Punch is present.' We all laughed, but still thought it wrong not to acknowledge the compliment paid to her; but she was right, as the sequel will prove. 'We shall be hissed,' said Sir W. Gell. 'No, no,' again replied the Princess, with infinite good-humour; 'I know my business better than to take the morsel out of my husband's mouth. I am not to seem to know that the applause is meant for me till they call my name.' The Prince seemed to verify her words, for he got up and bowed to the audience. This was construed into a bow to the Princess, most unfortunately. I say most unfortunately, because she has been blamed for not returning it. But I, who was an eye-witness of the circumstance, knew that the Princess acted just as she ought to have done. The fact was that the Prince took the applause to himself, and his friends, to save him from the imputation of this ridiculous vanity, chose to say that he did the most beautiful and elegant thing in the world, and bowed to his wife! When the opera was finished, the Prince and his supporters were applauded, but

not enthusiastically, and scarcely had his Royal Highness left the box when the people called for the Princess, and gave her a very warm applause. She then went forward and made three curtsies, and hastily withdrew." As she set forth on her drive home, the public enthusiasm increased. The crowd was so great in Charles Street that her coachman was forced to make his way by Carlton House. In front of her husband's residence, greatly to the alarm of her ladies, but not at all of herself, the mob surrounded her carriage, opened the doors, shook hands with her, and asked if they should burn down Carlton House. "No, my good people," she answered; "be quite quiet, let me pass, and go home to your beds." Yielding to her wishes, they let the carriage proceed, but followed it as long as they had breath, shouting, "The Princess of Wales for ever!" Lady Charlotte Campbell notices that she was much pleased with the warmth shown her, and never looked so well, or acted with such dignity, as she did this night. Truly, poor thing, she needed some gratification as a compensation for all the miseries and mortifications she had been made to undergo.

On another occasion a somewhat similar scene occurred. "The Princess of Wales," wrote a lady to Lord Fitzharris, "was in one of the private boxes upstairs at the play last night, and had a little boy placed before her. Towards the end of the play a man in a higher box stood up, told the house they were honoured with the presence of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, and desired she might be cheered, which she was, three times. 'God save the King' called for, and excessive applause at the lines, 'Confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks;'

and, after all, this champion called for 'three cheers more for an oppressed Princess, who should go to Court'—more cheering. All this is lamentable."

"Few characters," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "have been more perplexing than that of the Princess of Wales. That she was good-natured, good-hearted, clever, lively, there can be no doubt, but all was mixed with a reckless gamin element. Had she been controlled by a sensible man of the world, she might probably have lived a reputable, ordinary life. If we only think of what would be the effect of what is called 'taboo' on any lively, high-spirited person of our acquaintance, with a powerful faction on the watch to destroy her, it will be felt at once how this hunted pariah state of mind will operate for the worse. It seems analogous to the case of the enlarged prisoners wishing to reform and live honestly, but harassed and hindered in every effort by police espionage. The result is a life of desperate defiance, and of final indifference. Nor was her life free from pecuniary cares. She was often reduced to strange shifts for money, at one time trying to raise some thousands on the lease of her house at Blackheath, now sending one of her ladies to sell 'two enormous unset diamonds,' borrowing from friends and from her bankers—who at last refused to allow her to overdraw to a very small amount, it was believed, owing to instigation. Great allowance, therefore, should be made for the effect on her character of innumerable petty persecutions of this kind. Her best vindication is the respectable circle of friends and families she surrounded herself with for the fifteen or twenty years of her life in England. This circle was more respectable than what her

consort affected. When Lady Charlotte Lindsay was taking service with her, a friend, who knew the Princess, gave her the highest testimony. Indeed, the choice of two of her ladies showed a sagacity on the one side and a faith and appreciation on the other highly significant. These were Lady Anne Hamilton and Lady Charlotte Lindsay, whose faithful service was her best testimony. As is well known, the latter was one of the brilliant and admired sisters who left such an impression on all who knew them, and which included Lady Glenbervie and Lady Sheffield. The wit of Lady C. Lindsay had a flavour that delighted her friends, of which Sir H. Holland gives a pleasant specimen. 'It was of the copious library of Lord Guildford,' he says, 'that his sister, Lady C. Lindsay, used to say, and not without some justification, "Frederick's library contains but two sorts of books—books that cannot be read, and books that ought not to be read." Her playful letters were wrongfully obtained, and wrongfully used in the Queen's trial in 1821.' Of her, Lord Houghton, in his pleasing 'Monographs,' gives an interesting graphic sketch, describing her, when she said a good thing, 'her features crumpled into an expression of irresistible good-humour.' Her steady support of her mistress, and her gallant bearing as a witness during her trial, are well known.

"Yet the Princess found herself bored with the grave manners of Lady Anne Hamilton, whom she had dubbed 'Joan of Arc;' and over whom indeed she used to make merry with her correspondents. 'My *dragonne de vertu*,' she would write, 'has been sick for some days, so I am in the utmost danger of being run away with by some of the enchanters who come to relieve



locked-up princesses. No hopes of getting the *dragonne* married; no one will venture to espouse "Joan of Arc." Dey are all afraid of the Amazon, and I am not much surprised.' Lord Byron is well presented in another of these light sketches: 'My better half, or my worse, which you choose, has been ill, I hear; but nothing to make me hope or fear. Pray burn this piece of high treason, my dear —. Lord Byron did inquire for you also, I must not forget to mention. He was all *couleur de rose* last evening, and was very pleasant; he sat beside me at supper, and we were very merry. He is quite anoder man when he is wid people he like, and who like him, than he is when he is wid oders who do not please him so well. I always tell him there are two Lord Byrons, and when I invite him, I say, "I ask the agreeable lord, not the disagreeable one." He take my *plaisanterie* all in good part, and I flatter myself I am rather a favourite with this great lord.' 'To tell you God's truth,' she would exclaim in her grotesque phrase, 'to tell you God's truth, I have had as many vexations as most people; but we must make up von's mind to enjoy de good, spite of de bad; and I mind not now de last no more dan dat,' snapping her fingers.'"

In the meantime the Princess Charlotte, whose apprehensions had not been entirely allayed even by the article which had been yielded to her determination in the marriage treaty, and whose affectionate and impulsive nature had been struck to its depths by the insults heaped on her unhappy mother, had made up her mind not to leave that mother still further defenceless by leaving England immediately after her marriage, even for a short absence. In this determination she must have been encouraged by the people, who were wont,

when she appeared in the parks, to cheer her heartily, and cry out to her, "God bless you! Don't desert your mother!" If this caused a final breaking of the engagement, the Princess Charlotte perhaps felt that it would be a bearable affliction; at all events she did not, as she frankly avowed to her friend, regard her lover with any great amount of affection; a fact less to be wondered at when it is remembered how commonplace and shallow-souled a young man it was who had been selected as her knight. How matters were going on may be seen in a letter from Lady Charlotte Lindsay to Mr. Brougham, written in the spring.

"Thursday,  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3 o'clock.

"DEAR MR. BROUGHAM,

"I am just returned from a three hours' visit to Warwick House, where I arrived at a most critical and interesting moment. When I came in Princess Charlotte told me that she was very anxious to see me, for she had come to a resolution to have a thorough explanation with the Prince of Orange: that as no preparation was making for any house for them, she felt convinced that they meant to play her a trick, and get her out of England as soon as she should be married. She also told me that she found the Prince of Orange very much changed in his language about her mother, and taking part more with the Prince Regent; that she was determined to support her mother, and felt that both she and her mother should remain in England and support and protect each other. In all the popular applause she lately received, her name has always been coupled with her mother's,

which seems to have had a great effect upon her. While we were talking, the Prince of Orange was announced: she went to him, and desired that I should remain where I was, to hear the result of their conferences, which has ended in her *positive declaration* that she will *not leave England now*, but will avail herself of the discretionary power promised her in the contract; and gave as her reason the situation of the Princess of Wales, whom she thought herself bound in duty not to leave under her present circumstances. He appeared to be very unhappy, but seemed to admit that if Princess Charlotte adhered to this resolution the marriage must be put off. He begged her to re-consider it, and left the house in much agitation. All this proves that it was the intention to send them immediately to Holland, or to break off the match in case of Princess Charlotte's availing herself of the power given her in the words of the contract. She seems to be quite resolved not to yield, and has promised to let me know the moment this matter is completely ended. I wish you had been in my pocket to have given your advice; but I think she must not be blamed, for surely she is only consistent in requiring to remain in England, and his behaviour shows that he knew they meant to send them to Holland immediately. Of course, all this must be quite secret at present. Will it be beneficial or hurtful to the Princess of Wales that it should be known that her daughter insists upon staying in England upon her account? I am to meet the Princess of Wales to-night at the play, for she persists in her intention of going there, although Ward wrote to her, and I gave her your opinion also upon that point."

It was not a hasty caprice which had led the Princess Charlotte to the decision so strongly expressed to her bridegroom-elect. More than one circumstance had caused her to venture on such a decided tone; and she had an amount of resolution that, in such a crisis, was little likely to fail her. "She had," says Lady Rose Weigall, "resented as a great mark of neglect that she was not invited to any of the entertainments given to the Allied Sovereigns, and was the more sore because the Prince of Orange went everywhere and would make no effort to vindicate her claims. The Regent had lost none of his anxiety to keep her out of sight, and the Prince did not choose to provoke the displeasure of the father by fighting the battles of the daughter. The same divergence in their views broke out when she spoke of her mother, and said that on her account it would be inexpedient that she should leave England for some time after her marriage, that when she had a house of her own it must be open equally to both her parents, and that as the child of both she must ignore all differences between them. The Prince of Orange feared the Regent, and cared nothing for the Princess of Wales, who had always been hostile to the marriage, and the reasons urged by the Princess Charlotte for stopping in England were arguments to him for getting away from disagreeable complications. He combated her resolution, and said that he had been willing to stand by her in getting the article which secured her freedom inserted in the marriage treaty, but did not suppose that she would refuse altogether to go abroad with him, and that if this was her intention their respective duties were irreconcilable, and their marriage impossible. A discussion ensued, and common

every-day squabbles occurred to exasperate the dispute. The Princess Charlotte wanted the Prince of Orange to ride with her in the riding-house. He started objections, and she reproached him, till, annoyed at her vehemence and pertinacity, he left her to recover her temper. The climax had come, and in the evening she wrote peremptorily to say their engagement must cease. Her first note was dashed off in a fit of temper, and a friend who was with her, and whom she asked to light the candles for her to seal it, said, 'I will not hold the candle to any such thing!'" Thus checked, the Princess calmed down a little, and wrote another dismissal, equally decisive, but not so petulant, and which the Prince could not fail to understand as closing finally all question of their marriage.

"June 16th, 1814: Warwick House.

"After reconsidering, according to your wishes, the conversation that passed between us this morning, I am still of opinion the duties and affection that naturally bind us to our respective countries, make our marriage incompatible, not only from motives of policy, but domestic happiness. From recent circumstances that have occurred, I am fully convinced that my interest is materially connected with that of my mother, and that my residence out of this kingdom would be equally prejudicial to her interest as to my own. As I can never forget the maternal claims she has upon my duty and attachment, I am equally aware of the claims your country has on you. It was this consideration, added to the design I had of complying with your wishes, that induced me some time ago to agree to accompany you to Holland, if I obtained satisfactory securities of

having it in my power to return. Since that time the many unforeseen events that have occurred, particularly those regarding the Princess, make me feel it impossible to quit England at present, or to enter into any agreements leading to it at a future time.

“After what has passed upon this subject this morning between us (which was much too conclusive to require further explanation), I must consider our engagement from this moment to be *totally and for ever at an end*. I leave the explanation of this affair to be made by you to the Prince in whatever manner is most agreeable to you, trusting it entirely to your honour, of which I have never for a moment doubted. I cannot conclude without expressing the sincere concern I feel in being the cause of giving you pain, which feeling is, however, lessened in a degree by the hope I stand acquitted in your eyes of having acted dishonestly by you in the case of this business, or of having ever raised false hopes in your mind with respect to consenting to a residence abroad. You must recollect in a letter to me in answer to yours of May 3rd, that I told you it was impossible for me to give any promise on that subject, as it must totally depend upon circumstances. It only remains for me to entreat you to accept my sincerest and best wishes for your happiness, and to express the kindness and interest I shall always feel towards you.

“CHARLOTTE.”

The anger of the Regent at this independent conduct on his daughter's part was fierce and implacable. Writhing himself under the miseries of his forced marriage, he “had no toleration for a like repugnance in his daughter to a marriage

without affection.”\* He tried his best to cause the engagement to be recommenced ; and when he found his efforts futile, he determined to punish his contumacious daughter as severely as lay in his power. Since she refused to be carried off comfortably out of his way, she should at all events be made to feel that life in her native country, on which she had so strongly insisted, was not wholly without thorns. At six o'clock on the evening of July 12th he entered her room, and said to her, without any unnecessary preliminaries in the way of courtesy, “Your establishment here is at an end ; to-night you sleep at Carlton House. Miss Knight and all your servants are dismissed. She and every one about you are the scandal of the whole town. Your new establishment is already at Carlton House, and consists of Lady Ilchester, Lady Rosslyn, two Miss Coates’s, and Mr. Campbell. You shall see no one, especially Lady Jersey and Miss Rawdon.” As her father left the room, the Princess, bewildered and confused at this sudden announcement, rushed into the apartment where her dearest friend, Miss Mercer Elphinstone, was dressing. Before she had time to seek advice or sympathy, someone knocked at the door. Her resolve was suddenly taken ; and the high spirit which always resisted tyranny, broke into rebellion. “I have but a moment,” she said, “I will go to my mother’s.” She hastily put on her bonnet and rushed into the street.

“From the old stand at the bottom of the Haymarket she called a coach, whose lucky driver (Higgins) obeyed the summons, and having handed the Heiress of England into the damp straw of his dirty and rickety vehicle, listened to

\* Lady Rose Weigall.

the order to drive to the Princess of Wales' in Connaught Place—to be quick, and he should not have to regret it. The guiltless Higgins concluded that he was taking a lady's lady out to tea, and the maid of one establishment was going to make an evening of it with the maids of another. Unconscious that he was contributing in his own person to the history of England on that eventful summer's evening, Higgins in due course of time reached Connaught Place, and when he heard, to the inquiry of his 'fare' whether her mother was at home, that the page answered, 'No, your Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales is at Blackheath,' he became proudly sagacious of largesse to come, and was convinced that he had been a right royal coachman that night, by token that he received three guineas for his honorarium."\*

The Princess of Wales was sent for, and the messenger met her on her return home with Lady Charlotte Lindsay. With ready thoughtfulness and good sense, before proceeding to Connaught Place, she visited both Houses of Parliament in search of Lord Grey or Mr. Whitbread, two of her most valued advisers, but unfortunately neither was to be found. Princess Charlotte was speedily missed from Warwick House, and Miss Mercer and the Bishop of Salisbury were despatched to the Princess of Wales', there being little doubt whither the truant had fled. Meanwhile the young lady herself had, on her arrival, at once sent for Mr. Brougham, and his account will give the best picture of what occurred on this eventful evening.

"I was dining at Michael Angelo Taylor's, and in the middle of dinner a message came for me

\* Dr. Doran.



that I was wanted at Connaught Place, the residence of the Princess of Wales. I had been up almost all the night before in a cause, and in consequence of this was exceedingly fatigued. I conceived that this was one of the many occasions on which the Princess sent for me unnecessarily, and that the message being verbal, must be owing to the accident of the lady-in-waiting being out of the way, and I said I was unable to go. The messenger sent word back that I was wanted on most particular business, and that a coach was waiting at the door by express commands. I was obliged to comply, and fell asleep as soon as I stepped into it, not awaking till it reached Connaught Place. I stumbled upstairs, still half asleep, to the drawing-room. To my astonishment I found both my hands seized by the Princess Charlotte, who said how impatient she had been at the delay, which was owing to her messenger having first gone to my chambers in the Temple. I asked by what extraordinary accident I had the honour and pleasure of seeing her Royal Highness there. She said, 'Oh, it is too long to tell now, for I have ordered dinner, and I hope it will soon come up.' She only added that she had come out of Warwick House alone, and had got into the first hackney coach she could see in Cockspur Street, and had sent to Blackheath for her mother, who arrived some time after with Lady Charlotte Lindsay. We sat down to dinner, and she was in high spirits, seeming to enjoy herself like a bird let loose from its cage. I said I had nearly dined before her message reached me. She said, 'You may eat a little bit with us, and at any rate you can carve.' I said the only dish I could carve was the soup. However, the dinner went on very merrily. Miss Mercer (afterwards Lady Keith,

and wife of Count Flahault) had been sent by the Prince as soon as her flight from Warwick House was known, there being no doubt entertained as to where she had gone.

"I happened to know that the Duke of Sussex dined in the neighbourhood, and I wrote a note to beg he would come, which he did in the course of an hour. There came while we were at table various persons sent by the Regent:—the Chancellor Eldon, Bishop of Salisbury (the tutor), Ellenborough, Adam Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, and Leach. All arrived one after another, and as they were announced the Princess or her daughter said what was to be done with each. Eldon being named, they said, 'Oh, no; let him wait in his carriage,' which was, like that of the Princess Charlotte's and all the others, a hackney coach. I said a word for Ellenborough as my chief, but in vain. They said he may remain as well as Old Baggs.\* When Leach was named, they called him 'Ridicule,' 'Reticule,' or Little Baggs. But the Bishop was ordered to be shown into the dining-room below—we having dined in the drawing-room above—stairs; and so was the Duke of York, who came much later. The Duke of Sussex, not having been sent by the Regent, was brought upstairs; and none of the others had any communication with our party except the Duke of York, whom the Princess of Wales saw for a few minutes in the room below. It happened, unfortunately, that the Duke of Sussex for the last nine years had not seen the Princess of Wales, or had any communication with her, in consequence of the charge against her which led to the proceedings in 1806 having been made as a communication to him by Lady

\* A soubriquet of Lord Eldon's, used by all the Royal Family.

Douglas, wife of his equerry, and conveyed by the Duke to the Regent. However, no one could have supposed there was the least dryness between them, to see how warmly they embraced. Indeed the Duke had taken no further part in the proceeding than communicating Lady Douglas's story, which he was bound to do. He and the Princess talked in German, but this was well understood by the Princess Charlotte and also by Miss Mercer, so that nothing was concealed which passed. After dinner I first begged the Princess Charlotte to give me a full account of what had caused her flight. She said she could not bear any longer the treatment she met with of changing her ladies without her consent, and interrupting her intercourse with her mother and Margaret (meaning Miss Mercer), her most intimate friend; and that it was her fixed resolution, after throwing herself on her mother's protection, to reside with her entirely. But she dwelt much upon the match; and though I repeated what I had often assured her of, that without her consent freely given it never could take place, she said, 'They may wear me out by ill-treatment, and may represent that I have changed my mind and consented.' We then conversed upon the subject with the others, and after a long discussion on that and her lesser grievances, she took me aside and asked me what, upon the whole, I advised her to do. I said at once, 'Return to Warwick House or Carlton House, and on no account to pass a night out of her own house.' She was extremely affected, and cried, asking if I too refused to stand by her. I said quite the contrary, and that as to the marriage I gave no opinion, except that she must follow her own inclination entirely, but that her

returning home was absolutely necessary; and in this all the rest fully agreed—her mother, the Duke of Sussex, Miss Mercer, and Lady Charlotte Lindsay, for whom she had a great respect and regard.”

The poor Princess was hardly likely to yield without a struggle to this adverse judgment. She had set her heart on remaining with her mother, and escaping, once for all, from all the tyranny to which she had been subjected. But Mr. Brougham was well aware that, however the Regent had treated her, he had legally the right to her obedience; and he was obliged to make her understand her position. “I said,” he continues, “that it was my duty, however painful, to inform her how the matter stood, and that it was in vain to deny that the Prince had her wholly in his hands. I reminded her of all I had said and written on this two years ago, and assured her in a very peremptory tone that the only question was, whether she would go with good will, or be forced from hence by Ellenborough’s Habeas Corpus, which I knew he would grant. She was affected beyond description. I have told many a client he was going to be convicted, but I never saw anything like her *stupefaction*; for a quarter of an hour she was lost.” It was a cruel blow to find all her hopes thus destroyed; and even Brougham, eloquent and convincing as he was, could not at first make her acquiesce. “She again and again begged me,” he writes, “to consider her situation, and to think whether, looking to that, it was absolutely necessary she should return. The day now began to dawn, and I took her to the window. The election of Cochrane (after his expulsion owing to the sentence of the Court, which both insured his re-election and abolished the

pillory) was to take place that day. I said, 'Look there, madam ; in a few hours all the streets and the park now empty, will be crowded with tens of thousands, I have only to take you to that window, and show you to the multitude, and tell them your grievances, and they will all rise in your behalf.' 'And why should they not?' I think she said, or some such words. 'The commotion,' I answered, 'will be excessive; Carlton House will be attacked—perhaps pulled down; the soldiers will be ordered out; blood will be shed; and if your Royal Highness were to live a hundred years, it would never be forgotten that your running away from your father's house was the cause of the mischief: and you may depend upon it, such is the English people's horror of bloodshed, you never would get over it.' She at once felt the truth of my assertion, and consented to see her Uncle Frederick (the Duke of York) below stairs, and return with him. But she required one of the royal carriages should be sent for, which came with her governess, and they with the Duke of York returned to Carlton House."

In more than one account of this occurrence, the Princess of Wales has been blamed for want of feeling when the Princess Charlotte fled to her for refuge, and it has been said that she was so absorbed in her newly-conceived project of going abroad, and so anxious to insure the fulfilment of her plans, that she was desirous of relieving herself of the guardianship of her daughter with as little delay as possible, and with small regard to that daughter's welfare. In direct opposition to this somewhat harsh view of her motives, may be quoted the opinion of Lord Brougham, an eyewitness of the whole scene, who thus speaks of her in a letter to Lord Grey on the following day:—

“It is impossible to deny that the greatest praise is due to the old Princess for her whole behaviour and conduct. She gave no selfish advice, but took her daughter’s part entirely, and came into all that was thought best for her, though her own case might have been bettered otherwise. Miss Mercer behaved admirably also; and though the Prince counts upon her plainly, and thinks her in his interest, I am sure she is only attached to the Princess Charlotte, who herself behaved in a way to raise her in my estimation extremely. She showed much firmness, but the greatest sensibility and good feeling.”

That the Princess of Wales wished to go abroad for a considerable time was perfectly true; and however injudicious such a step might be considered by her friends, none could wonder that she had formed such a determination. For nearly twenty years she had been subjected in England to all the bitterest insults that the fertile brain of her husband and his parasites could devise; all that she had done had been sedulously held up to the public gaze in the most unfavourable light; her follies were represented as crimes; her hasty speeches as undoubted evidence of behaviour alike unsuited to her as woman and princess; and her child had been carefully separated from her on the flimsiest of pretexts, and made the vehicle for all the refined cruelty in which the Regent was an adept. Therefore, while many regretted, none were astonished when the Princess sent her husband a letter by the hands of Lord Liverpool, expressing her desire to travel abroad. The only reason, the writer said, which she had to bind her to England was the presence of her daughter; and as she was now unjustly excluded from her society, she had nothing that would make her care to con-

tinue her residence in this country. She concluded by offering to resign the Rangership of Greenwich Park in favour of her daughter, and to surrender to her Montague House, which she had occupied at Blackheath. The reply was chilly and cutting. The Regent intimated to her "that she was entirely free to go or stay; that no restraint whatever would be put upon her in that respect; that, as regarded the Rangership, on her resignation of that office, the Regent would see to its being filled up by a properly qualified person; with respect to Montague House, the daughter of the Prince Regent could never be permitted by him to reside in a house which had ever been the dwelling-place of the Princess of Wales."\*

It was an answer studiously designed to pain her; but Caroline had grown hardened to the polished thrusts of her husband's hatred, and was elated at the prospect of change and variety after the monotony of mortifications she had hitherto endured; and the only notice she gave the missive was a nonchalant "End well, all well," as she hurried on her preparations for departure. But that the "end" was "well" was anything but the opinion of the Princess Charlotte, who had been banished to Cranbourne Lodge, in Windsor Park, and on whom the news that the mother whom she loved so deeply was meditating leaving the country came like a thunder-clap. Miss Mercer Elphinstone, writing to Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who was to accompany the Princess of Wales, speaks of the "dreadful effect her mother's letter announcing her departure from England had upon the Princess. I really never can forget the distress and agitation she was in at the first moment; and even when I left her, two days

\* Dr. Doran.

after, her pulse continued at 98. . . . This last blow of the Princess of Wales' departure I think she has felt more severely than all the rest. I never saw her so deeply affected and apparently mortified in my life; and the idea that it is not her Royal Highness's intention to return to this country, seems to prey continually upon her mind. If you can give me a *word of comfort* upon the subject, pray do, dear Lady Charlotte, and let me entreat you to use every exertion of your influence for Princess Charlotte's sake, to induce the Princess not to make a long absence, which would be so ruinous, both to the interest of mother and daughter, in this country." Mr. Brougham fully shared in the Princess Charlotte's concern. "It was most unfortunate," he writes, "that, soon after the scene in July, and the prohibition of all attention, even the most ordinary courtesy, from the Allied Sovereigns, the Princess of Wales, wearied out, as she said, by constant ill-treatment—and debarred from all intercourse with her daughter, more strictly in consequence of what had occurred—resolved to go abroad, at first only intending to travel for a few months, but which she extended to several years. Her daughter was extremely averse to this plan; indeed the only difference I ever knew between them was upon this, and it amounted almost to a quarrel. She urged me to use my influence against it. She had no occasion to press me, for I, as well as Whitbread, regarded the step as full of danger. We remonstrated strongly against it. I addressed a letter to her, solemnly warning her of the risks she was to run. I said that as long as she and her daughter remained in this country, surrounded by their friends, and by English men and English women, and having our laws to protect



them, I would answer for their safety with my head; but that it was altogether another thing, if she went, as she intended, to Italy." This remonstrance had no effect on the Princess, and Mr. Brougham, therefore, proceeded to pen a yet stronger one, which was as follows :—

"York, July 13th, 1814.

"MADAM,

"I humbly presume to address your Royal Highness once more before your departure, in the hope that my most earnest and anxious advice may be listened to, and may be the means of preventing incalculable mischief both to your Royal Highness and to the Princess Charlotte. Your Royal Highness is aware of the strong opinion which I have always held upon the subject of your departure from this country. It is now, I fear, too late to renew the discussion; but I should betray my duty most shamefully if I did not implore your Royal Highness to take especial care, even in appearance, to avoid any arrangements which may look like the forerunner of a long absence. I know your Royal Highness can only intend to pay a visit to the Continent, and make a tour there—anything else would indeed be full of danger; but the reports already industriously spread of a permanent change of residence, and so eagerly caught at by your Royal Highness's enemies and those of the Princess Charlotte, clearly show the absolute necessity of avoiding whatever may tend to encourage such rumours. Depend upon it, Madam, there are many persons who now begin to see a chance of divorcing your Royal Highness from the Prince. I speak plainly, because it is necessary for your own safety and your daughter's succession to the crown that your—

Royal Highness should hear the truth, and look your danger in the face. As long as you remain in this country I will answer for it that no plot can succeed against you. But if you are living abroad, and surrounded by the base spies and tools who will always be planted about you, ready to invent and to swear as they may be directed, who can pretend to say what may happen, especially after your absence shall have lessened the number and weakened the zeal of your friends? Already symptoms of this kind appear wherever I go. Your journey is loudly disapproved of; and your adversaries reckon very confidently on your being speedily the object of much popular outcry. Think, I beseech you, Madam, of the situation of your Royal Highness should any new attempts be made, after time shall have been given, to stir up these feelings and turn the public voice against you. I will go no further. I declare I do not see how a proposition hostile to your Royal Highness's marriage could be resisted if you continued living abroad; for let it be remembered that, legally speaking, the succession will be endangered by such a residence; and they who now take good care not to prevent such a risk, will be very glad to avail themselves of its existence hereafter. Never let your Royal Highness forget that in England spies and false witnesses can do nothing; abroad, everything may be apprehended from them. Perhaps, Madam, I take a stronger view of this subject at the present moment from the circumstance of your Royal Highness's enemies being so active and so sanguine all of a sudden. You alone can frustrate their exertions and their expectations; and there is but one way of doing so—by making your stay short. Above all, Madam, do not flatter yourself that it will be time

enough to return when you see steps taken against you. The blow will come without any warning, as soon as the public feeling is prepared for it; and when I speak of its involving your Royal Highness and the Princess Charlotte in destruction, I mean to say that it will deprive your Royal Highness of every kind of support, and make your daughter's succession more than doubtful. I entreat your excuse, Madam, for the freedom with which I have presumed to speak. I am so entirely devoted to the service of your Royal Highness and the Princess Charlotte (which I deem the cause of the country), that I should willingly risk even the displeasure of both to serve either; and I assure you most solemnly that I am not by any means singular in my fears upon the present occasion. I would fain be furnished with some formal pledge from your Royal Highness that you merely go for a visit or a tour, in order that I may feel authorized to contradict the reports already in circulation. But such contradiction will be all in vain if your Royal Highness, before going, shall make such arrangements as are preparatory to a permanent absence.

"I have the honour to be, with profound respect, Madam, your Royal Highness's most devoted and dutiful servant,

"H. BROUGHAM."

Unfortunately, the old assertion that—

A man convinced against his will  
Is of the same opinion still,

held good in the case of the Princess of Wales. She had been so harassed and irritated by the countless slights and insults she had received that her native wilfulness had hardened into obstinacy.

and she held her own way in spite of friends and foes. She had too much good sense not to be struck with the sound reasoning of Brougham's letter, and it did not leave her utterly unimpressed; but leave England she *would*.

"The Princess got your letter this morning," Lady Charlotte Lindsay wrote in a day or two to Mr. Brougham, "and commands me to tell you that she is very much obliged to you for it. I have not seen it, but it really seems to me to have struck her very much. Although it may not make her change her determination of going abroad next Monday, it may induce her to hold herself in readiness to return upon any indication of inimical design from hence. She has written to Canning to desire him to tell Lord Liverpool, that if she hears any alarming reports from England, her return shall be immediate. Your letter has not offended her in the least, and has produced a much better effect than one Whitbread wrote her a few days ago, which made her very angry. But nothing can stop her. I never saw so fixed a determination. The only good circumstance is her keeping her apartments at Kensington, with some of her servants in them. I shall also live there every now and then."

There was a brief farewell interview between her and her child, which neither knew or guessed was to be the last meeting they would ever have, and then Caroline journeyed to Worthing, off which place H.M.S. "Jason," commanded by Captain King, lay waiting her pleasure. For a few days she lingered ere quitting the country, which, though it had been so little of a home to her, was yet the birthplace of her child, and the scene of much of her own life; and it seemed as if, at the last moment, she were unwilling to leave

it. She wandered by the sea in the evenings, gazing dreamily over the moonlit waters, and once rousing herself from a long reverie with the words, "Well, grief is unavailing when fate impels me." At last, on the 9th of August, she was driven down to Worthing beach by her own coachman in a pony carriage, accompanied by Lady Charlotte Lindsay and Lady Elizabeth Forbes; but perceiving the crowd that had collected to witness her departure, she elected to be driven on to South Lancing, about two miles further, the captain's barge being ordered to meet her there. Her design of embarking quietly was however frustrated, for all who had assembled to see her followed her carriage, and beheld her as she stepped out, in a "dark cloth pelisse with large gold clasps, and a cap of velvet and green satin, of the Russian Hussar costume, with a green feather." Her servants, and the bulk of her luggage, were already on board; but public curiosity was strongly excited by a large tin case, with the words painted on it, "Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, to be always with her," which, with her foolish love of making mysteries, she had brought down to the beach with her. As she took her seat in the barge she turned and kissed her hand to the people, who acknowledged her greeting respectfully and silently. There was no great element of excitement, apparently; but the Princess, realizing perhaps her melancholy plight for the first time as the land receded, fainted ere she reached the ship. Once on board, however, her usual elasticity quickly returned; and with a curious mixture of magnanimity and want of dignity she insisted on celebrating the Regent's birthday—August 12th—by a banquet, at which she proposed his health, and a ball, at which she danced with all the spirit.

and vivacity of her most youthful days. Whether her good wishes were sincere or not, the rejoicings of her husband were, for once, unfeignedly honest; for the wife he hated had, of her own free will, left the country where she had been so often a thorn in his side, and there was every chance that now, by dint of intelligent spies, and assiduous and malignant espionage, the reputation he had already blackened could be finally destroyed, and he might gain what he had passionately desired for years—a divorce.

## CHAPTER V.

Arrival of the Princess of Wales at Brunswick—Her tour in Switzerland—Her friendship with the Empress Marie Louise—Her journey to Italy—Her letter to Lady Charlotte Lindsay—Her imprudence—Residence at Genoa—Her wandering life—Letter to Lady C. Lindsay—Betrothal of the Princess Charlotte to Prince Leopold—Her happiness—Her marriage—Attachment of husband and wife—Travels of the Princess of Wales—The Order of St. Caroline—Reckless proceedings of the Princess—Death of the Princess Charlotte—The Milan Commission—Death of George III.—Various accounts of Queen Caroline—Her resolve to come to England—Her arrival at St. Omer—Lord Hutchinson's mission—Correspondence between Lord Hutchinson and Mr. Brougham—Brougham's remonstrances—The Queen's obstinacy—Her arrival at Dover—Her reception in London—Lord Macaulay's lines—The Queen's hopes of a reconciliation—Correspondence between the Queen and Lord Liverpool—Her messages to Parliament—Enthusiasm manifested for her in the army—Her answers to addresses—Report of the Secret Committee—The Bill of Pains and Penalties—The Italian witnesses—Dr. Parr—The Queen's bold replies—Her removal to Brandenburgh House—Popular sympathy with her.

ALL the dangers she was likely to run had been, as we have seen, candidly placed before Caroline; but being, as Dr. Doran says, "as self-willed and as obstinate a Princess as ever destroyed a reputation, and rushed blindfold upon ruin," she persisted in paying no heed to counsel which did not approve itself to her pre-conceived plans. At first, indeed, her most anxious advisers could hardly have disapproved of her proceedings. She reached Hamburg on the 16th of August, assumed the title of Countess of Wolfenbüttel, appeared at the theatre, and went on to Brunswick, accompanied by her suite, which comprised the two ladies who had embarked with her, Mr. St. Leger,

Sir William Gell, Mr. Keppel Craven, her physician Dr. Holland, and Captain Hesse the equerry. At her old home she was welcomed affectionately by her brother and his subjects, and, could she only have resolved on remaining there, might have found, in their cordiality and esteem, tranquillity to which she had long been a stranger; but the restless excitement that her wretched life had fostered was too strong to allow her long to continue without change and novelty, and in little more than a fortnight she was again on the wing, changing her title for that of Countess of Cornwall, and leaving at Brunswick one of her suite, Mr. St. Leger. There had been as yet no directions from the Regent and his followers, to treat her with studied disrespect; and the authorities in France and Germany with whom she came in contact behaved with due deference and courtesy. Through the greater part of September she was on a tour in Switzerland. "An old London and Dover mail coach," says an observer, "had been purchased for the conveyance of some of the servants and baggage of the Princess. It was a whimsical sight this coach offered when scaling the Simplon, with all the old English designations still upon its panels. Arrived at Naples, King Joachim admired and purchased it; but his dethronement soon afterwards ended also the career of the Dover mail in Italy." Her Swiss tour finished at Geneva, where she made acquaintance with Marie Louise, Ex-Empress of France, who, being too worldly-wise to have anything to do with her husband now that his star was set, was living there with her boy; and the two errant ladies saw a great deal of each other. The Princess of Wales was always perilously ready to rush into an intimacy



with anyone in convenient proximity; and she and the Empress dined, sang, and went to dances together, at one of which latter entertainments Caroline not very judiciously appeared habited as Venus. "What was my horror," says an eye-witness, "when I beheld the poor Princess enter, dressed as Venus, or rather not dressed further than the waist. I was, as she used to say herself, 'all over shock.' A more injudicious choice of costume could not be adopted; and when she began to waltz, the *terrae motus* was dreadful. Waltz she did, however, the whole night with pertinacious obstinacy; and amongst others whom she honoured with her hand upon this occasion was Sismondi. These two large figures turning round together were quite miraculous. As I really entertained a friendship for the Princess, I was unfeignedly grieved to see her make herself so utterly ridiculous." There was another lady living near, with whom she also became acquainted—Julia, wife of the Russian Grand Duke Constantine, and sister of Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. "The presence in one spot," says Dr. Doran, "of three princesses, all separated from their living husbands, had something as singular in it as the meeting of Voltaire's unsceptred kings at the *table d'hôte* at Venice. The ex-Empress was separated from *her* husband because she did not care to share his fallen fortunes; the Grand Duchess was living alone because the Grand Duke did not care for his wife; and the other lady and her husband had the ocean between them because they heartily hated each other—three sufficient reasons to unite the triad of wanderers within the territories of the Swiss Republic."

From Geneva Caroline proceeded in October to—

Milan, her progress being marked by considerable *éclat* and homage. Lady Charlotte Lindsay had by this time resigned her office, and the Princess was now accompanied by but one English lady. Her suite now began to be composed almost entirely of foreigners, the reason given being that the experience of natives of the country through which she proposed travelling was needful for her comfort and convenience. Among these newly-added retainers was Bartolomeo, Baron Bergami, whose name was afterwards so undesirably notorious. He was engaged to act as her courier—a station he had already filled for General Conut Pino. His sister was the Countess Oldi, who also became well known as a friend of the Princess's. Caroline's English following grew smaller as she advanced further into Italy, which she speedily did, pausing at Rome to have an audience with the Pope, and courteously entertained by the smaller princes as she journeyed to Naples, where Murat received her with much *empressement*, and gave splendid *fêtes* and festivals in her honour, at one of which, a masked ball, the Princess appeared as the Genius of History, accompanied by Bergami, changed her dress three or four times in the course of the evening, and finally concluded the entertainment by a sort of tableau, when she crowned the bust of the Murat with laurel. Verily, among the gifts the good fairies had *not* brought to her christening, discretion and good taste might safely be reckoned. She herself, however, was troubled by no misgivings as to the prudence or propriety of her conduct, and enjoyed herself thoroughly, as appears in the following letter to Lady Charlotte Lindsay, written in her quaint broken English :—

“ Naples, December 15th, 1814.

“ MY DEAR LADY CHARLOTTE,

“ It is a real misfortune to have too zealous friends in the world. I now just begin to feel a little quite not happy, which I mention once before in one of my letters, but tranquille, that I find I am again to be troubled with thousand fears and visions, but so much about Mr. Brougham’s letter. I enclosed to you my answer, and I have send also a duplicat through the channel of Messrs Coutts. By that methode Mr. Brougham must have it very soon and safe—the *power* and *authority* to acte as he think the best and the most prudent for *Princess Charlotte and myself*.

“ I beg of you to mention also that general *Mutthews*, a great opposition person, is here with his brother, Lord Llandaff, Lord Sligo also. Ever English person are very civil and good humour with me; even the Holland have been so to me. The King and Queen are both very clever, and very good-natured indeed to me, and very fond of my society. I live entirely with them, and go to dinner alone with them constantly. There are many English, and much attached to the nation; their conduct are so perfect that they are quite adored by these people. The only misery I feel is, that I have never yet heard from Princess Charlotte. Mr. St. Leger saw her at Weymouth after his return to England. She was much better, but she never write once, so I write ever week. I wrote to Mr. St. Leger to mention this to Lord Liverpool, but I have not yet received any answer. I hope in a month to see you. Now then by this time all my letters must have reached you, and I pray answer soon. I think Whitbread could mention something about not receiving proper

information from Princess Charlotte, if it should continue still the silence. The climate is beautiful, but no real society. The King and Queen by far the most agreeable in the country, which I enjoy much. My best love to Lady Glenbervie, and my Lord and Lady Charlotte Campbell, and take for yourself my best and good wishes, and believe me for ever yours,

“C. P.”

Her next act was to purchase a villa on the Lake of Como, whither she repaired, and where her imprudence and folly did not abate. She corresponded with Murat, who addressed her as “*Ma chère, chère sœur*,” as if she already bore queenly honours, and whom she answered in a letter whose clever flippancy and extraordinary wildness are calculated to raise doubts how far the unlucky lady was accountable for her eccentricities. Bergami was raised to the dignity of chamberlain, with the privilege of a seat at her table. She asserted her right to bestow honours on any whom she wished to distinguish, but these rewards were so frequently and foolishly bestowed, that it almost seemed as if she were anxious to alienate her warmest friends by the display of her utter want of justice and common-sense. Prudence she had never had; but now she seemed to take delight in flinging off all the mild restraints which her trustworthy counsellors in England had succeeded in persuading her to observe. One day, when talking more unguardedly than usual, a friend hinted that it would be well to use greater reserve, as she was surrounded by spies, and all her observations would be reported at Carlton House within a fortnight. “I know it,” she answered recklessly; “and therefore I do speak and act as

you hear and see. The wasp leaves his sting in the wound, and so do I. The Regent will hear it? I hope he will; I love to mortify him." And to gratify this truly feminine propensity, she talked in so unrestrained a manner that the spies who dogged her had an ample budget to unfold to the expectant husband in England.

From Como she passed to Palermo, where she was well received, and from thence she was conveyed, in the *Clorinda* frigate to Genoa, where she took up her residence in one of the old palaces, of which a lady who came to pay her respects gives the following account:—"It is composed of red and white marble. Two large gardens, in the dressed formal style, extend some way on either side of the wings of the building, and conduct to the principal entrance by a rising terrace of grass, ill-kept indeed, but which in careful hands would be beautiful. The hall and staircase are of fine dimensions, although there is no beauty in the architecture, which is plain even to heaviness; but a look of lavish magnificence dazzles the eyes. The large apartments, decorated with gilding, painted ceilings, and fine, though somewhat faded, furniture, have a very royal appearance. The doors and windows open to a beautiful view of the bay, and the balmy air they admit combines with the scene around to captivate the senses. I should think this palace, the climate, and the customs must suit the Princess, if anything can suit her. Poor woman! she is ill at peace with herself; and when that is the case what can please. . . . The Princess received me in one of the drawing-rooms opening on the hanging terraces, covered with flowers in full bloom. Her Royal Highness received Lady Charlotte Campbell (who came in soon after me) with open arms and evident

pleasure, and without any flurry. She had no rings on, wore tidy shoes, was grown rather thinner, and looked altogether uncommonly well. The first person who opened the door to me was the one whom it was impossible to mistake, hearing what is reported—six feet high, a magnificent head of black hair, pale complexion, mustachios which reach from *here to London*. Such is *the stork*. But, of course, I only appeared to take him for an under-servant. The Princess immediately took me aside and told me all that was true, and a great deal that was not. . . . Her Royal Highness said that Gell and Craven had behaved very ill to her, and I am tempted to believe that they did not behave well; but then how did she behave towards them? . . . It made me tremble to think what anger could induce a woman to do, when she abused three of her best friends for their cavalier manner of treating her. . . . ‘Well, when I left Naples, you see, my dear,’ continued the Princess, ‘those gentlemen refused to go with me, unless I returned immediately to England. They supposed I should be so miserable without them that I should do anything they desired me, and when they found I was too glad to *get rid of ’em* (as she called it) they wrote the most humble letters, and thought I would take them back again, whereas they were very much mistaken. I had *got rid of them*, and I would remain so.’” Her passion for astonishing and shocking her hearers remained as strong as ever, despite her friends’ remonstrances. Lady Charlotte Campbell gives an instance of this foolish propensity in her “Diary.” “Sometimes Monsieur — opened his eyes wide at the Princess’s declarations, and her Royal Highness enjoys making people stare, so she gives free vent to her tongue, and said a number of odd things, some of

which she thinks, and some she does not; but it amuses her to astonish an innocent-minded being, and really such did this old man appear to be. He won her heart, upon the whole, by paying a compliment to her fine arm and asking for her glove. Obtaining it, he placed it next his heart; and, declaring it should be found in his tomb, he swore he was of the old school in all things." Caroline seemed indeed to take an almost insane delight in saying or doing anything which could cause scandal, and her folly reached its height when she adopted Victorine, Bergami's daughter, utterly forgetful or unheeding of the discussion caused by her former adoption of young Austin.

Throughout the year 1815, she was perpetually moving from place to place, and by her reckless conduct and conversation, giving a semblance of truth to the scandals which the well-trained spies of the Regent were continually sending to their master. "She was now entirely surrounded by Italians. Mr St. Leger refused to be of her household, nor would he allow his daughter to be of it. Many others were applied to, but with similar success. Sir Humphrey and Lady Davy also declined the honour offered them. Mr. William Rose, Mr. Davenport, and Mr. Hartup, pleaded other engagements. Dr. Holland, Mr. North, and Mr Falconet were no longer with her. Lord Malpas begged to be excused, and Lady Charlotte Campbell withdrew, after her Royal Highness's second arrival at Milan. The Princess, however, had no difficulty in forming an Italian Court. Some of her appointments were unexceptionable. Such were those of Dr. Machetti, her physician, and the Chevalier Chiavini, her first equerry. Many of the Italian nobility now took the place of former English visitors at her 'Court,' and two of the

brothers of Bergami held respectable offices in her household, while the Countess of Oldi, sister of the chamberlain, was appointed sole lady of honour to the lady, her mistress." \* In the autumn she returned to Genoa, whence she wrote the following letter to Lady Charlotte Lindsay :—

"Ce 5 Octobre, 1815.

"J'ai enfin cinq de vos lettres toutes à la fois, ma cherè Lady Charlotte. Je suis justement sur le point pour m'embarquer à Gènes, pour me rendre en Sicile et dans les îles Ioniennes. Au mois de Février je me propose d'être de retour ici dans ma petite coquille. Je désire beaucoup d'éviter les empereurs et le couronnement, qui dit on doit se faire à Milan au mois de Novembre. Vous serez bien étonnée d'apprendre que Lord A. Hamilton vient justement de quitter ma chambre. Il va se rendre à Florence, pour revoir son ancienne flamme, Lady Oxford. Ainsi va le monde ! Lady John Campbell vient aussi d'arriver ici, et a eu l'imprudence de vouloir me rendre visite, ce que j'ai absolument refusé. La mort du cher Mr. Whitbread m'a beaucoup étonné. Un homme si religieux et pieux périr par un tel catastrophe ! Mais je me rapelle un certain jour à Connaught House, Mr Brougham arriva bien vite chez moi, pour faire une lettre pour un bien grand personnage, parce que le bon Whitbread avait fait une confusion très-forte, ce qui nous fite partir si tard pour Worthing. Je suis sûre que vous avez pensé de ce jour plus d'une fois. Il est actuellement bien heureux que j'ai quitté cet *enfer*, car n'ayant plus d'amis si zelés au parlement, mes affaires y sont encore plus mal. Au lieu de me dire qu'au retour du Duc de Cumberland à Londres, il n'a rien fait

\* Dr. Doran.



à Connaught House que de conter toute la histoire de l'Allemagne pendant mon dernier séjour dans cette ville; mais un mensonge de plus ou de moins est de très peu de conséquence. Assurez Mr. Brougham que je ne retourne jamais en Angleterre excepté quand le Duc ou le *Grand-duc* serait mort, et que *la jeune fille* desire bien ardemment de me revoir! Sans cela, jamais! c'est que je commence à craindre c'est que de tels événements heureux ne pourraient arriver.

"J'ai eu aussi une des très-longues lettres et fort stupides de Mme Beauclerc; ayez la bonté d'y répondre, et de lui assurer que les Hollands et tous même pourraient donner de très-bonnes nouvelles de ma santé et de mon contentement. J'apprends que Lady Glenbervie est beaucoup mieux en santé, ce qui me fait bien plaisir d'avoir dans mon pouvoir de vous donner cette agréable nouvelle.—Au reste, croyez-moi pour la vie votre plus sincère et affectionnée amie,

"C. P.

"La famille royale n'a nullement pris égard à la mort de mon frère; il n'y a que ma fille. La Princesse Sophie de Gloucester, j'ai cru m'aurait écrit un mot par bon cœur, et le duc son frère par politesse; mais ni l'un ni l'autre. Ainsi va le monde! Aussi, je suis bien résolu de ne jamais plus leur écrire ni même leur répondre, si jamais encore ils prennent fantaisie d'écrire. J'ai vu un soir à l'opéra à Como M. et Mme. Orde. Ils restent tout l'hiver à Florence avec les Oxfords. Le Professeur Monchiti [Machetti], médecin très-célèbre, et un homme très-aimable pour la société, naturel et fort instruit sur toutes les différentes branches de science, m'accompagne dans mon voyage. J'ai demandé la permission au Gouverne-

ment, et ils m'ont accordé pour six mois son absence. Un autre professeur, très-instruit sur les arts et sciences, qui parle aussi toutes les langues comme le français, est un homme fort aimable pour la société, et un certain Chevalier Monticelli, qui chant et peint à merveille, et fort gai et de bonne humeur, est aussi de la partie. Le dernier ressemble beaucoup par l'esprit et la figure à Mr. John M'Adam, et le reste sont les personnes de ma famille. Je me fais un plaisir de vous donner un détail de tout mon voyage, qui sera curieux, instructif, et amusant en même temps. Tout le monde sont amis et se connaissait bien sans la moindre jalousie l'un pour l'autre ! C'est une chose bien rare, je crois, mais cependant notre voyage sera pour tant composé de tels messieurs. Ayez la bonté de m'écrire à Palermo, ou je compte rester quelques jours."

Early in January she set out in the *Clorinde* for Syracuse, and arrived after a rough voyage and a quarrel with the captain, who, having previously seen Bergami occupying the position of her courier, refused to give him a seat at his table when he entertained the Princess—a slight she resented by refusing to appear. For some weeks she remained in Sicily, and it was during her sojourn there that the news arrived of the Princess Charlotte's approaching marriage with Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. Caroline heartily approved of the bridegroom, but did not manifest as much interest in the coming wedding of her only child as might have been looked for. Her wandering, unguided life, had not been without its effects on her character ; and, in striving to find forgetfulness of her wrongs and miseries, as none could blame her for doing, she seemed, in some degree, to have re-

linquished the warmth and devotion of her affections for her daughter. Untaught and uninfluenced as she had been since her childhood, she is, poor thing, little to be censured if the troubles which, to a more disciplined mind, might have proved a means of strengthening and elevating the character, proved to her only a source of bitterness and recklessness, and rendered her more callous to what did not immediately concern her.

To the bride-elect herself, however, the engagement gave all that she had longed for for years—strength, love, and counsel; and all the little defects of her really noble character rapidly vanished under the influence of Leopold's tender guidance. "Her happiness was as great," says Lady Rose Weigall, "as her former misery had been extreme; in the place of coercion, indulgence; instead of loneliness and suspicion, sympathy and confidence in their fullest measure; the society of all the old friends she loved, and as many fresh associates as talents and goodness could recommend to her." Her happiness is touchingly shown in her letter to Lady Charlotte Lindsay, a few weeks before her marriage.

"Cranbourne Lodge, March 19th, 1816.

"MY DEAR LADY CHARLOTTE LINDSAY,

"I hasten, with much pleasure, to thank you for the kind letter you have written to me, dated the 16th, on the occasion of my approaching marriage. You must allow me to call you (and as such to put you upon the footing of) an old friend. You may believe, therefore, that I was glad to receive your letter, and pleased with its contents.

"As you have known me long, you will believe me when I assure you that this has been a long-

wished-for event by me, that it is really a union of inclination, and which makes me very happy.

“In two points of view I am *quite convinced* that it is the best possible thing for this country (a subject I am ever *alive to*): first, in respect to its securing my private and domestic comfort; secondly, as to the Prince of Coburg’s relations and connections abroad, and his situation of a younger brother. Painful as the fact has been, yet I confess the retrospect does but enhance the *value* of the *present good* obtained, and makes me the more grateful for it, and *thankful* for the *escape* I made. I can with truth say that not one hour of my life have I ever regretted the line I took on a former occasion.

“Nothing you can utter in the Prince of Coburg’s praise is too much; . . . indeed, he deserves all possible praise and admiration; for his is *not an easy task*, situation, or game to play. The more he is known, the more, I am sure, this country will be inclined to confide much in him, as he has a *head*, a *heart*, and abilities of no common sort—indeed, I may add, that fall to few mortals.

“His attachment is certainly entirely personal towards me, and not from my situation. It began at a time when he felt he had little or no chance. I am therefore most singularly fortunate—certainly no princess or prince before me ever having been able, I believe, to form a matrimonial alliance from inclination.

“I am sure you will have been delighted, as I was, at the *manner* in which the question, etc., went off in the House; and as I feel *Opposition* acted handsomely, and made their allowance too liberal, it will be my anxious wish and study to prove myself worthy and grateful to my country and its representatives for all they have *said* and

done for me, by setting a *moral and well-principled* example before them—an example they have long stood in need of; the importance of which no one is better aware than yourself.

"You did quite right in introducing your brother and Miss Hayman to the . . . .

"I shall not delay writing to that excellent creature, whose letter is worth anything to me, from its natural and undisguised feelings of warm and real affectionate interest about me.

"I trust you have been quite well; pray remember me to all those of your family to whom I am personally known, and assure them of my continued regard. As to yourself, dear Lady Charlotte Lindsay, believe me ever to be yours most sincerely and truly,

"CHARLOTTE."

The marriage took place on the 2nd of May, and the poor young Princess understood, for the first time in her life, what domestic happiness meant. Her love for her husband was absorbing, and he had unbounded influence over her. "Her old friends were both touched and amused," says Lady Rose Weigall, "by the instant change which was wrought in her by the affectionate influence of her husband. Her little roughnesses were quieted down, and her vehement expressions of likes and dislikes needed nothing to restrain them beyond a gentle reproving look or word. Leopold at that time spoke English imperfectly; they usually talked French together, and when her tongue or her high spirits were carrying her beyond the bounds of dignity or prudence, she would be checked by his '*Doucement, ma chère, doucement.*' Thus she playfully called him '*Doucement,*' acted on his advice, and thought of nothing

but pleasing him, and showing her gratitude for the happiness he had brought her. He, on his part, felt the joyous influence of a sunny disposition, and warm and lively heart, on his own melancholy temperament. Her buoyancy and hilarity were just what he needed; and the contrasted peculiarities of each were of the kind which blend in softest harmony." Like a very woman, she was anxious that he should be the principal and master in all respects; and, forgetting all her anxieties for the due recognition of her rights and dignities which she had displayed on a former occasion, delighted in signing herself "Charlotte Cobourg," and insisted on the Cobourg livery being adopted in her household, "as if anxious to proclaim that she was prouder of being Leopold's wife than of her great inheritance."\* "I know you have always loved me," she writes to one of her dearest friends, "and I know how much too, and that you were very anxious for *this marriage*, which, as it makes *my whole happiness*, I shall never forget, and always love you all the better for."

"In this house," writes Baron Stokmar, from Claremont, on October 17th, 1816, "reign harmony, peace, and love—in short, everything that can promote domestic happiness. My master is the best of husbands in all the five quarters of the globe; and his wife bears him an amount of love, the greatness of which can only be compared with the English National Debt."

Again, on August 26th, 1817, the same observer says—"The married life of this couple affords a rare picture of love and fidelity, and never fails to impress all spectators who have managed to preserve a particle of feeling."

\* Lady Rose Weigall.

What an infinite blessing this life of love and happiness must have been to Charlotte, after her lonely and miserable girlhood, it is almost impossible to realize; but we catch a glimpse of her wealth of gratitude and unswerving affection to the husband who had been so good to her in her loving assurance to him that she was "the happiest wife in England," uttered in the brief space left her after her child's birth, and one of the last things she said.

While the young wife was thus in the flush of her bridal happiness, only marred by the thought of her absent mother, that mother was wandering about in a vain search for forgetfulness and peace. Her surroundings were not creditable to her dignity or good sense. "At a small place called Borgo St. Domino," writes a traveller, "three days' journey from hence, what was my surprise to come up to a whole rabble rout belonging to the Princess of Wales. This consisted of twenty-four persons in all. There were seven piebald horses, and two little cream-coloured ponies, and two very fine horses that drew a chariot, which was entirely covered up. They were evidently a low set of people. Many of the women were dressed up like itinerant show players, and altogether looked quite unfit to be her attendants. I did not see any person that I mistook for a gentleman; but my maids told me that they saw several men dressed in uniform and swords, who looked like pages." On the 26th of March the Princess embarked with her suite in the "Royal Charlotte," and sailed for Tunis, which was reached after a stormy voyage. Here she was courteously received by the Bey, who lodged her in his palace, showed her his seraglio, and caused his female band to play before her—a troupe of six women, all over three-score, each

labouring under some personal defect, and *none* with the slightest knowledge of music. In return for his hospitality, she purchased the freedom of several European slaves—an act both wise and noble; and then, after a brief visit to the sites of Utica and Carthage, set sail for the Piræus, which she reached with much difficulty, in May, and from whence she journeyed to Athens, where she resided at the French Consulate, and saw all the sights that could be shown her—including an exhibition of dancing dervishes, whose performance seems to have been too much even for her not over-fastidious nerves—and expressed her gratitude for Athenian courtesy by liberating three hundred imprisoned debtors—a good deed, the fame of which preceded her to Corinth, where she was splendidly entertained for two days, ere she passed on to the world-famous plain where once was Troy, and twice crossed the Scamander. On the 1st of June she entered Constantinople, in the springless cart of the country, drawn by a couple of bulls, and took up her residence in the British Embassy—the last time during her travels that she reposed beneath the British flag. The plague being then however prevalent in the city, she removed to a distance of fifteen miles, and amused herself by making excursions on the Black Sea. Before long she had wearied of her solitude, put to sea in a small vessel, visited Scio, and by the last week of June had reached Ephesus, where she pitched her tent under the vestibule of an ancient church, and spent some gaspingly hot days and hotter nights amidst those scenes of departed splendour ere she travelled to Jaffa, on her way to Jerusalem, which was the object of her dreams.

At Jaffa they were detained on account of having no written permit from the Padishah to visit the



Holy City, and the Pasha declared he could not allow more than five to proceed there; but after some negotiations and delay consent was given, and the cavalcade, nearly thirty persons, with horses, mules, tents, guides, and baggage, set out, and "roughed" the journey to such an extent that more than once the Princess fairly rolled out of her saddle with fatigue. The heat was very great, and the way long and weary, but Caroline bore all inconveniences bravely—far better than her suite; and on the 12th of July they finally entered Jerusalem, where the Capuchin friars received her cordially, and allowed her, and some of her attendants to sleep within their precincts. It was while she was resting here that she became eager to found a new order of chivalry, and finally determined to place it under the patronage of St. Caroline. It was urged upon her that no such saint was known to exist; but, having made up her mind, such trifles were little heeded by the wilful lady. St. Caroline she wished it to be, and St. Caroline it *should* be; and the non-existence of the holy personage in question was a matter of no importance whatever. Having carried her point triumphantly, she created young Austin a knight of the newly-founded Order, the Grand Mastership of which she gave to Bergami. The diploma of this extraordinary Order ran as follows:—

"By this present (given at Jerusalem, 12th of July, 1816), subscribed by her own hand, her Royal Highness institutes and creates a new Order, to recompense her faithful knights who have had the honour of accompanying her pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

"2nd. That Colonel B. Bergami, Baron of Fracina, Knight of Malta, and of the Holy Sepulchre, shall be Grand Master of this Order,

and his children, males as well as females, shall succeed him, and shall have the honour to wear the same Order from generation, for ever."

This important affair being settled, and her fatigue having passed away, the Princess was indefatigable in sight-seeing, and "did" all she was told of as unflinchingly as a Yankee globe-trotter. Her next move was to Jericho, which the summer heat rendered uninhabitable; and from thence she retraced her steps to Jaffa, and speedily embarked in the polacca awaiting her, in hope of meeting with refreshing sea-breezes after the glare of the eastern summer. While at sea a grand entertainment was given on St. Bartholomew's Day, in honour of Bergami, which was hardly concluded before they were overtaken by a storm, which tried their little craft's capabilities to the utmost. In respect of weather, the Princess's sea journeys were generally unfortunate; and on this occasion, when they did reach port, their condition was hardly bettered, as the authorities at Syracuse condemned them to quarantine. As soon as they could escape, Caroline and her train left in an Austrian vessel for Rome; and after a short and very lively sojourn there, she returned to the Villa d'Este, on the Lake of Como, where she and the Countess Oldi entertained their guests by showing the proficiency they had attained in the culinary art during their rambles, and by private theatricals, in which Caroline took a prominent part.

"There was a *fête champêtre* at the Villa d'Este a short time ago," writes Sir William Gell, "of which I dare say you have heard all the particulars. Mrs. Thompson [the Princess of Wales] must have looked divine as a Druidical priestess, which was the character 'we' assumed! and Le Comte

Alexander Hector von-der Otto figured charmingly as a god, to whom all the priests and priestesses did homage. Willikin was the victim offered to his Druidical Majesty. The Count Alexander generally wears the insignia of the Most Holy Order of St. Caroline, which consists of a cross and a heart tied together with a true lovers' knot, and the English Royal motto encircling the badge : 'Honi soit qui maly pense.' How far these words are applicable to the case I cannot say ; far be it from me not to take them in the sense they are intended to convey. 'We' go constantly on the lake in 'our' barge, and are serenaded, and are, as we say, very happy ; but of that I have my doubts. To be serious, I am truly sorry for Mrs. Thompson."

All this time the Princess was surrounded by spies in the pay of the Regent, and was well aware of the fact, but the knowledge only seemed to increase her recklessness. One of these gentry, a certain Baron d'Ompeda, was indeed banished from Austrian soil at her request ; but, in general, the conviction that all her proceedings would be shortly communicated to her husband, only seemed to add zest to her follies. She had been so outraged and ill-treated that, whatever she had done, one could hardly have wondered ; but at the same time her warmest adherents must acknowledge that she showed, during almost the whole of her Continental wanderings, a blameable want of dignity, discretion, and self-respect. In the early part of 1817 she went to Carlsruhe, where, at a hunting party given in her honour, by the Grand Duke of Baden, she appeared on horseback with half a pumpkin on her head, and, on an expression of astonishment at the remarkable coiffure, observed calmly that nothing kept the head so cool

and comfortable in hot weather as a pumpkin. From Carlsruhe she went to Vienna, and from thence to Trieste, leaving an unfavourable impression of her conduct in both places. The familiarity with which she treated her ex-courier, and her appearance at Mass in his company, were not calculated to increase the general respect.

While she was thus wandering in restless craving for variety from place to place, and moving so frequently that it is a matter of difficulty to trace her steps, her daughter in England was looking forward, eagerly and hopefully, though not without some awe and gravity, to the birth of her infant. "I am not in bad spirits about it," she writes to a friend, "or frightened, yet I think it is a very anxious and awful moment to expect, and one that one cannot feel quite unconcerned about." Less than a fortnight before the event that was destined to prove so tragical, she wrote what was to be her last words regarding the mother, whom she had always loved through all adverse circumstances and influences, in a letter to Lady Charlotte Campbell:—

"The only person now remaining with my mother, who I trust will continue with her, is Dr. Holland, who, I believe, from everything I have heard of him, is a most respectable and respected character. I have it not in my power at present to repay any services to the Princess of Wales, but if I ever have those who remain steadfast to her shall not be forgotten by me, though I fear sensible people like him never depend much on promises from anyone, still less a Royal person, so I refrain from making professions of gratitude; but I do not feel them the less towards all those who show her kindness. I have not heard from

my mother for a long time. If you can give me any intelligence of her I shall be obliged to you to do so. I am daily expecting to be confined, so you may imagine I am not very comfortable. If ever you think of me do not think I am *only a Princess*, but remember me (with Leopold's kind compliments) as

"Your sincere friend,

"CHARLOTTE PRINCESS OF SAXE-COBURG."

By her special wish she remained at Claremont, the home her husband's love had made so dear to her, for the birth of her babe; and her friends were looking forward to seeing her happiness perfected by the joy of motherhood, when the tidings came that spread such grief over England as those not living at the time find it difficult to realize. Mother and child had both perished, and the warm and generous heart that had suffered and loved so much was stilled for ever in the great silence of death.

In the dust  
The fair-haired Daughter of the Isles is laid,  
The love of millions !

The news reached Caroline at Pescara, and her grief was deep and sincere. "I have not only," she wrote to Lady C. Campbell, on the 3rd of December, "to lament an ever-loved child, but one most warmly attached friend, and the only one I have had in England! But she is only gone before. I have not her *losset*, and I now trust we shall soon meet in a much better world than the present one. For ever your truly sincere friend, C.P."

"To my infinite surprise," writes one of her visitors, "her Royal Highness wrote, and desired

me to wait upon her yesterday, which I did accordingly, and found her looking very well, but dressed in the oddest mourning I ever saw; a white gown, with bright lilac ribbons in a black crape cap!"

"It is bootless," says Lord Brougham, "to indulge in speculations and surmises, but Grey and I in discussing the event took somewhat different views. He held that death had mercifully saved Princess Charlotte from what would have been, to her, the fearful consequences of the disgraceful proceedings against her mother. I, on the other hand, felt persuaded that, had she lived, the proceedings of 1820 never would have seen the light. Even against her, standing alone, George IV. would scarcely have ventured to have instituted them; but against her, supported by Leopold, he would have found such a course *impossible*. For Leopold, of all men I have ever known, possessed every quality to ensure success against such a man as George IV.; and even against such ministers as had meekly, if not dishonestly, done his bidding in 1820."

It was at all events after the death of the Princess Charlotte that the "Milan Commission" was appointed to investigate Caroline's conduct, the cause of which was the gossip carried by the valet of a certain Mr. Burrell, who had made some expeditions with the Princess of Wales, to the servants of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. The unhappy object of this inquiry remonstrated indignantly with the Regent for appointing a commission to pass judgment on her conduct without previously making her aware of the fact; but, as was the case with most of her communications to her husband, her letter was utterly ignored.

From this time to the end of her career as Princess of Wales, Caroline's history grows indistinct and difficult to trace. That many of her proceedings were thoughtless and imprudent, it is impossible to deny; and rumour magnified and exaggerated the smallest folly into a crime. Always heedless and wilful, the gradual loss of public esteem affected the Princess very little; and she continued the roving, unsatisfactory life that pleased her best until the death of the blind old King in January, 1820, raised her to the dignity of Queen. That her reputation had suffered grievously during the last three years is patent in the condemnatory words written by Lady Charleville to Lady Morgan, in the succeeding February:—"The report of all travellers who have had any knowledge of the Princess of Wales renders it imperative that such a woman should not preside in Great Britain over its honest and virtuous daughters, and something is to be done to prevent it." But a far more favourable account was sent by the Lady Morgan, to whom the above was addressed to Lady Clarke. Writing from Rome, she says: "We have Queen Caroline here; at first this made a great fuss, whether she was or was not to be visited by her subjects, when lo! she refused to see any of them, and leads the most perfectly retired life! We met her one day driving out in a state truly royal; I never saw her so splendid. Young Austin followed in an open carriage; he is an interesting-looking young man. She happened to arrive at an inn near Rome when Lord and Lady Leitrim were there. She sent for them, and invited them to tea. Lady Leitrim told me her manner was perfect, and altogether she was a most improved woman. The Baron attended her at tea,

but merely as a chamberlain, and was not introduced."

The poet Rogers gives an account of meeting her about this time—the first meeting between them since she had taken offence at his declining to attend her to the theatre years ago in England. "I was at an inn," he says, "about a stage from Milan, when I saw Queen Caroline's carriages in the court-yard. I kept myself quite close, and drew down the blinds of the sitting-room; but the good-natured Queen found out that I was there, and, coming to the window, knocked on it with her knuckles. In a moment we were the best friends possible; and there, as afterwards in other parts of Italy, I dined and spent the day with her. Indeed, I once travelled during a whole night in the same carriage with her and Lady Charlotte Campbell; when the shortness of her Majesty's legs not allowing her to rest them on the seat opposite, she wheeled herself round, and very coolly placed them on the lap of Lady Charlotte, who was sitting next to her."

We have now arrived at what is at once the most important and most painful year in the biography of this unfortunate Princess. There are persons yet living who can remember the keen excitement and the intensity of partizanship aroused by the proceedings in 1820, and the deep and dangerous indignation kindled among the "crowd's untutored chivalry" by what her adherents styled the persecution, and the King's followers the trial, of Queen Caroline. At that time the followers of neither party would have admitted that there could be a redeeming feature on the opposite side. The King's adherents would have no word of explanation or palliation of the



Queen's reputed misdemeanours; and the Queen's sympathizers extolled her as a model of womanly decorum and regal dignity. We, in these days, can necessarily take a calmer and a juster view of the situation; and, while acknowledging and deploring the many follies and what may well be called senseless indiscretions of the Queen, we can yet exonerate her from the calumnies her enemies flung upon her, and honestly sympathize with the countless wrongs and injuries she had been made to endure. "As one reads her story," says Thackeray, "the heart bleeds for the kindly, generous, outraged creature. If wrong there be, let it be at his door who wickedly thrust her from it." The story of what occurred when the errant Princess found herself Queen is best given in the words of Lord Brougham:—

"My correspondence with some friends of the Princess, on whom I could entirely depend—as Sir William Gell, the Miss Berrys, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, and Lady Glenbervie—made it quite clear that, after her daughter's death, she had given up all wish to return; but that the vexation of the constant spies she was beset by, and all the mean contrivances to lower her in the eyes of whatever Court she came near, had made her existence intolerable under this endless annoyance of every kind, and that she would be most happy if any arrangement could be made for her entire freedom from all vexation. Her wish was to take some royal title in the family, and, having her income secured, to be recognized by our foreign ministers at whatever Court she might choose for a time to have her residence. Being on intimate terms with Lord Hutchinson, a political as well as a personal friend, I wrote him a letter, which he was at liberty to communicate to the

Prince, with whom he was on intimate terms, though not at all one of the Carlton House set. Though I well knew that the Princess would adopt this plan, yet I purposely avoided any direct communication with her, in order that I might not in any way commit her, and might state distinctly that it was only a proposition which I was disposed to make to her, and advise her to consider it. The accounts which I had received from persons from whom I could rely as to the people who had access to her, and the confident statements put about of the Milan inquiry, induced me to join some of the Princess's best and most judicious friends in advising her to accept such terms as I had proposed in this communication, and to agree with herself in thinking her remaining abroad, at least for the present, advisable. I expected the proposal would be accepted; but in case it was not, she was not committed by it. I have little or no doubt that if the proposal had been at once accepted by the Regent and his advisers she would have been glad to remain abroad. Things were materially changed, however, in January, 1820. Upon the King's death she had become Queen, and the difficulty became considerable of her position at foreign Courts, which would have been easy while only Princess of Wales; and then upon becoming Queen, she might have retained the title under which she had been known before. It must be allowed that the Regent and his Ministers were placed in a great embarrassment by some of the Opposition (Tierney especially) calling for inquiry into the reports circulated, and declaring that without it they could not vote the allowance for life, her then income being limited to the time she was Princess of Wales. There was also this

other difficulty, that the acceptance of my proposition could not occasion her remaining abroad without any express permission to that effect in the grant. Nevertheless, if the annuity had been granted, the omission in the bill of 1814 being supplied, the Prince might have trusted to her complying with the understood conditions, and her coming home would have been avoided, which was the thing both parties desired. Instead of that, she suddenly found herself Queen, without any arrangement whatever, and under no condition. She was at Geneva, and her best friends strongly recommended her to remain there until some arrangement could be made. But she received letters from less discreet parties in England, urging her to set out; and she conceived that if she came near England she could more easily negotiate. I was quite convinced that if she once set out she never would stop short. The Milan proceedings were the general topic of conversation, and the feeling which had been so strong in her favour before she left England, had been revived in consequence of those proceedings. Therefore it was quite certain that those who had written to her whilst she was at Geneva would influence her as she approached England, by speaking in the name of the multitude, and would advise her to throw herself on them for protection against the attempts of the Milan Commission and those who had set it to work. So it happened I had taken the precaution of sending over my brother James to confer with her, and to ascertain who had been examined at Milan, and as far as possible to find out what kind of evidence they had given. It appeared that there was nothing of which she had any reason to be apprehensive, except that almost

all the witnesses were Italians, and some of them turned-off servants, and others of disreputable class. But I remained of opinion, in which she entirely concurred, that however impossible it might be to prove any misconduct, it was very much better to have an arrangement which should supersede all necessity for an inquiry, and leave her conduct entirely unimpeached."

Guided by the mistaken counsellors to whom Lord Brougham has alluded, the Queen travelled through France, where, by order of the King, she was treated with studied neglect, to St. Omer. "She was," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "agreeably surprised at Montvard by the arrival of Alderman Wood and Lady Anne Hamilton—the last one of her most faithful and disinterested adherents. The progress of the party along the French posting was not without the grotesqueness which seemed to attend the poor lady's proceedings. The train consisted of five carriages. A calash, in which sat Alderman Wood and Count Vasali, led the way. The yellow English posting-chariot, with the Royal arms and 'C.P.W.' on the panels, followed, containing the Queen, Lady Anne Hamilton, and 'a fine little female child, about three years old, whom her Majesty, in conformity with her benevolent practices on former occasions, has adopted.' Then came three others, containing Mr. William Austin, 'Mr. Wood, junior,' and servants. There were various accidents and annoyances; her leaders falling, the post-masters showing disinclination to supply horses, one hiding himself. On another occasion plough horses had to be impressed and ridden for the stage by the carters." From St. Omer the Queen wrote one of her characteristic notes in English to Lord Liverpool, on learning that,

since the accession of the new King, her name had been omitted from the Litany. "The Queen of this Realm, wishes to be informed, through the medium of Lord Liverpool, First Minister to the King of this Realm, for which reason or motive the Queen name has been left-out of the general Prayer-books in England, and especially to prevent all her subjects to pay her such respect which is due to the Queen. It is equally a great omission towards the King that his Consort Queen should be obliged to submit to such great neglect, or rather arise from a perfect ignorance of the Archbishops of the real existence of the Queen Caroline of England." As Denman, afterwards Solicitor-General, remarked, the Queen *was* still prayed for in the Litany, in the petition that includes "all that are desolate and oppressed."

At St. Omer she was met by Lord Hutchinson and Mr. Brougham. "I was the bearer," says the latter, "of a proposition that she should have all the rights of Queen-Consort, especially as regarded money and patronage, on consenting to live abroad. Lord Hutchinson was the bearer of an intimation that on her coming to England all negotiation must cease. I found her surrounded by Italians, and resolved to come to England. I advised her against this step, as it must put an end to all negotiation; for example, upon the right to use a royal title, or even to be presented at foreign Courts as Queen. My impression was that she had been alarmed at the result of the Milan inquiry, of which most exaggerated rumours were purposely spread, and that those who urged her coming over had succeeded in persuading her that her safety would be best consulted by the popular feeling

which her arrival was certain to excite." How she received the proposal Lord Hutchinson had been entrusted with is shown in the correspondence which passed between that peer and Mr. Brougham regarding it. The first note was from the latter, and ran as follows:—

"Mr. Brougham having humbly submitted to the Queen that he had reason to believe that Lord Hutchinson had brought over a proposition from the King to her Majesty, the Queen has been pleased to command Mr. Brougham to request Lord Hutchinson to communicate any such proposition as soon as possible in writing. The bearer of this, Count Vasali, will wait to receive it from his lordship.

"June 4th, 1820."

To this Lord Hutchinson sent an elaborate reply:—

"St. Omer, June 4th, 1820

"Half-past 1 p.m.

"Lord Hutchinson presents his compliments to Mr. Brougham, and requests that he will have the goodness to present his humble and respectful duty to the Queen. He is charged with a proposition to her Majesty, both from the Government and with the full knowledge and approbation of the King. But before he mentions it to her Majesty in form, he must look on several papers which contain the intentions of the Government, and probably even await the arrival of a courier, whom he expects every moment from Paris, and who, undoubtedly, will arrive in the course of a few hours. Lord Hutchinson would make the communication immediately, but it has not been

conveyed to him in any specific form of words. It can, therefore, only be collected from the bearing and import of the several papers now in his possession. On a transaction of so delicate a nature it is impossible to observe too much caution and circumspection; and, indeed, he wishes to convey any proposition which he has to make to her Majesty with that respectful deference which is due to her exalted rank, but, at the same time, with that fidelity which he owes to his Sovereign, who has entrusted him with a most delicate commission, on the occasion and ultimate issue of which depend such important interests, involving in them the honour, happiness, and future destinies of the Queen of England. Lord Hutchinson hopes that Mr. Brougham and her Majesty will impute his request for a short delay only to the proper motive, which is that of an anxious wish to bring this painful negotiation to an issue equally satisfactory to the illustrious persons principally concerned. Lord Hutchinson has not time to take a copy of this paper, as he does not wish to detain the Count."

When the contents of this missive were communicated to the Queen, she directed Mr. Brougham to answer it promptly as follows:—

"Mr. Brougham is commanded by the Queen to express to Lord Hutchinson her Majesty's surprise at his lordship not being ready to state the terms of the proposition of which he is the bearer; but as Lord Hutchinson is desirous of a few hours' delay, her Majesty will wait until five o'clock, in the expectation of receiving a communication from his lordship at that hour.

"2 o'clock—June 4th, 1820."

In two more hours Lord Hutchinson despatched to the Queen the subjoined epistle, which at last made known to her "the proposition" concerning which so much had been said.

"June 4th, 1820—4 o'clock.

"SIR,—In obedience to the commands of the Queen, I have to inform you that I am not in possession of any proposition or propositions, detailed in a specific form of words, which I could lay before her Majesty, but I can detail to you, for her information, the substance of many conversations held with Lord Liverpool. His Majesty's Ministers propose that £50,000 per annum should be settled on the Queen for life, subject to such conditions as the King may impose. I have also reason to know that the conditions likely to be imposed by his Majesty are, that the Queen is not to assume the style and title of Queen of England, or any title attached to the Royal Family of England. A condition is also to be attached to this grant, that she is not to reside in any part of the United Kingdom, or even to visit England. The consequence of such a visit will be an immediate message to Parliament, and the entire end to all compromise and negotiation. I believe that there is no other condition—I am sure none of any importance. I think it right to send to you an extract from a letter from Lord Liverpool to me. His words are:—'It is material that her Majesty should know, confidentially, that if she should be so ill-advised as to come over to this country, there must then be an end to all negotiation and compromise. The decision, I may say, is taken to proceed against her as soon as she sets her foot on the British shores.' I cannot conclude this letter without my humble, though serious and sincere



supplication, that her Majesty will take these propositions into her most calm consideration, and not act with any hurry or precipitation on so important a subject. I hope that my advice will not be misinterpreted. I can have no possible interest which would induce me to give fallacious counsel to the Queen. But let the event be what it may, I shall console myself with the reflection that I have performed a painful duty imposed upon me, to the best of my judgment and conscience, and in a case in the decision of which the King, the Queen, the Government, and the people of England, are materially interested. Having done so, I fear neither obloquy nor misrepresentation. I certainly should not have wished to have brought matters to so precipitate a conclusion ; but it is her Majesty's decision, and not mine. I am conscious that I have performed my duty towards her with every possible degree of feeling and delicacy. I have been obliged to make use of your brother's hand, as I write with pain and difficulty, and the Queen has refused to give any, even the shortest delay.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, with great regard, your most obedient, humble servant,

" HUTCHINSON."

Her Majesty's mind did not take long to make up when the insulting nature of the proposal was made known to her. The answer was prompt, brief, and unalterably decisive.

"Mr. Brougham is commanded by the Queen to acknowledge the receipt of Lord Hutchinson's letter, and to inform his Lordship that it is quite impossible for her Majesty to listen to such a proposition.

" 5 o'clock, June 4th, 1820."

Poor Lord Hutchinson, who seems to have honestly tried to do his very best for both parties in this very unpleasant negotiation, on receiving this curt acknowledgment, wrote immediately to Mr. Brougham in the following terms:—

“St. Omer, 5 o'clock, June 4th, 1820.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I should wish that you would enter into a more detailed explanation. But to show you my anxious and sincere wish for an accommodation, I am willing to send a courier to England to ask for further instruction, provided her Majesty will communicate to you whether any part of the proposition which I have made would be acceptable to her; and if there is anything which she may wish to offer to the English Government on her part, I am willing to make myself the medium through which it may pass.

“I have the honour to be, etc.,

“HUTCHINSON.”

Before the letter reached its destination, however, the Queen had already dismissed her Italian suite, and, accompanied by Lady Anne Hamilton and Alderman Wood, had left for Calais, as the first step on her journey to England. Very indignant, she was not at all depressed by the treatment she had received. “My health is good, and my spirit is perfect,” she had written a short time previously. “I have seen no *personnes* of any kind who could give me advice different to my feelings and my sentiments of duty *relatif* of my present situation and rank of life.” There was, however, one “*personne*” now with her who strongly disapproved of her proceedings—Mr. Brougham, and he at once despatched Lord Hutchinson’s letter after her, enclosed in one of his own.

“St. Omer, half-past 5 o’clock,

“June 4th, 1820.

“Mr. Brougham presents his humble duty to your Majesty, and encloses the letter which he received from Lord Hutchinson the moment after your Majesty left St. Omer. Mr. Brougham once more implores your Majesty to refrain from rushing into certain trouble, and possible danger; or at least to delay taking this step until Lord Hutchinson shall have received fresh instructions. If your Majesty will authorise Mr. Brougham to make a proposition like the one contained in the other letter, all may yet be well.

“But your Majesty will put an end to every kind of accommodation by landing in England.”

Half an hour later, Mr. Brougham followed up the appeal with another, still more earnest, which another courier conveyed to her wilful Majesty at Calais.

“St. Omer, June 4th, 1820—6 o’clock.

“MADAM,—I entreat your Majesty once more to reflect calmly and patiently upon the step about to be taken, and to permit me to repeat my deliberate opinion. I do not advise your Majesty to entertain the proposition that has been made. But if another proposition were made instead of it, I should earnestly urge your Majesty to accept it—namely, that the annuity should be granted without any renunciation of rank or title or rights, and with a pledge on the part of the Government that your Majesty should be acknowledged and received abroad by all the diplomatic agents of the country according to your rank and station, but that your Majesty should not go to England.

The reason why I should give the advice is, that I can see no real good to your Majesty in such an expedition, if your Majesty can obtain without going all that it is possible to wish. I give this advice, most sincerely convinced that it is calculated to save your Majesty an infinite deal of pain and anxiety, and also because I am sure it is for the interest of the country.

"Suffer me, Madam, to add that there are some persons whose advice is of a different cast, and who will be found very feeble allies in the hour of difficulty.

"I know not that I have a right to proceed further, but a strong sense of duty impels me.

"If your Majesty shall determine to go to England before any new offer can be made, I earnestly implore your Majesty to proceed in the most private and even secret manner possible. It may be very well for a candidate at an election to be drawn into towns by the populace—and they will mean nothing but good in showing this attention to your Majesty—but a Queen of England may well dispense with such popular favour; and my duty to your Majesty bids me to say very plainly that I shall consider every such exhibition as both hurtful to your Majesty's real dignity, and full of danger in its probable consequences.

"I know your Majesty's goodness and good sense too well not to be convinced that you will pardon me for thus once more urging what I had before in conversation stated.

"And I have the honour to be your Majesty's devoted and faithful servant,

"H. BROUGHAM."

"That Brougham is afraid," remarked Caroline, as she read the letter; and that was all.

the notice she deigned to take of his entreaties. The authorities at Calais had been warned to pay her no attention; the English colony there were menaced with penalties if they offered her the smallest courtesy; and the one compliment paid her was by the master of the sailing packet Leopold, who hoisted the royal standard as soon as her Majesty, accompanied by Lady Anne Hamilton and Alderman Wood, went on board. "She sat there as evening closed in," says Dr. Doran, "without an attendant saving the lady already named and the alderman, who not only gave her his escort now, but offered her a home. She had solicited from the Government that a house might be provided for her, but this application had been received with silent contempt."

"She did not start," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "till the following morning, reaching Dover about noon, where she was exhilarated by the honour of a royal salute—quite unexpected—thundering out from the castle. The commandant, having no instructions to the contrary, felt himself bound to follow the usual course. The whole town lined the shores, and though the tide did not allow the vessel to enter the harbour, the intrepid lady insisted on entering a small boat and getting ashore. Now began those extraordinary ovations and progresses which were to mark her course and delight her soul. Amid roars and acclamations she walked through Snargate Street, arrayed in the broad hat and pelisse which were to be so familiar to the public. Wright's Hotel had the honour of receiving her, and from this house she departed in the evening, the crowd drawing her carriage. At Canterbury there were torches lit, fresh shouting, and addresses." She there stayed the night, and

the next day continued her journey by Gravesend to London, being everywhere enthusiastically received. Not only did the lower classes, with whom she had always been a favourite, deafen her with their acclamations, but the military were all strongly on her side.

"The road was thronged," writes Greville,\* "with an immense multitude from Westminster Bridge to Greenwich. Carriages, carts, and horsemen followed, preceded, and surrounded her coach the whole way. She was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. Women waved pocket handkerchiefs, and men shouted everywhere she passed. She travelled in an open landau, Alderman Wood sitting by her side, and Lady Anne Hamilton and another woman opposite. . . . The Queen looked exactly as she did before she left England, and seemed neither dispirited nor dismayed. As she passed by White's she bowed and smiled to the men who were in the window. The crowd was not so great in the streets through which she passed. Probably people had ceased to expect her, as it was so much later than the hour designated for her arrival. It is impossible to conceive the sensation created by this event. Nobody either blames or approves of her sudden return, but all ask, 'What will be done next? How is it to end?' . . . The King in the meantime is in excellent spirits, and the ministers affect the greatest unconcern and talk of the time it will take to pass the Bill to 'settle her business.' 'Her business,' as they call it, will in all probability raise such a tempest as they will find it beyond their power to appease; and for all his Majesty's unconcern the day of her arrival in England may be such an anniversary to him as he

\* "Memoirs."

will have no cause to celebrate with such rejoicing." It was on the evening of the 7th of June that she entered London, and as her carriage passed Carlton House, Alderman Wood, who had been mischievously named "Absolute Wisdom," on account of his exceeding lack of that attribute, practically demonstrated his non-possession of the quality by standing and giving three cheers. The Queen then proceeded to the Alderman's house in South Audley Street, where she lived till a residence in Portman Square was made ready for her. "It is impossible," says Lord Brougham, "to describe the universal, and strong, even violent, feelings of the people, not only in London, but all over the country, upon the subject of the Queen. Of course, in London the multitude were as unreflecting as they usually are when their feelings are excited. I recollect one instance among many others. The crowd collected wherever they knew her to be, and called her to appear at the window of whatever house she was in. The cheers and noise were excessive, and exposed her to great annoyance and fatigue. They called for cheers to individuals by name, and sometimes the cry was 'Three cheers for Mr. Austin, the Queen's son;' thereby assuming her to have been convicted of the high treason of which the inquiry of 1806 had acquitted her." On these occasions, when she used to appear in the balcony, Alderman Wood was wont to lay down a rug for her convenience. She had already given great offence to the King's sense of propriety by allowing the City worthy to drive in her carriage with her when she entered London. "That beast Wood sat by the Queen's side," said her royal husband indignantly. "That was very kind of him!" said Caroline, to whom the speech was of course repeated. Considering,

however, that he had freely laid at her disposal the habitation her husband had not thought fit to provide, the latter's anger seemed a little overstrained.

Her return did not pass without an attempt on the Muses. The youth who was destined to become famous as Lord Macaulay, celebrated her arrival in a poetical address, "which," says his biographer, "certainly little resembled those effusions that in the old courtly days an university was accustomed to lay at the feet of its sovereign."

Let mirth on every visage shine,  
And glow in every soul.  
Bring forth, bring forth the oldest wine,  
And crown the largest bowl.  
Bear to her home, while banners fly  
From each resounding steeple,  
And rockets sparkle in the sky,  
The daughter of the people.

\* \* \* \*

Though tyrant hatred still denies  
Each right that fits thy station,  
To thee a people's love supplies  
A nobler coronation:  
A coronation all unknown  
To Europe's royal vermin;  
For England's heart shall be thy throne.  
And purity thine ermine;  
Thy Proclamation our applause,  
Applause denied to some;  
Thy crown our love; thy shield our laws;  
Thank Heaven our Queen is come!

It was well for the young poet that he was in those days comparatively unknown; or the audacious mention of "Europe's royal vermin" might have procured for its author the same penalties as those inflicted on the brother bard who stigmatized his chivalrous Sovereign as "a fat Adonis of fifty." Personal vanity had no



small share in the many pleasing peculiarities of character exhibited by the First Gentleman in Europe.

The Queen "pertinaciously cherished," says Denman, "the hope of a reconciliation, and related with pride a compliment twenty years old, paid her by the Prince, when, speaking handsomely of a bride, he had declared, 'she was just like the Princess of Wales.' She might well treasure up these meagre testimonials: they had been few. She looked at me with uncommon earnestness, and said, 'I know the man. Well, mark what I say, we shall be good friends before we die.' Her bearing as she appeared on the balcony was most noble and attractive, firm and graceful, with a fixed courage in her eye. She kept repeating again and again, 'If he wished me to stay abroad, why not leave me in peace? So here I am.'"

After the Queen's arrival no time was lost by her affectionate consort in seeking to drive her out of the country again. "On the 6th of June," says Lord Brougham, "Lord Liverpool in the Lords, and Lord Castlereagh in the Commons, brought down a message from the King, accompanied by a green bag sealed, which contained the evidence upon which the case against the Queen was supposed to be founded. In the Lords, a secret committee of fifteen peers was at once appointed, to whom the contents of the green bag were referred. In the Commons, ministers made an attempt to induce the House to act with equal rapidity; but I was fully prepared for this movement. Without having given the smallest hint of my intention to anyone, save Denman, I effected this by at once entering fully into the whole case. Canning, in answering me, while he

supported the ministers, acted most honourably, and bore such testimony to the virtue and high bearing of a Princess whose honour, and, I may almost say life, was assailed by a husband whose whole life and conduct in the marriage state had been a barefaced violation of his vows—that ministers were forced to give way, and an adjournment was agreed to without a division. However, the counsels of men who were base enough to pander to the King's wishes, lest by opposing them the Tory ministry might be destroyed, prevailed; and it was determined to introduce a Bill of Pains and Penalties, to degrade the Queen Consort, and to dissolve her marriage with the King."

There was, however, at first a strong wish on the part of the ministers to come to some amicable arrangement with the Queen, which might obviate the necessity of such a Bill; and the Queen, provided always that her honour was vindicated, was by no means inclined to be unconciliatory, as is fully evidenced by the following note, written by her desire to Lord Liverpool.

"The Queen commands Mr. Brougham to inform Lord Liverpool that she has directed her most serious attention to the declared sense of Parliament as to the propriety of some amicable adjustment of existing differences being attempted, and submitting to that high authority with the gratitude due to the protection she has always received from it, her Majesty no longer waits for a communication from the servants of the Crown, but commands Mr. Brougham to announce her own readiness to consider any arrangement that can be suggested consistent with her dignity and honour.

"1 o'clock, Friday, June 9th, 1820."

On the morrow her Majesty sent a letter to Mr. Brougham, using for her amanuensis Lady Charlotte Campbell, who had returned to her as Lady in Waiting.

“Her Majesty being gone to her bedroom, commands me to say that she sent for Sir William Grant, according to Mr. Brougham’s desire, supposing that he had some communication to make from Mr. Canning. Sir W. G. came and assured her that he had not seen any of the Cabinet Ministers, and had no communication whatever to make from them. The Queen then represented to Sir W. if he would go to Mr. Canning in her name, that she thought the only way matters could be arranged was for her to have an interview with the King. Sir W. G. took this message to Mr. Canning, and returned, saying that Mr. Canning thought it quite impossible that such a proposal could be made to the King; he also said—except the Queen would throw herself on the mercy of the King. She then assured Sir W. that her Majesty would never ask mercy of the King, and that she only wished to have an audience of his Majesty, as every person had a right to have.

“Mr. Canning also mentioned that the report had been presented to the King on Saturday evening, and now he had no more power to interfere in his Majesty’s affairs.

“June 10th, 1820.

“P.S.—The Queen desires Mr. Brougham to consider through what channel it could best be effected for her Majesty to see the King.”

The reply of Caroline’s Attorney-General was, that he saw no chance whatever of such an inter-

view; and on the same day she wrote by his hand another letter to Lord Liverpool.

"The Queen commands Mr. Brougham to inform Lord Liverpool that she has received his letter, and that the memorandum of April 15th, 1820, which the proposition made through Lord Hutchinson had appeared to supersede, has also been now submitted to her Majesty for the first time.

"Her Majesty does not consider the terms there specified as at all according with the condition upon which she informed Lord Liverpool yesterday that she would entertain a proposal—namely, that it should be consistent with her dignity and honour.

"At the same time she is willing to acquit those who made this proposal of intending anything offensive to her Majesty, and Lord Liverpool's letter indicates a disposition to receive any suggestion which she may offer.

"Her Majesty retains the same desire which she commanded Mr. Brougham yesterday to express, of submitting her own wishes to the authority of Parliament, now so decisively interposed. Still acting upon the same principles, she now commands Mr. Brougham to add, that she feels it necessary, before making any further proposal, to have it understood that the recognition of her rank and privileges as Queen must form the basis of any arrangement which can be made.

"The moment that basis is established, her Majesty will be ready to suggest a method by which she conceives all existing differences may be satisfactorily adjusted.

"June 10th, 1820."

This missive drew from Lord Liverpool the following reply:—

"Lord Liverpool has had the honor of receiving the Queen's communication, and ~~has~~ refrain from expressing the extreme surprise of the King's servants that the memorandum of April 15th. the only proposition to her Majesty which was ever authorized by his Majesty, should not have been submitted to her Majesty, ~~and~~ yesterday.

"That memorandum contains so full a communication of the intentions and views of the King's Government with respect to the Queen, as to have entitled his Majesty's servants to an equally frank, full, and candid explanation on the part of her Majesty's advisers.

"The memorandum of the 15th of April. while it proposed that her Majesty should abstain from the exercise of the rights and privileges of Queen, with certain exceptions, did not call upon her Majesty to renounce any of them.

"Whatever appertains to her Majesty by law as Queen, must continue to appertain to her so long as it is not abrogated by law.

"The King's servants, in expressing their readiness to receive the suggestion for a satisfactory adjustment which her Majesty's advisers promise, think it right, in order to save time, distinctly to state, that any proposition which they could feel it to be consistent with their duty to recommend to his Majesty, must have for its basis her Majesty's residence abroad.

"Fife House, June 11th, 1820."

Neither sentiments nor language were very conciliatory, but Caroline and her advisers displayed, on their side, no desire to retreat from the dignified and unaggressive attitude they had assumed. "The Queen commands Mr. Brougham," ran her

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answer, "to acknowledge having received Lord Liverpool's note of last night, and to inform his Lordship that her Majesty takes it for granted that the memorandum of April 15th was not submitted to her Majesty before Saturday, only because her legal advisers had no opportunity of seeing her until Lord Hutchinson was on the spot prepared to treat with her Majesty.

"Her Majesty commands Mr. Brougham to state that as the basis of her recognition as Queen is admitted by the King's Government, and as his Majesty's servants express their readiness to receive any suggestion for a satisfactory adjustment, her Majesty, still acting upon the same principles which have always guided her conduct, will now point out a method by which it appears to her that the subject in contemplation may be obtained.

"Her Majesty's dignity and honour being secured, she regards all other matters as of comparatively little importance, and is willing to leave everything to the decision of any person or persons of high station and character whom both parties may concur in naming, and who shall have authority to prescribe the particulars as to residence, patronage, and income—subject, of course, to the approbation of Parliament.

"June 12th, 1820.

"The Queen commands Mr. Brougham to add that, as her only wish is to vindicate herself, whatever arrangement may be calculated to secure this object without offering any injury to the feelings of others, will be most likely to afford satisfaction to her Majesty."

This proposal was received by Lord Liverpool.

with a qualified assent. The ministers were really anxious to prevent all the disgraceful proceedings that were imminent should the Bill of Pains and Penalties be put in force, and were glad to welcome any prospect of a satisfactory arrangement; but at the same time they did not hold it consistent with their dignity to receive with too much readiness any suggestion from the Queen, nor indeed would such readiness have been at all approved by their kingly master, whose whole soul was absorbed in a frantic longing for divorce. Accordingly the following guarded reply to Caroline's note was despatched:—

“Lord Liverpool has received the communication made by the Queen's commands.

“The King's servants feel it to be unnecessary to enter into any discussion on the early parts of this communication, except to repeat that the memorandum delivered to Mr. Brougham of the 15th of April contained the only proposition to the Queen which the King authorized to be made to her Majesty.

“The views and sentiments of the King's Government as to her Majesty's actual situation are sufficiently explained in Lord Liverpool's note of the 11th inst.

“Lord Liverpool will proceed, therefore, to the proposal made on the part of her Majesty at the close of this communication—namely, that she ‘is willing to leave everything to the decision of any person or persons of high station and character whom both parties may concur in naming, and who shall have authority to prescribe for the particulars as to residence, patronage and income—subject, of course, to the approbation of Parliament.’

"The King's confidential servants cannot think it consistent with their constitutional responsibility to advise the King to submit to any arbitration a matter so deeply connected with the honour and dignity of his crown, and with the most important public interests; but they are fully sensible of the advantages which may be derived from an unreserved personal discussion; and they are therefore prepared to advise his Majesty to appoint two of his Majesty's confidential servants who, in concert with the like number of persons to be named by the Queen, may frame an arrangement, to be submitted to his Majesty, for settling, upon the basis of Lord Liverpool's note of the 11th inst., the necessary particulars of her Majesty's future situation.

"Fife House, June 13th, 1820.

"Lord Liverpool presents his compliments to Mr. Brougham, and requests that he will inform the Queen that if the accompanying answer should not appear to require any reply, Lord Liverpool is prepared to name the two persons whom his Majesty will appoint for the purpose referred to in this note."

This missive was promptly answered by Mr. Brougham, who conveyed the Queen's willingness to name two persons to meet two others of his Majesty's Government, "for the purpose of settling an arrangement;" and accordingly the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh, on the King's part, and Lords Fitzwilliam and Sefton on the Queen's, met at Wentworth House, Grosvenor Square. Mr. Brougham was asked to be present at the conference at this first sitting, in order that he might introduce the different negotiators



to each other. "There were," he says, "all sorts of blunders and mistakes as to time; and after a ridiculous hour passed in waiting for one person and another, rendered the more ridiculous from the arbitrators thinking fit to come in Court-dress, we all separated, nothing being done or said, except by the Duke, who, with his usual good sense, observed that the affair never could go on unless, instead of Sefton and Fitzwilliam—who, after the first meeting had declined to act—Denman and I should be the persons on the Queen's part, which he undertook to make the Government of the King approve; and accordingly Denman and I were accepted by the Government on the part of the Queen. We had several meetings, and I conceived a very high opinion, not only of the Duke's ability as a negotiator, but also of Castlereagh's. It was plain from the first that they had nothing like full powers from the King. Nor, indeed, had we from the Queen; for, upon some alarm being given her by the meddling folks whom she saw, she complained that she was not informed of the whole of the negotiation, although we made a point of conveying to her the substance of each day's discussion. Another thing happened both during the negotiation and at other parts of the proceeding. Acting under the influence of Lady Anne Hamilton, she sent letters to the Speaker, to be read to the House of Commons, or rather formal messages, beginning Caroline R., which Lady Anne's brother, Lord Archibald (our staunch supporter) and myself were never aware of till an hour before they were to be read by the Speaker; and on one occasion we had hardly time to prevent it by hastening to her house and causing her to countermand what she had been induced to do. More than once I have been obliged to say

that unless the step intended was abandoned I must resign my place in her service." Hampered and restricted in both as both sides were, it was not wonderful that the negotiations should come to nothing, and that the "satisfactory adjustment," about which so much had been said, should never be arrived at. It is not, perhaps, too much to say, that, had any arrangement been contrived which would bring satisfaction to the Queen, it would have been a source of unfeigned disappointment and disapprobation to the King. On the one hand it would have destroyed the scheme of divorcing her on which he had set his heart; and on the other, it might have given pleasure to the abhorred wife whom he would much have preferred causing to suffer.

There was another attempt made to prevent matters proceeding to extremity. On the 20th of June Mr. Wilberforce brought forward a motion which was agreed to by the House, "expressive of the regret of Parliament that the illustrious adversaries had not been able to complete an amicable arrangement of their difficulties, and declaring that the Queen would sacrifice nothing of her good name nor of the righteousness of her cause, nor be held as shrinking from inquiry, by consenting to accept the counsel of Parliament, and forbearing to press further the adoption of those propositions on which any material difference of opinion is yet remaining."\*

This resolution was embodied in an address to her Majesty, which was conveyed to her by Wilberforce, the mover, and three other members. All courtly forms were observed at the reception of these gentlemen. The Queen, clad in black satin, with a wreath of laurel and emeralds in her

\* Dr. Doran,

hair, surmounted by a plume of feathers, stood in the front drawing-room of her house in Portman Street, with Lady Anne Hamilton in the rear, and her Attorney and Solicitor-General, Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman, in their wigs and gowns, on either side. The folding doors which divided the apartment were thrown open, and the members advanced, and each in turn knelt on one knee, and kissed her hand. Caroline received them with great courtesy, but utterly declined to accede to their request, on the ground that by so doing her character would suffer—a refusal that gave the crowd assembled before her house to hear her decision great satisfaction, and much increased her popularity generally. In the army her cause was vehemently espoused. Cries of “God save Queen Caroline!” were frequent, and the soldiers in London showed themselves so disaffected that it was very doubtful if the Guards could have been relied upon in case of any disturbance. Indeed, one battalion of the Guards—the 3rd—mutinied, and were ordered to Portsmouth; and though the King’s friends averred that they did so on account of the harshness of their colonel, the Duke of Gloucester, the public declared that the cause was their sympathy with the Queen.

“The story,” says Mr. Grey-Bennett, “soon got wind, and in the evening some thousands of persons assembled opposite to the barracks in the King’s Mews, Charing Cross, shouting, ‘Queen for ever!’ and calling to the soldiers to do the same. The people made every coachman and footman of the carriages passing by take off their hats to the barracks in honour of the soldiers; and there was evidently a very bad feeling among them. I mixed in the crowd coming up from the House of Commons, and heard many unpleasant

observations. The Life Guards at last came and the people dispersed ; but I believe one or two people were wounded. The 3rd Guards on the march to Portsmouth behaved in a most disorderly manner. My neighbour, Sir Thomas Williams, told me that some were quartered at Collen, near his house, and that he went towards the village in the evening and heard them shouting, ' Queen for ever ! ' and I have been told the same took place at Kingston, where they drank the health of all the popular leaders in the alehouses where they were billeted. As usual, all this was denied by the Government and the officers ; but it is true, and no doubt a strong feeling of compassion for the Queen existed in the minds of the soldiers. Even the 10th Hussars, the King's Own Regiment, showed it, and a person of credit told me he walked into the Ivy Tavern, Hampton Court, where the regiment was quartered, and passing by the tap saw twelve or fourteen soldiers sitting in it, one of them taking up a pot of porter said, ' Come, lads, the Queen ! ' when they all rose and drank her health. " The extinguisher was taking fire," as was remarked at the time. The enthusiasm of the mob took the form of breaking windows, and pelting all who did not uncover when they passed her door. " It is odd enough," writes Greville, " Lady Hertford's windows have been broken to pieces and the frames driven in, while no assault has been made on Lady Conyngham's." The latter, it should be observed, was the reigning Sultana of the Court, whose doors the Sovereign had so successfully closed against his wife.

The Government, who had no liking for the unprecedented task with which they were threatened, were much disappointed at the Queen's refusal to

assent to their entreaty. The King, on the contrary, would have been equally disappointed had anything occurred to interfere with his cherished scheme of divorce. Very reluctantly the ministers commenced the secret inquiry into the evidence contained in the famous green bag. The Queen protested indignantly against such a proceeding, with the usual result, poor lady! of being calmly ignored. While this inquiry was going on, she lived quietly, appearing little in public, except to receive and answer the numberless addresses which poured upon her from all parts of the country. These answers, written for her by devoted partizans, were generally happy in pleasing those for whom they were intended. "I have derived unspeakable consolation," she said to the citizens of London, "from the zealous and constant attachment of this warm-hearted, just, and generous people, to live at home with and to cherish whom will be the chief happiness of the remainder of my days." She made a public visit to Guildhall, and one day honoured Alderman Waithman by inspecting his shop; but on both occasions lowered her own dignity by allowing the mob to remove her horses, and literally drag her through the mire — one of the manifestations against which Mr. Brougham had so seriously warned her. One of her many advocates suggested that she might yet fittingly compromise her claims by having her name restored in the Litany, being crowned, holding an annual Drawing-room at Kensington Palace, and permanently residing at Hampton Court, with an income of £55,000 a-year. The terms were, however, far too liberal even to have been offered, even had the Queen cared to accept them; but, as she remarked, what she wanted was, not a victory without a battle, but a

victory after feeling that she had deserved one. She occasionally visited Blackheath, but was in London when, early in July, the secret committee made their report, which testified that the documents examined contained allegations, supported by many witnesses, which evidenced "a continued series of conduct highly unbecoming her Majesty's rank and station, and of the most licentious character," and unwillingly recommended a solemn legislative inquiry into the matter.

The Queen showed no sign of dismay when this intelligence reached her. She drove out the same evening, and was vociferously cheered by the mob, who were indignant that the Princess Sophia, when her carriage met that of the Queen near Kensington Gate, gave no sign of recognition, and that her servants did not uncover as they passed Caroline. On the following day, Wednesday, the 5th of July, the famous and disgraceful Bill of Pains and Penalties—a bill for the degradation and divorce of the Queen—was brought in by Lord Liverpool. To critical eyes it seemed more than a little strange that *such* a King should crave relief from matrimonial shackles. The Premier endeavoured to explain away this seeming incongruity. The sin of a Queen was, he said, a crime against the State. "The private offence is merged in the public crime, and must follow the effect of it. How is it possible to entertain a charge of recrimination against a King who, in the eye of the law, can do no wrong?"

The Queen petitioned to be made aware of the nature of the charges against her—a petition which was refused; and the Bill was introduced, charging her with shameful and unwomanly conduct, and proposing that "Caroline Amelia Elizabeth should be deprived of her rights, ranks, and privileges as

Queen, and that her marriage with the King be dissolved and disannulled to all intents and purposes." A copy of this effusion was brought by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt to the Queen, who, not unnaturally, did not receive it unmoved. Had the Bill been presented to her a quarter of a century earlier, she remarked, it might have served the King's purpose better. She should never meet her husband again in this world, she went on to say, but she hoped to do so in the next, where certainly justice would be done to her. She sent to the House of Commons a message of indignant surprise that she should be assumed as guilty on the report of a committee which had not taken the evidence of a single witness; and her friends in the Lower House were not slow to take up arms on her behalf. Mr. Canning, though speaking on the Ministerial side, paid her a tribute of warm and emphatic praise. "There was no society in Europe of which she would not be the grace, life, and ornament." The honourable gentleman called upon the Government to come forward frankly, and at once, as her Majesty's accusers. "I, for one, will never, so help me God, place myself in the situation of her accuser." Among the Queen's supporters Sir Robert Ferguson, especially, asked awkward questions about the foreign spies and the Milan Commission. These proceedings he said, which had originated with Sir John Leach, had cost the nation nearly £40,000, for half of which sum enough Italian witnesses might easily be procured to blacken the reputation of any woman in England.

Nevertheless, the Italian witnesses against whom he inveighed, were procured by the Government, on very liberal terms—one being a servant discharged from the Queen's service for robbing her

of four hundred napoleons—and were landed at Dover, where they were not politely treated, and the ministers fearing that they would meet with a still more undesirable reception in the metropolis, moved them to various parts of London, and then sent them to Holland, to the great disgust of the worthy Dutchmen; till finally a refuge was found for them in Colton Garden. “There was something revolting,” says Mr. Fitzgerald, “in seeing the large space next Westminster Bridge being built in and barricaded, so that there could be no approach save from the river. The houses of the officers of the House of Lords were devoted to their accommodation, while the place was regularly victualled, furniture being secretly introduced; walls were run up to prevent their being seen as they took exercise; and gunboats on the river and a military force on the land side strictly guarded them; while the royal cooks were installed.” It was perhaps fortunate for the witnesses that they were so amply protected; for Lord Albemarle describes the mob as hovering round their abiding place “like a cat round the cage of a canary.” Lord Brougham was not slow to improve to advantage the low character of most of the witnesses offered him, and, when the trial had commenced, apologised with telling irony for “seeking to elude a bill supported by so respectable a body of witnesses as those assembled in Colton Garden. Judging from their exterior they must be like those persons with whom your lordships are in the habit of associating. They must doubtless be seized in fee-simple of those decent habiliments—persons who would regale themselves at their own expense, live in separate apartments, have full powers of locomotion, and require no other escort than their *lacquais de place*.”



All this injustice and harshness directed against her made Caroline more popular than ever with her supporters; and she did not lack friends who were both valuable and devoted. Dr. Parr was enthusiastic in her cause. He entered in a blank page in the Prayer Book in his church at Halton, a solemn protest against the oppression she endured, adding his conviction of her complete innocence, and his resolve, though forbidden to mention her name, to mentally include her in the prayer for "*all the Royal Family.*" An injudicious friend begged him not to mix himself up with her case, now that matters looked so gloomy. His only reply was to proceed at once to London, where he procured the office of one of her Majesty's chaplains, and preached before her eloquent sermons, exhorting her not to despise the chastening of the Lord, to which the Queen, whose behaviour at church was reverent and devout, listened attentively. Through his influence the Rev. Mr. Fellowes was appointed another of Caroline's chaplains, and it was one or other of the two clergymen who generally wrote for her the answers to addresses, which contrived to say the most cutting things of the King without appearing to treat him uncourtously.

These addresses to the Queen increased both in number and in strength of language; and the royal answers fully corresponded to them in the last particular. "When my accusers," she said to a deputation from Canterbury, "offered to load me with wealth, on condition of depriving me of honour, my habitual disinterestedness and my conscious integrity made me spurn the golden lure. My enemies have not yet taught me that wealth is desirable when it is coupled with infamy." "In the Bill of Pains and Penalties,"

she remarked in her answer to the Shoreditch address, "my adversaries first condemn me without proof, and then, with a sort of novel refinement in legislative science, proceed to enquire whether there is any proof to justify the condemnation." The King she invariably, and justly, spoke of as her "oppressor." "To pretend," she said in one of her answers, "that his Majesty is not a party, and the sole complaining party, in this great question, is to render the whole business a mere mockery. His Majesty either does or does not desire the divorce which the Bill of Pains and Penalties proposes to accomplish. If his Majesty does not desire the divorce, it is certain that the State does not desire it in his stead; and if the divorce is the desire of his Majesty, his Majesty ought to seek it on the same terms as his subjects; for in a limited monarchy the law is one and the same for all." "It would have been well for me," she observed on another occasion, "and perhaps not ill for the country, if my oppressor had been as far from malice as myself; for what is it but malice of the most unmixed nature and the most unrelenting character, which has infested my path and waylaid my steps during a long period of twenty-five years?" She alluded in her reply to the Hammersmith address to the ministers who were her adversaries. "To have been one of the peers who, after accusing and condemning, affected to sit in judgment on Queen Caroline, will be a sure passport to the splendid notoriety of everlasting shame." In answer to the Greenwich deputation she referred to the time when she was living among them, and continued, "Can I ever be unmindful that it was a period when I could behold the countenance which I never beheld without vivid delight, and hear that voice which

to my fond ear was like music breathing over violets? Can I forget? No; my soul will never suffer me to forget that, when the cold remains of my beloved object were deposited in the tomb, the malice of my persecutors would not even suffer the name of the mother to be inscribed upon the coffin of her child. Of all the indignities I have experienced, this is one which, minute as it may seem, has affected me as much as all the rest. But if it were minute, it was not so to my agonizing sensibility." She sent a letter to the King, which he evaded answering by refusing to read. "You have left me nothing but my innocence," she told him, "and you would now, by a mockery of justice, deprive me of the reputation of possessing even that." Occasionally the presentation of an address to her was not without a ludicrous aspect. The married ladies of London sent a deputation with an expression of their sympathy. The deputation, chiefly wives of small shopkeepers, descended from their hackney coaches on reaching the royal residence as a man descends a ladder! The answer given them by the Queen was, however, delivered with all the dignity she could, when she pleased, so well assume. "I shall never sacrifice that honour," she declared, "which is the glory of a woman." Public opinion ran high in her favour, and one military chaplain, a Mr. Gillespie, continuing to pray for her by name as the Queen, was placed under arrest for doing so. "The Queen" was *the* topic of the hour, and the *pros* and *cons* of her case were argued as universally and vehemently as were the pretensions of the Tichborne claimant in our own days, till even Greville, keen lover of "details" as he was, grew weary of the theme. "The discussion of the Queen's business," he complains, "is now become

an intolerable nuisance in society; no other subject is ever talked of. It is an incessant matter of argument and dispute what will be done and what ought to be done. All people express themselves tired of the subject, yet none talk or think of any other. It is a great evil when a single subject of interest takes possession of society; conversation loses all its lightness and variety, and every drawing-room is converted into an arena of political disputation. People even go to talk about it from habit long after the interest it excited has ceased." Meanwhile the Queen left her residence in Portman Street for Brandenburg House on the banks of the Thames near Hammer-smith, the old residence of the Margravine of Anspach, where she was guarded nightly by enthusiastic volunteer sentinels. The universal discussion of her innocence or guilt, the anticipation of the disgraceful evidence of the Italians, who, however blameless she were, would be certain to recount as much as they saw desired of them—and the notoriety in which she lived, would have been terrible to many women; but Caroline, poor lady, had never erred on the side of ultra-refinement; and her high spirit and undaunted courage, and the sympathy of the people, enabled her to face, with tolerable equanimity, events that would have killed a less stout-hearted and more finely-strung victim.

She was not without friends in the House of Lords; and one of them, Lord Erskine, on the second reading of the Bill, insisted on her right to have a list of the witnesses against her. This he urged strongly again and again, with no effect; and a petition on the same subject from Caroline herself met with as little response. As the names of the witnesses were to be withheld, she begged

that she might at least have a list of the times, places, when and where it was alleged she had acted improperly. This request Lord Eldon merely noticed by characterizing it as "simply absurd." Popular opinion declared her to be unfairly treated. "Everybody seems to agree," says Greville, "that it is a great injustice not to allow her lists of the witnesses; the excuse that it is not usual is bad, for the proceedings are anomalous altogether, and it is absurd to attempt to adhere to precedent; here there are no precedents and no analogies to guide to a decision."

## CHAPTER VI.

The Queen's trial—Her attendance at the House of Lords—Evidence of the Italian witnesses—Brougham's speech—Displeasure of the King—Denman's speech—Popularity of the Queen—Visit of Prince Leopold—Abandonment of the Bill—Reception of the news by the Queen—Enthusiasm in the country—Scene in the House—The thanksgiving service at St. Paul's—The provision for the Queen—Libels on the Queen—The approaching coronation—The King's resolve—Caroline's appearance at the Abbey—Her repulse—Her illness—Her death—Her will.

On the 17th of August what everyone rightly spoke of as "the Queen's trial" commenced, her defence being in the hands of Brougham and Denman. How the former was prepared to do her service, the latter's words will best convey. "Let me here state, once and for all, that from this moment I am sure that Brougham thought of nothing but serving and saving his client. I, who saw more of him nearly than any man, can bear witness that from the period in question his whole powers were devoted to her safety and welfare. He felt that the battle must be fought, and resolved to fight it manfully and 'to the utterance.'" That he was acting under an honest belief in the utter falsity of the charges brought against her, his own words prove; and the testimony of an honourable gentleman, spoken from the depths of thorough conviction, goes far towards establishing the fair fame of the persecuted lady referred to.

"Of the utter groundlessness of these charges we all had the most complete and unhesitating belief; and I quite as much as any of the others. The evidence and discussion at the trial not only

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failed to shake the conviction with which we set out from our knowledge of the Milan proceedings, and from our communication with such of her household as had attended her in the south, but very greatly confirmed it, and removed whatever doubts had for a moment crossed our minds. I can most positively affirm, that if every one of us had been put upon our oaths as jurymen, we should all have declared that there was not the least ground for the charges against her. The same was the clear and decided opinion of those most acquainted personally with her habits, from having been long on intimate terms with her—as Lord Archibald Hamilton; or having been her ladies—as Lady Charlotte Lindsay and Lady Glenbevie. All these laughed to scorn the stories told by the witnesses about what had passed on shore, and still more, if possible, the tales of what had passed on board ship in the Levant.”

The Queen gave notice that she should attend every day in the House of Lords while the trial lasted; and as Brandenburgh House was inconveniently far from Westminster, the widow of Sir Philip Francis offered her Majesty the use of her house in St. James's Square, which was at once accepted. She did not sleep there, but used generally to arrive there very early in the morning, and proceed from thence, in state, to the House of Lords, accompanied by Lady Ann Hamilton, Sir W. Gell, Mr. Keppel Craven, and Alderman Wood, who invariably attempted to escort the Queen to the Upper House, and was as invariably prevented, as, being a Member of Parliament, his proper entrance was that apportioned to the Commons. A withdrawing-room was provided for Caroline's use, and she was *altogether* treated with courtesy, as she more than

once remarked, when she seated herself on the almost throne-like chair placed for her near her counsel. She was usually received with military honours, and led into the House by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt and Mr. Brougham, each holding her by the hand. On the morning of the 17th of August, says Mr. Fitzgerald, "the peers began to arrive betimes, while the Chancellor came at the singularly early hour of eight. Every window and housetop was covered with spectators. The Duke of York arrived on horseback, the Duke of Wellington being hissed and groaned at. The Duke of Sussex was received rapturously. The roar of voices all along the route gave notice of the procession, for such it was, which was to be the daily programme for some time to come, which swelled into shouts as the carriage, drawn by six horses, with servants in the royal liveries of scarlet and gold with purple velvet caps and facings, came into view. Behind followed other carriages, containing Sir William Gell and Mr. Keppel Craven, who, though they might have left her service in some disgust at her conduct, were chivalrous enough to return to it, to show their belief in her innocence of more serious charges. This to an impartial mind would not be without weight. Along the route the soldiers on duty were posted, and the multitude watched those stationed at Carlton House with feverish anxiety, to see whether they would present arms. They did so, to the delight and even rapture of the mob, who shook hands with them, while some of the women embraced them. The cries were all of the same affectionate character. 'God bless your Majesty!' 'We'll give our blood for you!' 'The Queen or death!' 'May you overcome your enemies!' Men were seen carrying green bags



at the end of long poles." The Queen entered the House punctually at ten o'clock, while the names of the peers were being called over, dressed in black satin, with a plain laced cap and veil. All present rose to receive her—a courtesy she acknowledged with much dignity. The following day her costume was not in such good taste. "Denman was addressing the House on the morning of the 18th," says Lord Albemarle, "when a confused sound of drums, trumpets, and human voices announced the approach of the Queen. Beams a foot square had been thrown across the street between St. Margaret's Church and the Court of Queen's Bench; but this barrier her Majesty's admirers dashed through with as much ease as if they had been formed of reeds, and accompanied her Majesty to the entrance of the House. The peers rose as the Queen entered, and remained standing until she took her seat in a crimson and gilt chair, immediately in front of her counsel. Her appearance was anything but prepossessing. She wore a black dress with a high ruff, an unbecoming gipsy hat with a huge bow in front, the whole surmounted with a plume of ostrich feathers. Nature had given her light hair, blue eyes, a fair complexion, and a good-humoured expression of countenance; but these characteristics were marred by painted eyebrows, and by a black wig with a profusion of curls, which overshadowed her cheeks, and gave a bold defiant air to her features." Her counsel Denman, however, who was enthusiastic in her cause, gives a much more favourable sketch of her. "I never saw a human being so interesting. Her face was pale, her eyelids a little sunken, her eyes fixed on the ground, with no expression of alarm or consciousness, but with an appearance of decent

distress at being made the subject of such revolting calumnies." The first two days passed without any proceedings of particular interest, the only event worth recording being an attempt by the Duke of Leinster to get rid of the Bill at the eleventh hour, which was negatived. Mr. Brougham also spoke ably against the Bill, dwelling strongly on the fact that the accused was prevented showing the guilt of her accuser. On the 19th the Attorney-General opened his case in a speech in which, professing to have substantial proof of all his assertions, he described the Queen's conduct as disgraceful to her alike as Princess and woman. The Queen entered as he was concluding, and immediately after the first of the Italian witnesses, Theodore Majocchi, who was indebted to her for much kindness, was brought in. Overwhelmed at seeing him turn against her, she exclaimed, "Oh, traditore!" and at once retired to her withdrawing-room, from whence she did not again return to the House. "This," says Lord Brougham, "looked like an alarm, and was sedulously represented as an indication that she knew he came to give testimony which she was afraid of, and that her expression was of astonishment that he should appear against her. Possibly it was; but the failure of his evidence to stand cross-examination and sifting completely proved that she had no reason to fear anything but his gross perjury." All these Italian witnesses on the side of the Government swore boldly to shameless conduct on the part of Caroline; but on cross-examination many admitted that they were hostile to and jealous of the ex-courier. The evidence of all, however, with some discrepancies, tallied. They all "deposed to an ostentation of criminality

in parties, who, if guilty, must have been most deeply interested in concealing all evidences of guilt, and one of whom at least knew that she was constantly watched and daily reported of. This contradiction very soon struck Lord Eldon himself, who intimated that some measures should be taken to punish perjury, if it could be proved to have been committed. It is certain that the King's case was materially damaged at a very early stage of the proceedings, not only by the discrepancy in the evidence, but by the suspicious alacrity of the witnesses in tendering it."\* Many of the lowest class, and all ready with voluble testimony of disgraceful conduct, the witnesses surpassed each other in the graphic descriptions they gave of Caroline's proceedings, each seeming to blacken the blackness. It was remarked that "none of them had the look of speaking from recollection . . . there is a visible difference between the expression of a recollection and an imagination, especially such stories as they told."†

The terribly adverse nature of the testimony was in itself an obstacle to the King's case. "By making it more gross than in all human probability it could be," writes a contemporary, "the evidence, where it might otherwise be trusted, is rendered unworthy of credit." By the 7th of September all the witnesses on the side of the Government had given their evidence, and the House adjourned till the 3rd of October, thankful, no doubt, to be released from hearing the disgusting details which they had heard repeated *ad nauseam* for the past fortnight. The public excitement was very great, and even the Duke of Wellington, hitherto the idol of the nation, lost much of his popularity through his adherence to

\* Dr. Doran.

† "Diary of the Times of George IV."

the King. He was hissed violently one morning as he proceeded to the House; and another day the mob followed him, insisting on his crying, "The Queen!" He rode on in silence, calmly ignoring them; but as they followed, reiterating their demand, he grew impatient, and turned sharply round on his pursuers with the exclamation, "Very well; the Queen then, and may all your wives be like her!"

Mr. Brougham, occupied as he was with the defence of a Queen, in a case which has had no parallel in modern times, was yet not so absorbed in preparation for the coming ordeal as to be inaccessible to humble clients. He went down to Yorkshire for the assizes in the interval before the continuation of the trial, and "was there engaged in a case on behalf of an old woman upon whose *pig-cot* a trespass had been committed. The tenement in question was on the border of a common of one hundred acres, upon five yards of which it was alleged to have unduly encroached, and was therefore pulled down by the landlord. The poor woman sought for damages, she having held occupation by a yearly rental of sixpence, and sixpence on entering. The learned counsel pleaded his poor client's cause successfully, and, having procured for her the value of her levelled *pig-cot*, some forty shillings, he returned to town to endeavour to plead as successfully the cause of the Queen."\*

On that memorable Tuesday, October 3rd, Mr. Brougham entered on Caroline's defence, in a speech of wonderful eloquence, brilliance, and power. Always as undaunted as keen-witted, the boldness of the course he took in his line of defence may be estimated by the fact that he dis-

\* Dr. Doran.

tinctly declared that, did the course of events render such a proceeding necessary, he should have no hesitation in recriminating on the husband who had assailed his wife's reputation. "My lords," he said, "the Princess Caroline of Brunswick arrived in this country in the year 1795—the niece of our Sovereign, the intended consort of his Heir-Apparent, and herself not a very remote heir to the crown of these realms. But I now go back to that period only for the purpose of passing over all the interval which elapsed between her arrival then and her departure in 1814. I rejoice that, for the present at least, the most faithful discharge of my duty permits me to draw this veil; but I cannot do so without pausing for an instant to guard myself against a misrepresentation to which I know this cause may not unnaturally be exposed, and to assure your lordships most solemnly that if I did not think that the cause of the Queen, as attempted to be established by the evidence against her, not only does not require recrimination at present—not only imposes no duty of even uttering one whisper, whether by way of attack or by way of insinuation, against the conduct of her illustrious husband—but that it rather prescribes to me, for the present, silence upon this great and painful head of the case. I solemnly assure your lordships, that but for this conviction, my lips on that branch would not be closed; for, in discretionally abandoning the exercise of the power which I feel I have, in postponing for the present the statement of that case of which I am possessed, I feel confident that I am waiving a right which I possess, and abstaining from the use of materials which are mine. And let it not be thought, my lords, that if either now I did conceive, or if hereafter I should so

far be disappointed in my expectation that the case against me will fail, as to feel it necessary to exercise that right—let no man vainly suppose, that not only I, but that any the youngest member of the profession would hesitate one moment in the fearless discharge of his paramount duty. I once before took leave to remind your lordships—which was unnecessary, but there are many whom it may be needful to remind—that an advocate, by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows, in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world, **THAT CLIENT AND NONE OTHER.** To save that client by all expedient means—to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others, and among others to himself—is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction which he may bring upon any other. Nay, separating even the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them, if need be, to the wind, he must go on reckless of the consequences, if his fate it should unhappily be, to involve his country in confusion for his client's protection!"

It was commonly supposed that Brougham meant—if necessary—to defend his illustrious client by exposing the conduct of the husband who was persecuting her; but this was not all which, in an extreme case, he purposed doing. The ground on which he then intended to take his stand was neither more nor less than an impeachment of the King's title, by proving that, having, in defiance of the law, gone through a ceremony of marriage with a Roman Catholic, Mrs. Fitzherbert, he was, by the Act of Settlement, declared to have forfeited the crown as completely as though, to quote the words of the Act, "he

were naturally dead." The adoption of this bold expedient would, as Brougham knew, have at once and conclusively put an end to the Bill of Pains and Penalties, being, as he says, "the announcement either that the King had ceased to be King, or that the other branches of the Legislature must immediately inquire into the fact of the prohibited marriage, or that there must be a disputed succession, or, in other words, that civil war was inevitable." With this to fall back upon, the Queen's Attorney-General felt that the cause of his royal mistress was comparatively safe; but, as he himself declared, he anticipated securing her a triumph without having recourse to such an extreme measure. The conclusion of his address—an address which had throughout, as Lord Minto wrote to the speaker's mother, "delighted and astonished the most sanguine of his friends"—ran as follows:—

"Such then, my lords, is the case. And again let me call on you, even at the risk of repetition, never to dismiss for a moment from your minds the two great points upon which I rest my attack upon the evidence; first, that the accusers have not proved the facts by the good witnesses who were within their reach, whom they had no shadow of pretext for not calling; and, secondly, that the witnesses whom they have ventured to call are, every one of them, irreparably damaged in their credit. How, I again ask, is a plot ever to be discovered, except by the means of these two principles? Nay, there are instances in which plots have been discovered through the medium of the second principle when the first had happened to fail. When venerable witnesses have been seen brought forward—when persons above *all* suspicion have lent themselves for a season to

impure plans—when no escape for the guiltless seemed open, no chance of safety to remain—they have almost providentially escaped from the same by the second of these two principles; by the evidence breaking down where it was not expected to be sifted; by a weak point being found where no provision, the attack being unforeseen, had been made to support it. Your lordships recollect that great passage—I say great, for it is poetically just and eloquent, even were it not inspired—in the sacred writings, where the Elders had joined themselves in a plot which had appeared to have succeeded; ‘for that,’ as the Book says, ‘they had hardened their hearts, and had turned away their eyes, that they might not look at Heaven, and that they might do the purposes of unjust judgment.’ But they, though giving a clear, consistent, uncontradicted story, were disappointed, and their victim was rescued from their gripe by the trifling circumstance of a contradiction about a tamarisk tree. Let not man call those contradictions or those falsehoods which false witnesses swear to from heedless and needless falsehood—such as Sacchi about his changing his name; or such as Demont about her letters; such as Majocchi about the banker’s clerk; or such as all the other contradictions and falsehoods, not going to the main body of the case, but to the main body of the credit of the witnesses—let not man rashly and blindly call these things accidents. They are just rather than merciful dispensations of that Providence, which wills not that the guilty should triumph, and which favourably protects the innocent.

“Such, my lords, is the case now before you! Such is the evidence in support of this measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt—impotent to



deprive of a civil right—ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence—scandalous if brought forward to support a charge of the highest nature which the law knows—monstrous to ruin the honour, to blast the name, of an English Queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a Parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against this defenceless woman? My lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed! You are standing upon the brink of a precipice; then beware! It will go forth your judgment, if sentence shall go against the Queen! But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced, which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who gave it. Save the country, my lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe—save yourselves from this peril; rescue that country, of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree. Save that country that you may continue to adorn it—save the Crown, which is in jeopardy—the aristocracy, which is shaken—save the altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred throne. You have said, my lords, you have willed—the Church and the King have willed—that the Queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has instead of that solemnity the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the throne of mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people in a larger measure than the merits of their rulers deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice!”

In a portion of this speech, Brougham quoted Milton's celebrated description of death, commencing—

Shape had none  
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb.

This quotation gave far more offence to the King than any other part of his proceedings. Personal vanity was not the least conspicuous of the many pleasing peculiarities exhibited by the First Gentleman in Europe. "No doubt," says Brougham, "the application was to him, but only the description of the head—

What seemed his head,  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on—

to show an impression that *he* was the true author of the proceedings. He said I might have at least spared him the attack upon his shape. He was more vain of his person and of his slim figure than of almost anything else; and he said to Lord Donoughmore (Hutchinson's brother), who saw him daily, being a great friend, though not at all one of the Carlton House set, that he thought everybody allowed, whatever faults he might have, that his legs were not as I had described them. It was in vain that Donoughmore tried to convince him of the question only referring to the crown. He said he was certain I had heard of his piquing himself on his shape, and that I thought it would plague him to have it held up to ridicule!" Accused of cruelty, heartlessness, and neglect; declared by the public voice to have broken his faith and tarnished his honour—pronounced by his own trusty servant, the most noted peer in the realm, to have fallen so low that nothing could degrade him further—

all this Caroline's husband could bear with serene equanimity; but to impugn his physical graces—to cast a doubt on the elegance of his proportions, or utter a slander on the comeliness of his appearance—was touching the vulnerable spot; and the descendant of Plantagenets and Stuarts writhed under the imputation of unwieldiness as the keenest stab that could assail him!

Ably opened by Brougham's speech—*apropos* of which the Duke of Clarence, one of Caroline's bitterest adversaries, said gracefully to the orator, "Of one thing I am quite sure; whatever your client may be in other respects, she is not what you have represented her, a defenceless woman"—the Queen's defence progressed favourably. Colonel St. Leger, Lord Guildford, Lord Glenbervie, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Dr. Holland, Mr Mills, and Mr. Keppel Craven gave highly favourable testimony as to the general propriety of the Princess of Wales' conduct. Some adverse evidence was given by Lieutenants Hownam and Flynn, which proved that Caroline had more than once acted with senseless want of discretion, though nothing more culpable could be proved against her; and there was no lack of testimony as to the purchasing of evidence by agents of the Crown. By the 30th of October all the witnesses had been examined, and Denman delivered his famous speech, which some of his admirers considered superior to Brougham's. It had been partly prepared at Holland House, and he was there instigated by Dr. Parr, the Queen's unflinching partizan, to draw a comparison between the King and Nero, and the Queen and Octavia—a comparison which gave exceeding offence to the King. Certainly no lack of audacity was apparent in either the Attorney or Solicitor-General of her

Majesty. Brougham's utterances have been already mentioned, and Denman was not less outspoken. In presence of the assembled peers of the realm he denounced as a calumniator the Duke of Clarence. "COME FORTH, THOU SLANDERER!" he exclaimed; "a denunciation," says Rush, "the more severe from the sarcasm with which it was done, and the turn of his eye towards its object." "It is too prominent a fact," adds the same writer, "to be left unnoticed that the same advocate who so fearlessly uttered the above denunciation was made Attorney-General when the Prince of the Blood who was the object of it sat upon the throne, and was subsequently raised to the still higher dignity of Lord Chief Justice."

The Lords adjourned to the 2nd of November, and from that day until the 6th were engaged in debates on the evidence—debates which were almost as strong as any our Irish friends have treated us to in the Lower House in modern times. Everyone appeared to act on the grand principle of explaining their own views at such length as they thought good, and ignoring the explanations of everyone else. "Earl Grey," says Mr. Rush, "declared that, if their lordships passed the Bill, it would prove the most disastrous step the House had ever taken. Earl Grosvenor said that, feeling as he did the evils which the erasure of the Queen's name from the Liturgy (a measure taken before her trial came on) was likely to entail upon the nation, as well as its repugnance to law and justice, he would, had he been Archbishop of Canterbury, have thrown the Prayer Book in the King's face sooner than have consented to it. On the other hand, the Duke of Montrose said, even after the ministers had abandoned the Bill, that, so convinced was he of her guilt, whatever

others might think to do, he, for one, would never acknowledge her as his Queen."

If the discussions of the peers were excited, the popular mind was not less so. The whole country rang with but one subject; and "the Queen," whether as an object of censure or admiration, was in everyone's mouth. The lower classes were, almost universally, vehemently in her favour. All the latent chivalry of the mob was roused by the harsh treatment that had been dealt to her; and this, coupled with the unpopularity of the King—which was strong enough to endear anyone disliked by him to his lieges—made her the popular idol. Nor were the military less well-disposed towards her. "Much has been said," writes Lord Brougham, "of the feelings of the troops. Of this we had remarkable proofs. The soldiers, like many of the people, considered that the Queen, as well as the King, was entitled to their allegiance. Indeed, 'God save the King and Queen' was in former days a very common form of expression; for instance, it was at the foot of all the playbills. I recollect a letter of my mother telling me with some alarm of a regiment of cavalry stopping on its march at Penrith, and hearing they were in my neighbourhood, they drank my health, but the Queen's, of course, with much more enthusiasm; and vowed 'they would fight up to their knees in blood for the Queen.' At one time the evidence against her appeared to be strong, and the impression unfavourable for a day, as on Majocchi's examination in chief. The Guards, in their undress trousers and foraging-caps, came at night to where they supposed the Queen was, or her family and friends, and they said, 'Never mind; it may be going badly, but, better or worse, we are all

with you ! ” It was also noticed that when the mob hissed those peers known to be adverse to the Queen, the soldiers showed unmistakable signs of agreement. The King meantime was endeavouring to mitigate his anxieties in the society of the Marchioness of Conyngham. It was either at this period or shortly after that he presented her with a magnificent sapphire, an heir-loom of the Stuarts, which had been given him by the Cardinal of York, the last of the ill-fated race. In an access of parental fondness, George had given it to his daughter, but, on her death, he reclaimed it, as a Crown jewel ; and the first use he made of the royal gem which his dead child had worn was to deck with it the beauty of his high-born and therefore doubly degraded favourite. The Queen, whom this injured husband was so anxious to punish for the presumed breaking of her marriage vows, had meantime received a visit which gave both her and her party much gratification. Prince Leopold, her son-in-law, came to pay his homage to his young wife’s mother. The King did his best to hinder such a courtesy ; “ but,” wrote the Prince himself, many years later, “ how abandon entirely the mother of Princess Charlotte, who, though she knew her mother well, loved her very much ? ” The Prince determined not to interfere till the evidence against the Queen should be closed, so that whatever he might do could not influence the evidence. This decision was evidently the most honest and the most impartial. He waited till the evidence was closed and then paid a visit to his mother-in-law at Brandenburgh House. She received him kindly ; looked very strange, and said strange things. The country was in a state of incredible excitement, and this visit was a great card for the

Queen. . . . . The King, who had been, it must be confessed, much maltreated during this sad trial, was furious, and particularly against Prince Leopold. He never forgave it; being very vindictive, though he occasionally showed kinder sentiments, particularly during Mr. Canning's being Minister. He, of course, at first declared that he would never see the Prince again. However, the Duke of York arranged an interview. The King could not resist his curiosity, and got Prince Leopold to tell him how Queen Caroline was dressed, and all sorts of details."\*

On the 6th of November the House divided, and the second reading of the Bill was carried by 123 to 95—giving the Ministers a majority of 28. The Queen at once protested against the proceeding, concluding her remonstrance with the words: "She now most deliberately, and before God, asserts that she is wholly innocent of the crime laid to her charge, and she awaits with unabated confidence the final result of this unparalleled investigation." As she signed the document she exclaimed, with a characteristic flash of her indomitable spirit, "There! Caroline *Regina* in spite of them!"

The next proceeding of the House was to go into committee on the divorce clause. This clause had all along been distasteful to many of the peers, and was especially so to the Bishops. The Ministers had moved its omission; but Caroline's party perceiving that, were it abandoned, the spiritual lords and many nobles who were now opposed to the Bill would then be more favourably inclined to it, voted against it; and the Ministers, who were thrown into a minority on the point,

\* "Reminiscences of King Leopold." (Early Years of the Prince Consort.)

moved the third reading of the Bill with the clause retained. The result was 108 votes for, and 99 against it. Mr. Brougham was standing on the steps of the throne conversing with Croker as the votes were taken. "On the number being announced," he wrote, "I said, 'There is an end of your Bill.' 'Why so?' asked Croker. I answered, 'Because the majority is the number of the Ministers and high officers in this House, and it won't do to pass such a Bill by their votes!'" His prediction proved true; and on the 10th the Bill was abandoned, Lord Liverpool confessing that the majority was too small to enable Ministers to act upon it.

This abandonment of the Bill was, in truth, not an exceeding subject of triumph for either side. The ministers had indeed gained a majority, but so small a one that it was practically useless; and the Queen, though she was saved from the deprivation of her rank and privileges that she would have suffered had the Bill been carried out, had yet had her reputation irretrievably stained, and her name dragged through the mire. Even had an overwhelming majority voted in her favour, and expressed their belief in her entire innocence, her fair fame must needs have been tarnished by such an ordeal; and as it was, no public expression of confidence in her blamelessness had been uttered at all, and the pains and penalties threatened against her were only not enforced because the Government deemed it wiser not to face the storm of public disapproval such a course would have elicited. When told the Bill was abandoned, the Queen was in her withdrawing-room at the House of Lords. She seemed at first confused by the intelligence, and received it in utter silence. Almost immediately she prepared



to return home. An eye-witness relates how he met her as she left her apartment, preceded by her usher. "She had a *dazed* look, more tragical than consternation. She passed me. The usher pushed open the folding doors of the great staircase; she began to descend, and I followed instinctively two or three steps behind her. She was evidently all shuddering, and she took hold of the bannister, pausing for a moment. Oh, that sudden clutch with which she caught the railing! Never say again to me that any actor can feel like a principal. It was a visible manifestation of unspeakable grief—an echoing of the voice of the soul. Four or five persons came in from below before she reached the bottom of the stairs. I think Alderman Wood was one of them." Whatever Caroline herself might think, the public chose to take the throwing out of the Bill as the triumph of her cause, and went almost wild with delight. The feeling, not only in London, but throughout the country, has been described as "beyond the scope of record." "No business all day in the City," writes Brougham, "and now all is illuminated, even more than after Waterloo;" while from Cambridge young Macaulay wrote in rapturous terms to his father as soon as the news was known. "All here is ecstasy. 'Thank God the country is saved,' were my first words when I caught a glimpse of the papers of Friday night. 'Thank God, the country is saved,' is written on every face and echoed by every voice. Even the symptoms of popular violence, three days ago so terrific, are now displayed with good-humour and received with cheerfulness. Instead of curses on the Lords, on every post and every wall is written, 'All is as it should be,' 'Justice done at last,' and *similar* mottoes expressive of the sudden turn of

public feeling." The Ministers themselves were not sorry to be quit of a measure which was in itself harsh and repulsive, and which, taking the Sovereign's not altogether untarnished life into consideration, seemed a literal exemplification of the homely old proverb of "pot calling the kettle black." Perhaps the only person not glad to be rid of it was the King; and his disappointment was unfeigned. After the trouble and expense he had incurred in his efforts to blacken his wife's name, it did seem hard that his endeavours should fail just as they came to fruition. His consort was, as she had triumphantly observed, "*Caroline Regina*," nor could he deprive her of the privilege appertaining to that rank; but there was still one thing that could yet be done; and that was to render her a Queen without a Court. "Carlton House now took the course," says Lord Brougham, "of filling the press with libels to deter all ladies from visiting the Queen. Papers were established for the avowed purpose of attacking every woman of rank who accepted her invitations. Carlton House was thrown open at the same time to such as refused to visit the Queen; and I hesitate not to declare that this course was perfectly successful, not merely with the women, but also with their male relations, so as, to my certain knowledge, to influence their votes in both Houses. They both were unwilling to expose their wives and sisters to a slanderous press, and averse to losing for them the balls at Carlton House. The Queen bore it all with great patience, and even good-humour. She used to say, 'Oh, it is all in the common course. People go to different inns: one goes to the King's Head, another to the Angel.'" Her patience betokened no loss of spirit, however, for the Bill was hardly withdrawn when she wrote to Lord Liver-

pool, demanding to be furnished with a residence and provision suitable to her rank. In reply she was told that it was not the King's pleasure she should live in any of the royal palaces, but that the allowance she had hitherto enjoyed would be continued till the next meeting of Parliament. Whereupon the Queen, undaunted, addressed the Premier again. "The Queen requests Lord Liverpool to inform his Majesty of the Queen's intention to present herself next Thursday in person at the King's Drawing-room, to have the opportunity of presenting a petition to his Majesty for obtaining her rights." The Ministers thought Caroline quite capable of carrying out her resolve, and accordingly drew up the following minute for the King's instruction:—"If the Queen should decline delivering her petition into any hands but the King's, the King should not be advised to permit her to come up to the Drawing-room, but should himself go down to the room where the Queen is, attended by such of his household and his ministers as may be there, and receive the petition." Her Majesty was, however, probably warned by her advisers of the utter fruitlessness of any such effort; and the intended visit was never carried out. Parliament was to be shortly prorogued, and the Queen, determined, before that occurred, to appeal to it for her just rights. Perhaps she thought that there she was at all events sure of a hearing. Her Solicitor-General was sent to the Commons with her message. "The House," says Dr. Doran, "probably never presented such a scene as that disgraceful one of the night of the 23rd of November. Mr. Denman stood with the Queen's letter in his hand; he was perfectly in order, but the Speaker chose rather to obey that brought by the usher of the Black Rod,

summoning the members to attend at the bar of the Lords and listen to the prorogation. The Speaker hurried out of the House, and the Queen's message was virtually flung into the street. The public, however, knew that its chief object was to announce the Queen's refusal of any allowance or accommodation made to her as by ministerial bounty. She still claimed the restoration of her name to the Liturgy, and a revenue becoming her recognized rank as Queen-Consort."

Generous even to foolishness as she usually was, the Queen occasionally showed a reluctance to pay her just debts in an amusingly illogical manner. Of this Lord Brougham gives a characteristic instance in his "Autobiography." "Upon the defeat of the bill," he says, "for divorcing the Queen, I waited upon her to communicate the event, and tender my congratulations. She said, 'There is a sum of £7,000 at Douglas Kinnaird's (her bankers), which I desire you will accept for yourself, giving £400 of it to the other counsel.' This, I of course, refused, saying that we all received, or should receive, the usual fees, and could not take anything further. She insisted on my telling my colleagues, which I said I should, as a matter of course, but that I was certain they would refuse, as I had done. Next day, when I again waited upon her, she recurred to the subject, and asked if I had told them that she laid her commands upon us. I said I had told them so distinctly, and that they all refused with the greatest respect, and a full sense of her kind intentions. She asked what could be the reason of it all, and I endeavoured to explain that the professional etiquette made it impossible. She still was disconcerted, and said lawyers were unaccountable people. A few weeks after Kin-

naird, when he took his account to her, suggested that the salaries of her law officers were in arrear, never having been paid. She refused peremptorily to have them paid, saying 'the Queen must pay her debts before she pays her Attorney and Solicitor-General.' The sum due was under £200, and she had been pressing £7,000 upon us! This arrear, as well as all the other professional emoluments, but on the ordinary scale, were paid by the Treasury after her death, among the expenses of the cause. In consequence of the absurd reports spread in the country that a room at Brougham had been built by the Queen after the trial (there having not been a room built but only a battlement added to a very ancient room), I may add that I never received any present whatever from her, except a magnificent copy of Dante (the great Florentine edition), in which Dr. Parr wrote an inscription that has been the subject of much criticism."

Caroline had publicly taken the sacrament at the parish church of Hammersmith—a proceeding believed by many to be a strong proof of her innocence; and it is indeed difficult to imagine that, however lamentably her religious education had been neglected, she would have dared to participate in that holy rite with the knowledge of guilt weighing on her soul. Her friends were now exceedingly anxious that she should go solemnly to St. Paul's to return thanks for her escape from the proceedings of the Ministers. She herself was not at all desirous of doing so, as Lord Brougham observes, and he adds, as an instance of how everything she did or did *not* do was turned against her, that a letter of his, describing the difficulty her advisers had in prevailing on her to attend St. Paul's, fell into the hands of a servant of the Duke of York. "I

had observed," he said, "how false the belief was that she was so fond of popular demonstrations; and I said it was with great difficulty that we could get her to St. Paul's. This was put into some person's hands for the purpose of being printed, and of showing how disrespectfully her lawyers talked of her. I do not recollect what the letter called her, but the slandermonger who used it thought it would be the better if a word were added, and he put in 'sober,' it being one of the many lies told about her that she was given to drink—a thing which had at no time of her life the shadow of foundation. Lady Charlotte Lindsay was beset by persons to find out the fact respecting this ridiculous charge, and always gave the same answer, as did all her ladies, and Mr. Damer, who lived a great deal with her." The Queen was finally persuaded to go in state to St. Paul's for a thanksgiving which was to differ sadly, both in matter and form, from the solemn services attended by Queen Anne and good old George III., and still more so from that beautiful and glorious festival when another and far happier Princess of Wales went with her husband and their Mother and Queen to testify their gratitude for the gift of that precious life which had so long hung trembling in the balance.

The 29th of November was the day selected by Caroline, and due notice was given to the Cathedral authorities; but these latter, under pressure of higher authorities than they, did all they could to impede the proposed ceremony. They resolved that no change should be made in the ordinary service; no recognition testified of the Queen's presence; that, if she chose to come, she and the mob should enter indiscriminately; and that the safety of the Cathedral, which they thought, or

professed to think, would be endangered by her Majesty's presence, should be made the responsibility of the Mayor and Corporation. The Dean moreover prophesied that the people would make a "saturnalia" of the occasion—a prophecy which proved disappointingly false, as all classes behaved with exceeding decorum, although they received the Queen with the warmest enthusiasm. "The circumstance," says Dr. Doran, "was really solemn, but there were matters about it that robbed it of some of its solemnity. It was solemn to see a queen proceeding alone, as it may be said, but through myriads of people, to acknowledge publicly the mercies of Heaven. Lady Anne Hamilton was her solitary English female attendant; but every woman who witnessed her progress either praised or pitied her that day. Her 'procession' was made up of very slender material, though all her Court followed her in the person of Mr. Vice-Chamberlain Craven. This little company, however, was swollen by numerous additions on the way; members of parliament, among others, Sir Robert Wilson, Mr. Hume, and Mr. John Cam Hobhouse, lent some dignity by their presence. Horsemen fell into the line, vehicles of every degree took up their following, and the 'trades' marshalled themselves either in joining the march or drawing up to greet the pious Queen as she passed upon her way. Among these, perhaps, the solemnity most suffered. Some very ill-favoured individuals shouted for her Majesty beneath the banners which declared, 'Thus shall it be done to the woman whom the people delight to honour.' The Braziers added a joke to the occasion by raising a flag over their position at the end of Bridge Street, on which it was recorded that 'The Queen's Guards are Men of Metal.'"

The service in the Cathedral differed in no wise from the ordinary form of Morning Prayer. No special thanksgiving on the Queen's behalf was introduced. "It was, however, imperative upon the clergy officiating to read the parenthetical clause in the General Thanksgiving Prayer which has immediate reference to the individual who desires to make an offering of human gratitude to God. This clause, however, was omitted. The Queen-Consort of England was upon her knees upon the floor of the Cathedral, but the officiating minister virtually looked up to Him, and standing between Caroline and her Creator, exclaimed, 'Lord, she is not here!' The omission of the clause was tantamount to this."\*

She still possessed some trusty friends, and occasionally entertained them. Mr. Grey-Bennett thus mentions one of the parties. "I dined on Saturday, the 17th inst., with the Queen at Brandenburgh House. The party consisted of the Duke of Bedford, Lord Grey, Lord Nugent, my brother, Ossulston-Lampton, and Lady Louisa Brougham, Mr. Lushington, Alderman Wood, Sir M. Fergusson, Mr. Denman, Lord A. Hamilton, Madame Oldi, Madame Fabrici, Major Antaldi, and two or three other Italian gentlemen. The dinner was good and agreeable, the Queen very civil and free, and evidently more at her ease and more tranquil within than she was when I dined there before Christmas. She, as usual, by her natural gait of a bad manner, with a short, fat, chumpy, ill-dressed figure, and by endeavouring to look tall and young, contrived, by several strange and curious movements, to be the very reverse of a Queen; but no one who studied the manner, such as it was, but must have been con-

\* Dr. Doran.



vinced how easily an unpardonable interpretation might be given, and yet how unjust and ill-founded such construction might be.

The poor lady soon began to discover that her troubles were by no means over, although public disgrace had been averted from her. Address upon address poured in, congratulating her on what her friends looked on as a victory; but her income had never been settled since her accession to the title—in her case but an empty one—of Queen; and even her enemies began to perceive that some arrangement must be made. Accordingly the King in his speech at the reopening of Parliament in January, 1821, suggested, reluctantly, and looking “very black,” that some provision should be made for her. The Queen declared her intention of refusing any such provision unless it were accompanied by the restoration of her name in the Prayer Book. This was not her own resolution, and she was at first very unwilling to act upon the advice given her.

“I went in the morning,” says Mr. Grey-Bennett, “to take up an address from the people of Manchester to the Queen, signed by 9,000 persons. We found there Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Milton, and Mr. William Russell, Sir William Rowley, Sir G. Anson, Mr. Pym, Mr. Whitbread, and many others of the House of Commons, all with addresses. Lady Anne Hamilton said to me, ‘This, indeed, is a Queen’s levee.’ Brougham came home with Lampton and myself, and showed us the communication of the Queen refusing the money; he said that with great difficulty he had persuaded her to sign it, and showed us a letter from her to him on the preceding Sunday, in which she said, ‘that she thought she ought not to refuse the only act of kindness and consideration

which the King had shown his subjects since his accession to the throne.' Brougham, however, persevered, and convinced her she had nothing left but to sign the paper, and that the country would stand by her." The demand was decisively vetoed by the Government, and Caroline then accepted the £50,000 a-year offered without further demur.

"The Queen wrote a letter," says Mr. Grey-Bennett, "a few days back to Lord Liverpool, accepting the £50,000 a-year, and returning thanks to the King for it. This letter she wrote of her own accord, consulting no one, not even Alderman Wood, who, aware of her intention, and wishing to throw an impediment in the way, took off in his pocket Lord Liverpool's letter to her, announcing the parliamentary grant, and the King's consent to the bill. He told me he had advised her to consult Denman as to the terms of the letter (Brougham being out of town on the circuit), but she did no such thing. The Ministers are very triumphant at this act, and the letter is very unworthy of her, the expressions being by far too humble, and the tone not at all that of defiance, which it was the duty she owed to herself at all times to take. They and their friends now say, 'She will go abroad immediately, and that she has given up Brougham, etc., etc., etc.' She has, to my mind, done another foolish thing, and when she acts of herself she seldom does a wise one."

The letter itself, written in her Majesty's original English, ran as follows:—

"Brandenbough House, 3<sup>th</sup> of March, 1821.

"The Queen having been informed through the midium of Lord Liverpool, namely, that parlement had voted a Provision for the Queen, and that the sum agreed to by the two Houses of Parlement

would be ready for the immediate use of the Queen, she find herself under the necessity of accepting it, with a sense of gratitude towards the King, having been proposed by his Majesty himself at the opening of Parlement; and the Queen is only anxious to show to the King that She wishes to Receive from Him, and not from a mere Party Spirit. The Queen at the same time thinks herself authorized to look upon this measure as the first act of Justice of his Majesty towards the Queen. She also add that she most entertains the flattering expectation that the same sentiments of Justice which has prevailed in her favour will also effect upon the Heart of the King, by placing her name in the Liturgi as Queen, as such having been the Rights and Custom of Her Predecessors. The Queen can never forget what difficulties, and a great deal of troubles She has undergone on that account upon the Continent by having her Name been omitted in the Liturgi, and in consequence She deed not Receive the Honour which where due to the Queen, as the Consort to the King of England.

“Justice is the basis of happiness for Kings, and the good judgment of his Majesty will point it out to him the Methods by which he will accelerate the wish of his People, and the satisfaction of the Queen on this subject, and the Queen has not the least doubt but that the King will, taking into his consideration the Queen’s situation, and to act accordingly with that generosity which Characterizes a great Mind. Under such circumstances the Queen submit herself intierly to his Majesty’s decesion.”

For her acceptance of the pension Caroline was greatly blamed by many of her partizans; but

necessity has no law; and as those who most censured her would have been the last to assist her, and she found that under no other condition could she be provided for, it is hardly to be wondered at that she finally yielded. High-spirited as she was, the unequal combat must by this time have proved almost too much for her; and she must have felt that to struggle longer against an antagonist who had all the power on his side, was a hopeless task. To say that throughout this peculiarly trying time her behaviour was uniformly prudent would not be true.

"It must be admitted," says Brougham, "that she did not act with discretion. Difficult as it would have been to avoid all errors in her peculiarly hard position, she was far too free of access, and invited persons to her table who came there for no other purpose than to gossip and laugh at her. Against this she was warned; but, indeed, the reports carefully circulated by her enemies, that she had formed an acquaintance with certain individuals, should have been warning enough. Of these Lady Oxford was the chief. In 1814 they had put about these reports, and at the time of the rumours confidently asserting her intimacy, I can most positively affirm that she had never even seen her. She soon after saw a great deal of her abroad, and was not deterred by the eagerness of the Carlton House set to find that it was so. The same kind of things continually occurred in 1820 and the following spring. She passed her time very uncomfortably, in consequence of constant vexations arising from the scandalous newspapers and the reports in society, most of which were purposely brought to her knowledge, in the hope of wearing her out, and making her again go abroad. Among the tricks practised, there were

thefts of her papers and letters as well as of letters in other people's possession." The libels had the effect of making her wish to leave England again, as their inventors had anticipated, and she had some thoughts at one time of a tour in Scotland, though the idea of another sojourn in Switzerland seemed, on the whole, most to her taste; but all desire of quitting the country came abruptly to an end when the first rumours of the approaching coronation of the King began to make themselves heard. At that time Caroline was living at Cambridge House, South Audley Street, an establishment she had formed since the settlement of her income, though she still retained her Hammersmith residence. Though she had been forced to accept the omission of her name in the Liturgy, she was by no means inclined to forego the ceremony which would make her queenship undoubted and unassailable in the eyes of all; and she was as eager for the proposed rite as George himself. More so she could hardly be; for the King seemed completely absorbed in the contemplation of the coming spectacle, and of his own appearance thereat.

"Never," says Dr. Doran, "did sovereign labour as George IV. laboured to give *éclat* to the entire ceremony. He passed days and nights with his familiar friends in discussing questions of dress, colours, fashions, and effects. His own costume was to him a subject of intense anxiety, and when his costly habits were completed, so desirous was he to witness their effect that, according to the gossip of the day, a Court gossip that was not groundless, his Majesty had one of his own servants attired in the royal garments, and the King contemplated with considerable satisfaction the sight of a menial pacing up and down the

room in a monarch's garb." Caroline's first step was to write to Lord Liverpool, claiming her right to share the forthcoming ceremony, in a note whose construction proves that it was her own unaided act.

"Brandenbrough House,

"29th of April, 1821.

"The Queen from circumstances being obliged to remain in England, she requests the King will be pleased to command those Ladies of the first Rank his Majesty may think the most proper in this Realms to attend the Queen on the day of the Coronation, of which her Majesty is informed is now fixed, and also to name such Ladies which will be required to bear Her Majesty's Train on that day. The Queen being particularly anxious to submit to the good taste of His Majesty, most earnestly entreats the King to inform the Queen in what Dresse the King wishes the Queen to appear in, on that day, at the Coronation."

The Premier answered this communication by announcing to the Queen that the King had resolved that her Majesty should neither share in or behold the Coronation. Still undaunted, Caroline succeeded in obtaining a hearing for her legal advisers before the Privy Council, where they pleaded her cause in presence of a large audience, Lord Harrowby being in the chair.

"Denman and I," says Brougham, "argued the case at the bar for the claim, the Attorney and Solicitor-General (Giffard and Copley) against it; and the decision was, that as the Queen was living separate from the King, she had no right to be crowned; and thus it was left to the King to refuse it. This was manifestly a political judgment,

entirely influenced by what had taken place the year before; for we showed, by the clearest proofs, that there was no instance whatever of a Queen not being crowned, except one, when she was abroad; and another, when there was a difference of religion, and she declined it, but none whatever of a Queen-consort not being crowned when she was within the realm, of the same religion with the King, and willing to be crowned. My own impression was that the lay lords, not being in office—and even Lord Harrowby, though in office—were inclined to our case; but that the lay lords, including the judges, were against us—those judges who had taken a very decided part against us in the Lords as assessors to the House, and had done themselves as little credit as possible in their answers to the legal questions put to them, the most important of which has been disapproved by all lawyers since, and declared to be erroneous by late statutes—so much so that ‘the rule in the Queen’s case’ has been a strong topic of ridicule in the profession.” The adverse decision was transmitted by the Privy Council to Lord Hood for conveyance to his royal mistress; but though its purport both mortified and disappointed her, she was resolved not to utterly relinquish her purpose. If she could not be crowned, she would at all events, she determined, be present at the ceremony; and she caused Lord Sidmouth to be informed that she would appear at the Abbey on the 19th of July, the day fixed for the Coronation, and demanded that a suitable place should be provided for her. The peer addressed replied to her note by a letter commencing “Madam,” and lacking the writer’s signature, in which he informed her that it was not the King’s pleasure to comply with her application. Thereupon the

Queen requested the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, to order persons to be in attendance to conduct her to her seat. The Duke passed on this note to Lord Howard of Effingham, the "acting Earl Marshal" on the eventful day, and the latter, more courteous in his manner of addressing Caroline than many of his colleagues, "made his humble representations to her Majesty of the impossibility, under existing circumstances, of having the honour of obeying her Majesty's commands." She wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury, expressing her desire to be crowned the day after the King, before the preparations made for his coronation had been done away with; but the Primate only replied that he was the servant of the King, and was ready to obey any commands he received from his master. Foiled once more, the Queen issued a protest against such treatment, addressed to the King, from whom, as she said, "the Queen has experienced only the bitter disappointment of every hope she had indulged; but in the attachment of the people she has found that powerful and decided protection which has ever been her ready support and unfailing consolation."

All her efforts were, as she found, useless; but she had the poor consolation of knowing that her husband was, as Brougham says, "beyond measure alarmed" at her determination, and that apprehension as to what she might be roused to do had considerably marred the pleasing anticipation of the coming pageant. Her health had suffered much from all the agitation and excitement of the past year, and her friends hoped that for all reasons she would now, having asserted her claims and done her best to enforce them, be content to remain quiescent; "but," says Dr. Doran,



"even *they* did not know of what metal she was made. . . . She was like the sick gladiator, determined to stand in the arena, trusting to the chance of striking an effective blow and yet almost assured that defeat was certain." Wilful to the last, she refused to hear any remonstrances, and rashly determined to be present in the Abbey, whether she were granted permission or not. Her resolve became known; and when the 19th of July dawned, "everyone," says Lord Eldon, "went in the morning with very uncomfortable feelings and dread." Even the lower classes, with whom her popularity had been so great, and on whose attachment she so much relied, were opposed to her appearance. The fickle gust of public favour had veered round for the worse from her to her husband. The public was awed and impressed by the superfluous magnificence they had been promised to witness during the day; and "a combination of feelings not altogether unusual, and not creditable to the judgment of the English people, produced a complete reaction in favour of the successful husband against the unsuccessful wife."\* In this case, as in most others, the aphorism held true, that "nothing succeeds like success." But the poor Queen guessed little of this; she had made up her mind, and was resolved to go through with her project, come what might. Her more judicious friends had endeavoured to persuade her to relinquish all idea of such an attempt; but when they found her inflexible they could only advise that, were such an enterprise undertaken, it should be carried out with decision and firmness. They might, indeed, have spared themselves the trouble of remonstrance, for no one was more self-willed than Queen Caroline, when

\* Dean Stanley.

she once determined on any course of action, or more impervious to either intimidation or entreaty.

At six on the morning of the Coronation Day the poor lady, attended by Lord and Lady Hood and Lady Anne Hamilton, drove in a carriage drawn by six horses from South Audley Street to Dean's Yard. She was but little cheered by the people, who received her coldly, in striking contrast to their demeanour when she went to St. Paul's. "Within the precincts at that hour there were as yet but a few of the Abbey officials on the alert. One of them was standing in the West Cloister when he saw the Queen approach, accompanied by Lord Hood. Just at the point where the Woodfall monument is now placed, they encountered a gentleman, in court costume, belonging to the opposite party, who hissed repeatedly in her face. Whilst Lord Hood motioned him aside with a deprecatory gesture, she passed on into the North Cloister, and thence to the East Cloister door, the only one on that side available, where she was repelled by two stalwart porters, who (in the absence of our modern police) were guarding the entrance. She then hastened back, and crossed the great platform in St. Margaret's Churchyard, erected for the outside procession. It was observed by those who watched her closely that her under lip quivered incessantly, the only mark of agitation. She thus reached the regular approach by Poet's Corner."\* Here the door-keeper demanded to see her ticket. Lord Hood represented that to a person of her rank a ticket was needless, but the door-keeper was firm. "This is your Queen!" cried Lord Hood. "Yes, I am your Queen; will

\* Dean Stanley.

you admit me?" added the unhappy Caroline. But the official persisted that without a ticket none could be allowed to enter. Lord Hood possessed one, which he offered to the Queen, and for a moment she seemed inclined to take it; but finching—"I verily believe," says Brougham, "for the first time in her life"—she refused, hysterically laughing, to enter without her ladies. At that moment Sir Robert Inglis, who was specially charged to keep order, appeared. "Madam," he said to the Queen, who was leaning on Lord Hood's arm, "it is my duty to announce to your Majesty that there is no place in the Abbey prepared for your Majesty." The Queen paused. "Am I to understand," she said, "that you prevent me from entering the Abbey?" "Madam," answered Sir Robert, in the same words, "it is my duty to announce to you that there is no place provided for your Majesty in the Abbey." The Queen looked round, as if half expecting some help or suggestion from the people, but she found nothing but blank unresponsiveness. Her presence would mar the coming show; they rather wished her gone. Lord Hood proposed that she should return home. Without a word she turned away, and as she entered her carriage she was seen weeping. "Her old coachman, it is said, had for the first time that morning harnessed the horses reluctantly, conscious that the attempt would be a failure."\* The gorgeous procession and ceremony, followed by the yet more gorgeous feast succeeded each other in glittering splendour; George attitudinized to his heart's content; and Caroline went back to her lonely home, her brave spirit broken at last. She made one last effort, writing in the evening to the

\* Dean Stanley.

Duke of Norfolk, demanding, "in consequence of the insult that morning," to be crowned alone within a week; the preparations, as she said, being ready, the nation would be saved expense. She wrote in the same strain to the Archbishop; but, as, poor lady, she must have expected, both appeals were useless. Denman went to see her a few evenings later, and found her laughing, dancing, and romping, with a large party; "but he saw that her spirits were frightfully overstrained." It was literally true that the Coronation killed her. Her husband, justly elated by his success in this last indignity, was in the most gracious and urbane of humours, and gave a grand banquet at Carlton House, to which all his brothers were invited, save the Duke of Sussex, who had displayed too much sympathy for the unhappy Queen to be received by her illustrious consort. The latter was not, however, to be called upon to endure the knowledge of her existence much longer. He had chafed under it sorely already, and had once had his hopes aroused only to be cruelly frustrated. "Sire, your greatest enemy is dead!" cried a courtier when the news came of Napoleon's decease. "Is *she*, by God?" was the gracefully agitated exclamation of the affected husband. This time he was not again to be disappointed. Only once after the Coronation did the Queen appear in public, at Drury Lane Theatre, and even then she was manifestly ill. She made herself worse by taking opiates to soothe the pain she suffered.

"There was," Sir Henry Holland says, "a strange sort of irrational bravery in her nature, which made her disregard all common precautions, not merely as to public opinion, but even

when personal risk was concerned. An acute inflammation had gone on for a couple of days without any attempt at checking it. She went, as we have seen, to the theatre; and it was on an accidental visit of her physician, Dr. Holland, that the first notice was taken of the malady.”\* On August 2nd a bulletin was issued from Brandenburgh House, signed by W. G. Maten, F. Warren, and H. Holland, announcing that she was suffering from a dangerous obstruction. She suffered much, gave herself up directly, and bore herself patiently and even cheerfully. One of her first acts was to direct a female foreign attendant to burn a diary which she had at one time kept, containing the characters of various distinguished persons with whom she had come in contact. Mr. Denman visited her, and, says Mr. Fitzgerald, “describes what he saw with much true feeling. She lay on a sofa, a handkerchief round her head, her face flushed, her eyes bright, while she gave instructions for her will. From the first she had but little hope, and indeed was eager to quit the world that had been so troubled for her; and Lord Hood assured Mr. Denman that the speech reported in the newspapers was often on her lips: ‘I shall quit life without regret.’ She was constant and cheerful throughout, even heroic, without being theatrical.” On the 4th Mr. Brougham, who left the bedside of his sick child to visit her, arrived, was with her half an hour, and thought her case had assumed a decidedly more favourable aspect. Her hand and voice were, he found, as firm as he had ever seen anyone’s in good health, and her pulse was good. She was very calm and composed, and spoke of the danger quietly. Brougham told her of her doctors’ renewed hopes.

\* Percy Fitzgerald.

"Oh, no, my dear Mr. Brougham," she said; "I shall not recover; and I be much better dead, for I be tired of this life." She signed her will, gave all orders she wished observed, and spoke charitably of all. On the 5th the favourable symptoms disappeared, and it was evident that the case was hopeless. "She grew suddenly worse," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "and towards evening an access of fever coming on, she with much vehemence of manner and excitement denounced the conspiracies and persecution that had attended her, but presently became calm. Seeing Dr. Holland beside her, she said with a smile: 'Well, my dear doctor, what do you think now?'" Dr. Lushington and Dr. Wilde, whom she had appointed her executors, were admitted to see her. "She was then," says Brougham, "in no pain, mortification having commenced, and she had altogether lost her head. She talked incessantly on every subject for three hours; and it is very remarkable that the only persons she mentioned were the 'Petite Victorine,' Bergami's child, and the child of Parson Wood,\* which she had taken one of her fancies for. While at Hammersmith she had made him her chaplain, and caused Lord and Lady Hood to quit their places of Lord of the Bedchamber and Mistress of the Robes in order to appoint Wood and his wife, who had not the proper rank, and indeed were in all respects unfit for the situation. This is the only bad thing I can recollect her doing in the management of her household or other affairs, for the Hoods had been most invaluable friends and servants, standing by her through all her troubles, and behaving on every occasion with the most admirable delicacy, as well as tact. But she could not con-

\* Son of Alderman Wood.

trol her fancy for Wood's child, which amounted almost to a craze. She would have it brought to play with her, not only at all hours of the day, but even of the night, as she often sat up till a very late hour." Early on the morning of the 7th she sank into a stupor, and at half-past ten, a.m., after, as the bulletin announced, "an entire absence of sense and faculty for more than two hours," the troubled and chequered life came to an end, and the repudiated wife and Queen of the Fourth George passed away almost without a struggle, in the presence of her tried friends, Lord and Lady Hood, and Lady Anne Hamilton. "Some Methodists were singing hymns on the river opposite her house, and, as they raised their voices, a violent gust of wind burst open the door of her room. At that moment she expired."\* She had completed her fifty-third year three months before, and had perhaps experienced as many troubles, mortifications, and insults, as could be compressed into the space of time indicated.

"If," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "we can trust the profuse accounts of her conversations, one of her last acts was to declare her forgiveness of Dumont's calumnies. Mr. Wilde, afterwards Lord Chancellor, was with her to the last, and told Mr. Denman in her delirium the name of Bergami was never mentioned. The excitement and grief of Hammersmith during these events was prodigious—expresses passing and repassing, the people crowding at the gates to learn the news. The whole kingdom was profoundly moved. Lord Castlereagh's blunt opinion was, that it was to be regarded as the greatest of all possible deliverances for his Majesty and the country."

Her will, when read, was found to leave what

\* Percy Fitzgerald.

little property she had to dispose of to young Austin, with remembrances to many of her friends and servants. It moreover contained the following clause, "I desire and direct that my body be not opened, and that three days after my death it be carried to Brunswick for interment, and that the inscription on my coffin be, 'Here lies Caroline of Brunswick, the injured Queen of England.'" Some debts, and £15,000 for her house she recommended to the care of the Government.



## CHAPTER VII.

Preparations for the Queen's funeral—Progress of the *cortège*—Disgraceful scenes—Embarkation at Harwich—Journey from Cuxhaven to Brunswick—The funeral ceremony—Oration of the Pastor Woolf—Libel on the dead Queen—Her character.

THE King was in Ireland at the time of Caroline's death, and the Ministers, receiving no orders concerning the funeral, except to allow no honours to be paid, and to prevent the procession passing through the City, announced that they would pay all respect to the wishes of the late Queen, and would forthwith despatch the body to Harwich for embarkation. This unseemly haste, so strangely contrasting with the persistence with which Caroline's wishes had always been thwarted during her life, was protested against by Lady Hood, in a letter, addressed, as she said, not so much to Lord Liverpool as to his heart. She pleaded for delay, on the ground that the late Queen's ladies were unprepared, and specially entreated that the military escort might be dispensed with, as it was an honour never granted her royal mistress during life, and assuredly never desired by one so well guarded by the love of the people. She was answered, that the arrangements made could not be altered, and that those ladies who had not procured their mourning at the time the procession started could follow, and catch it up on its route to Harwich. So little courtesy was shown the mourners that they were unable to learn by what route the corpse would be conveyed to Harwich. The most direct way was through the City, and *naturally* supposing that would be the line selected.

for the journey, the Mayor and Corporation announced their intention of attending the dead Queen as she passed their bounds. But the Government, who had undertaken to defray all expenses of the funeral, curtly informed the civic authorities that the body would not be permitted to pass through London at all, but would be conveyed by the New Road to Romford, and from thence to Harwich. Lord Liverpool's reiterated declaration that all was done out of respect for the late Queen's wishes is in strong contrast to a passage in one of his letters to Lord Sidmouth, in which he observes that he would have despatched the body the whole way by water if he had not been afraid of some disturbance at London Bridge; and the public, who had returned to all their old attachment to Caroline now that she no longer needed their affection, were quick to perceive the insincerity of the noble Lord's assurances. There was much disgust, and a steady resolve that the late Queen should not be deprived of receiving the last honours it was in the power of the people to pay her. Even when one would have thought death had finally stilled all agitation, the unhappy lady was not to be carried to her grave without tumult and excitement, and strongly opposing manifestations, of contemptuous hurry on the part of her husband's servants, of hearty attachment on that of the English people.

On the 14th of August the corpse, which had lain in state at Hammersmith, was removed by order of the Government. It was not without a solemn protest that Caroline's friends permitted this to be effected. As Bailey, the undertaker, entered the chamber of death, he was met by Dr. Lushington, who stood at the head of the little party of mourners. "I enter my solemn protest,"

said the doctor, "in right of the legal power which is vested in me by her late Majesty, as executor. I command that the body be not removed till the arrangements suitable to the rank and dignity of the deceased are made." The undertaker declared he had authority to remove the corpse. "Touch it not at your peril!" cried the doctor. Bailey asked if violence was intended, and Dr. Lushington answered that he neither recommended nor would assist in violence, whereon the former declared that he must perform the duty committed to him, and that he would take on himself all responsibility. Accordingly the Government instructions were carried out, though not without an emphatic remonstrance from Mr. Wilde, the other executor; the funeral *cortège* set out from Hammersmith between seven and eight in the morning. Early as it was, the people were already astir, and one and all were grimly determined that the "people's Queen" should pass once more through the heart of the City whither she had so often gone in life.

The military escort decreed by the Government accompanied the coffin, and under its protection the funeral train, which was joined by Mr. Brougham and Sir Robert Wilson, passed on in decorous quiet till it reached Kensington Church. Here those who conducted it made an attempt to reach the Bayswater Road by Church Street, and thus entirely avoid the City. Fierce execrations rose from the watching multitude as this attempt was perceived, and in an incredibly short time the route selected by the Government authorities was so efficiently barricaded as to render a passage impossible. Sir Richard Baker, chief magistrate of Bow Street, and the Life Guards, appeared; but finding the way impassable, orders were given to pro-

ceed towards the City, a decision greeted by a shout of triumph by the mob. Sir Richard had come armed with fresh orders, that the coffin should be borne through the Kensington Gate of Hyde Park into the Edgware Road; but again the demeanour of the people, and the reiterated cries of "The City! the City!" were so menacing that once more the point was yielded; and, acting according to his orders, Sir Richard strove to conduct the *cortège* into the Edgware Road, either through Park Lane or by the east side of the Park; but at both points the multitude had already assembled, bent on opposition. "It was here," says Dr. Doran, "that the matter assumed a more serious aspect than it had yet worn. The soldiery began to grow chafed at an opposition which, in its turn, began to be emphasised by the employment of missiles. The attempt to pass up the Park was made in vain; that to force Park Lane was equally ineffectual. But while the struggle was raging at the latter point the line of procession was broken, and that part of it near the gate turned into the Park, carrying the hearse with it. The military at Park Lane turned back, followed the successful Mr. Bailey and his followers, and closing the gates upon the public, the body of the Queen was borne, at an unseemly pace, onwards to Cumberland Gate. But the increasingly-excited people were light of foot, and when the head of the funeral line reached Cumberland Gate, with the intention to proceed, not down Oxford Street to the City, but up the Edgware Road, and, subsequently, the New Road, there was a compact mass resolved to give no passage, and determined to carry the royal corpse through the metropolis. It was here that Sir Robert Wilson endeavoured to mediate between

the multitude and the military. The commander of the latter had no discretionary power, and could only obey his orders. His men, hitherto, had exhibited great forbearance, but their patience was overcome when they found themselves fairly attacked by the populace at this point. Neither mob nor soldiers were really culpable. The blame rested entirely with the Ministry, whose folly and obstinacy had provoked the conflict, and made victims on both sides. The military (by which is to be understood the Life Guards, and not the 'Blues,' who formed part of the procession, and were quiescent throughout the day) at last fired a volley, by which several persons were severely injured, and two men, Francis and Honey, were slain. Not a few of the military were seriously wounded by the missiles flung at them in return, but the hitherto victors were vanquished. They gave way, and across the blood that had been spilt, and among the wounded lying around, the people's Queen, as they called her, was once more carried on the way which the respectful feelings of the Ministry taught them it was best for her to go. The defeat and the victory seemed respectively accepted by the different parties. The individuals having the body in charge, and the escort, pushed hurriedly forwards with the hearse towards the New Road. But several of the mourners here left a procession to form part of which was attended with peril to life. The multitude looked moodily on; but suddenly, as if by common impulse, perhaps at the suggestion of some shout, they, too, rushed forward, determined to make one more attempt at achieving a victory for themselves and the unconscious Queen. They who were conducting the body along the New Road towards Romford did not dream of further opposition, and

their astonishment was great when, on arriving at Tottenham Court Road, they found all progress, east or northward, completely obstructed, and no way open to them but southward, towards the City. In this direction they were compelled to turn, hailed by the popular exultation, and met with shouts of execration and menace, as they sought, but vainly, at each outlet down the east side of Tottenham Court Road, to find a passage back into the suburban line. In the same way the procession was forced down Drury Lane, into the Strand. Sir Richard Baker did not yield to anything but compulsion, yet he lost his office, as Sir Robert Wilson did his commission, for endeavouring to do his duty under most trying and difficult circumstances. Once in the Strand, the people felt that their victory had been fairly and irrevocably achieved. When the royal body was carried under Temple Bar, its advent there was hailed with such a wild 'hurrah' as had never met the ears of living sovereign. For seven hours that body had been dragged through wind, and rain, and mud—the King's will drawing it in one direction, the people in another." According to their original intention, the civic authorities accompanied the funeral procession as far as Whitechapel, and paid her the last honours they could, in defiance of her consort's injunctions. Bitterly mortified he was; and unmistakable signs of his displeasure were quickly manifested towards the unlucky officials who had been unable to obey his behests.

Finally leaving the City, the coffin was carried on its way as far as Romford. Here the mourners rested for the night, but the royal corpse was conveyed to Colchester, and placed in St. Peter's Church. While it remained here the silver plate

with the inscription directed by Caroline was affixed to the coffin lid. But the last wishes of the dead Queen, which, it was professed, were to be so scrupulously carried out, were disregarded and ignored to the end; and the plate was removed within a very short time of its being fastened on, and replaced by one bearing the Queen's name and titles in ordinary form. The following day the procession arrived at Chelmsford, where the coffin was again placed in the Church for the night, though not without such scruple from the clergy as to call for the magistrates' intervention; and the next morning the journey was resumed at a rapid rate, "there being the strictest orders," says Brougham, "sent from Dublin\* that the embarkation should be over before the arrival of the King, which was fixed for the next day." All along the route great crowds gathered, and manifest tokens of respect to the late Queen were displayed. At Harwich the Glasgow frigate, which was to convey the body to Cuxhaven, lay in waiting, together with the Pioneer schooner, two sloops of war, and three brigs. All was ready for embarkation when the funeral train arrived. "The scene," said Lord Brougham, "was such as I can never forget, or reflect upon without emotion. The multitudes assembled from all parts of the country were immense, and the pier crowded with them, as the sea was covered with boats of every size and kind, and the colours of the vessels were half-mast high, as on days of mourning. The contrast of a bright sun with the gloom on every face was striking, and the guns firing at intervals made a solemn impression. One of the sights, however, which most struck me, was a captain in the Royal

\* The King was then visiting Ireland.

Navy, who sat on the pier, and could not be persuaded to leave it; he was deeply affected, and wept exceedingly. Having been in her service, and employed then, and ever since, in dispensing her charities, he could not tear himself away; but being refused his earnest request of accompanying her remains to Brunswick, he was resolved to witness the embarkation." The crimson coffin was lowered from the pier into a barge bearing the English flag, from which it was conveyed to the Pioneer, and from the latter vessel to the Glasgow. The mourners—Lord and Lady Hood, Lady Anne Hamilton, Mr. Austin, Dr. and Mrs. Lushington, and Count Vasseli—followed; and, under the charge of Captain Doyle, who, years ago, had assisted her as she entered the ship that brought her as a bride to England, the dead Queen quitted for ever a land that had been for her one long scene of injury and humiliation.

At two in the noon of Sunday, August 19th, the little squadron anchored in Cuxhaven harbour. The body was conveyed by the Gannet sloop of war up the Elbe to the mouth of the Schwinde, from whence it was borne as far as Stade by a boat of the Wye sloop, accompanied by the mourners and a guard of marines. Four days more were occupied by the land journey, during which the coffin rested for a time on the tomb of Caroline's aunt, Caroline Matilda of England—one who was hardly less unhappy as Queen of Denmark than was her niece as Queen of England. Everywhere people greeted the funeral train with sympathy and respect; and when the *cortège* reached Brunswick, the body was removed from the hearse, and placed on a funeral car, which the Brunswickers themselves drew to the gates of the Cathedral of St. Blaize. The funeral



ceremony was performed at midnight, and was unmarked by any special state. The regency at Brunswick, during the minority of the Duke, was in the hands of the King of England, and it was not to be expected that he would permit any extraordinary demonstration. So, with but little of the pomp which usually attends royalty, the remains of the unhappy Queen were laid in the vault beneath the Cathedral, between the coffins of her father, who met his death at Jena, and her brother, who fell at the head of his Black Brunswickers at Quatre Bras. Over the coffin of the latter hung two small black flags, tributes from the maids and matrons of Brunswick, and the gorgeous trappings of death were almost hidden under the wreaths and garlands with which the love of the people had covered his resting-place. Thus, between the slain father and brother, the yet more hapless daughter and sister rests, in the old country of her youth, which she quitted in bridal pomp for a lot of such bitter and weary pain. The marks upon her coffin, where the plate bearing the inscription she had directed was originally placed, are still plainly visible, and have been often remarked by visitors to the vault.

The only peculiar respect paid to her memory was an oration pronounced by an aged German pastor, Woolf, at the close of the funeral ceremony, in which he thanked God for giving her a merciful and benignant heart, and placing her where she was both able and willing to do much good. The following Sunday he preached a sermon in memory of her, which, though it contains assertions that unprejudiced readers find hard to credit, was yet spoken in all sincerity. "Her quick understanding," he declared, "eagerly received every ray of divine truth, and her warm

heart and lively feelings were excited and elevated by piety. I knew her as an enlightened Christian, before she left the country of her birth. She first received from my hands with pious emotion, the Holy Supper of our Lord, and the solemnity of her manner was like her precious devotions, an unsuspected proof of her sincere faith and pious feeling. It is true," added the preacher, "that the sense of religion did not always preserve her from infirmities and errors; but where is the mortal, where has there been a saint, who has been always perfect? And he who erred less may conscientiously ask himself whether he owes that to himself or to his more fortunate situation and the undeserved grace of God?" It is a question that may well be considered by those, who, in far happier positions, and surrounded by the affection that was ever denied to her, are inclined to judge harshly of the wayward career of the unhappy Caroline of Brunswick.

When she was laid to rest in Brunswick Cathedral, one would have thought that the sorrowful life drama was finally ended; but yet once more her name was to be brought before the public, and to form the subject of yet another calumny and another eloquent defence. Hitherto, assailed as she had been by audacious falsehoods, no action had been instituted against her traducers. "She had," says Lord Brougham, "always been extremely averse to prosecution for libel, a subject which she had many occasions to consider fully during the proceedings in 1806, the disputes in 1813 and 1814, and the later trial in the Lords, if trial it could be called, which outraged all justice both in form and substance. She was aware that nothing could be less satisfactory than our law as regards the offences of the press;

she was satisfied that, according to the proceedings in England in cases of libel, a person slandered, besides incurring much anxiety and vexation, inevitably gives, if he prosecutes, greater publicity and circulation to the slander, and enables the defence to add force to the calumnies. All this was likely in her case to gratify her enemies, and so prosecuting would be playing their game. When, therefore, we were discussing before her the question of prosecuting the perjured witnesses on the Bill, she could with difficulty be brought to consider the matter seriously, so strong was her opinion against such proceedings; and she was well satisfied to find that technical difficulties made it hardly possible to proceed against them. There was one case, however, in which these difficulties did not exist, and it was on every account absolutely necessary to make the exception. A clergyman of the Established Church had preached a sermon of the greatest slander upon the Queen's going to St. Paul's to return thanks for her deliverance; and I moved for, and obtained, as her Attorney-General, a rule for a criminal information. She was very anxious to make the affidavit to the falsehood of the charges usual in all such applications to the Court, but upon precedents being searched, it was found that a Queen Consort makes no such affidavit, but has the prerogative of moving by her Attorney-General, and no affidavit could be received. Her death happened before the trial, which took place at Lancaster, Mr. Justice Halroyd presiding, and I was of course the counsel for the prosecution." No better advocate could have been found for the royal lady; and his speech, which took less than ten minutes to deliver, was admirable in its eloquent brevity.

“May it please your Lordship, gentlemen of the jury. It is my painful duty to bring before you the particulars of this case; it is yours to try it; and my part shall be performed in a very short time indeed; for I have little, if anything, more to do than merely to read what I will not characterize by words of my own; but I will leave to you, and I may leave to every man whose judgment is not perverted and whose heart is not corrupt, to affix the proper description to the writing, and his fitting character to the author. I will read to you what the defendant composed and printed; and I need do no more. You have heard from my learned friend—and if you still have any doubt, it will soon be removed—to whom the following passage applies. Of the late Queen it is that the passage is written and published. It is in these words:—

“‘The term ‘cowardly,’ which they have now laid to my charge, I think you will do me the justice to say, does not belong to me; that feeling was never an inmate of my bosom; neither when the Jacobins raged around us with all their fury, nor in the present days of Radical uproar and confusion. The latter, indeed, it must be allowed, have one feature about them even more hideous and disgusting than the Jacobins themselves. They fell down and worshipped the Goddess of Reason, a most respectable and decent sort of being compared with that which the Radicals have set up as the idol of *their* worship.

“‘They have elevated the Goddess of Lust on the pedestal of shame—an object of all others the most congenial to their taste, the most deserving of their homage, the most worthy of their admiration. After exhibiting her claims to their favour in two distinct quarters of the globe; after com-

passing sea and land with her guilty paramour, to gratify to the full her impure desires, and even polluting the Holy Sepulchre itself with her presence, to which she was carried in mock majesty astride upon an ass, she returned to this hallowed soil so hardened in sin, so bronzed with infamy, so callous to every feeling of decency or shame, as to go on Sunday last,—here, gentlemen, the reverend preacher alluded, not to the public procession of St. Paul's, where her late Majesty returned thanks for her delivery, or to other processions which might, partly at least, be considered as political, but to her humble, unaffected, pious devotions in the Church of Hammersmith—‘to go on Sunday last, clothed in the mantle of adultery, to kneel down at the altar of that God who is “of purer eyes than to behold iniquity,” when she ought rather to have stood bare-footed in the aisle, covered with a shirt as white as “unsunned snow,” doing penance for her sins. Till this had been done, I would never have defiled my hands by placing the sacred symbols in hers; and this she would have been compelled to do in those good old days when Church discipline was in pristine vigour and activity.’

“Gentlemen, the author of this scandalous, this infamous libel, is a minister of the gospel. The libel is a sermon—the act of publication was preaching it—the place was his Church—the day was the Sabbath—the audience was his flock. Far be it from me to treat lightly that office of which he wears the outward vestments, and which he by his conduct profanes. A pious, humble, in-offensive, charitable minister of the gospel of peace is truly entitled to the tribute of affection and respect which is ever cheerfully bestowed.

But I know of no title to our love or our veneration which is possessed by a meddling, intriguing, unquiet, turbulent priest, even when he chooses to separate his sacred office from his profane acts; far less when he mixes up both together—when he refrains not from polluting the Sanctuary itself with calumny—when he not only invades the sacred circle of domestic life with the weapons of malicious scandal, but enters the hallowed threshold of the temple with the torch of slander in his hand, and casts it flaming on the altar; poisons with rank calumnies the air which he especially is bound to preserve holy and pure—making the worship of God the means of injuring his neighbour, and defiling by his foul slanders the ears, and by his false doctrines perverting the minds, and by his wicked example tainting the lives, of the flock committed by Christ to his care!

“Of the defendant’s motives I say nothing. I care not what they were, for innocent they could not be. I care not whether he was paying court to some patron, or looking up with a general aspect of sycophancy to the bounty of power, or whether it was mere mischief, and wickedness, or whether the outrage proceeds from sordid and malignant feelings combined, and was the base offspring of an union not unnatural, however illegitimate, between interest and spite. But be his motives of a darker or lighter shade, innocent they could not have been; and unless the passage I have read proceeded from innocence, it would be a libel on you to doubt that you will find it a libel.

“Of the illustrious and ill-fated individual who was the object of this unprovoked attack I forbear

to speak. She is now removed from such low strife, and there is an end, I cannot say of her checkered life, for her existence was one continued scene of suffering, of disquiet, of torment, from injustice, oppression, and animosity—by all who either held or looked up to emolument or aggrandisement—all who either possessed or coveted them; but the grave has closed over her unrelenting persecutions. Unrelenting I may well call them, for they have not spared her ashes. The evil passions which beset her steps in life have not ceased to pursue her memory, with a resentment more relentless, more implacable, than death. But it is yours to vindicate the broken laws of your country. If your verdict shall have no effect on the defendant—if he still go on unrepentant and unabashed—it will at least teach others, or it will warn them and deter them from violating the decency of private life, betraying sacred public duties and insulting the majesty of the law.”

The defendant, Blacow, made a long rambling speech in his own defence, abusing everyone liberally, the Queen included; but Mr. Brougham’s eloquence had won his cause, and the jury found the reverend libellor guilty without hesitation. That trial was the last echo of the ill-starred life just ended. Henceforward, all were glad to keep silence concerning so painful a subject; and the luckless Princess, whose name had been so often and so loudly on the public tongue, was allowed to rest in peace, far away from the Court and country wherein she had produced so much agitation, and had been so supremely miserable.

“Lord Liverpool,” says Mr. Fitzgerald, “wrote

eagerly to Dublin to propose a general mourning, which he said would gracefully wind up the unhappy business. But the King would not agree to this. He was displeased, too, at the body not being embarked in the river, but the Admiralty had objected. Lord Liverpool again pressed that the mourning should be general, and pronounced three weeks too short; but the King declined to alter his resolution."

Of Caroline's character it is difficult, even after this long space of time, to judge. So much that was diametrically opposed was asserted of and for her by friends and enemies, that it is no easy matter to sift the false from the true. Even those who, during her trial, were among her most enthusiastic champions, spoke disparagingly of her when the political advisability of such partizanship was over. "She was at best," writes Lord Holland, who had been one of the most zealous of her upholders, "a strange woman, and a very sorry and uninteresting heroine. She had, they say, some talent, some pleasantry, some good humour, and great spirit and courage. But she was utterly destitute of all female delicacy, and exhibited, in the whole course of the transactions relating to herself, very little feeling for anybody, and very little regard for honour and truth, or even for the interests of those who were devoted to her, whether the people in the aggregate, or the individuals who enthusiastically espoused her cause. She avowed her dislike for many, scarcely concealed her contempt for all; in short, to speak plainly, if not mad, she was a very worthless woman." Such a verdict may be safely taken as exaggerated, uncharitable, and unfair; but the doubt expressed of her sanity is curiously coin-



cident with the apology once made for her by her mother, the Duchess of Brunswick, during her exile in England, when Caroline had been indulging in some foolish freak. "But her excuse is, poor thing, that she is not right here," touching her forehead. It is indeed by no means unlikely, that, excitable and impetuous as she was by nature, and harassed by never ceasing worry and vexation, the mind of the unhappy Princess of Wales may, in a slight degree, have become affected. Her purposeless and senseless eccentricities, her wildness and excitement of behaviour, and her uncontrollable fondness for children, seem to point clearly to such a conclusion; and looked at in this light, the life which was so startling an enigma to her contemporaries has a probable and easy interpretation. At all events, it is impossible to deny that the unfortunate lady suffered unjustifiable harshness, neglect, and unkindness enough to explain any wavering of mental equilibrium. Naturally gifted with many good qualities, which, under the fostering influence of a husband who had possessed the smallest modicum of affection and good principle, would have been encouraged and developed, and would have overcome the recklessness and wilfulness of her character, she passed into the power of a consort who abhorred and insulted her—caused her to associate with shameless women whose one object was to traduce and disgrace her—and whose hatred, unmingled with pity or remorse, led him, as Dr. Doran justly remarks, to outrage all sense of justice, when, "steeped to the very lips in uncleanness, he demanded that his consort should be rendered for ever infamous, for the alleged commission of acts for which he claimed impunity on his own

account." "My mother was bad," said the Princess Charlotte sadly, "but she would not have become as bad as she did if my father had not been infinitely worse." That she was guilty of the crimes laid to her charge by her husband's creatures we may hope and believe to be untrue. To assert so positively is more than any biographer, having in view the conflicting evidence on record, would dare to do; but, bearing in mind the proved fact that many of the witnesses against her were paid by the English Government for their testimony—that, with hardly an exception, they were Italians of the lowest class, to whom lying came more naturally than truth—that the spies of the English King were ever on the watch to report every instance of her indiscretion—that the hatred of her consort gladly magnified the least imprudence into a heinous crime—that in her almost insane love of defying his espionage, she invariably behaved before his spies with thrice her natural recklessness—that she never flinched from the minute inquiry made into her manners and habits—that English ladies, who had known her intimately, and before whom she had taken no pains to assume an artificial propriety, "laughed to scorn," as Brougham says, the most serious allegations against her—and that she again and again protested her innocence with all solemnity and earnestness—we may hold that there is at least a strong presumption in favour of her guiltlessness. That she often erred—that she was wanting in refinement and womanly dignity—that she was faulty, reckless, foolishly, almost wickedly, imprudent and defiant, and that her wandering life compromised her reputation, and was unworthy of her alike as Princess and

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woman—must be granted; but for the rest, it may be hoped that her character did *not* bear the deep shades her enemies assigned to it; and, remembering what her husband was and did, even were all true that was spoken against her, we may most emphatically pronounce her more sinned against than sinning.

THE END.

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